THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS APRIL 1964 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE®

CROISET THE CLAIRVOYANT—A BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION ABOUT

THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY MIND

HILARIOUS FEATURE BY VIP

THE POWER OF THINKING BIG

DAREDEVIL VISIT TO DEVIL'S ISLAND

EXCLUSIVE!

COLORAMA OF UNIQUE, ANTIQUE AND N

the true old-style Kentucky Bourbon

always smoother because it's slow-distilled

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY · 86 PROOF · EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY. ©ETDC 1964

For the man who wants to earn $25,000 or more a year—

Use This Get-Ahead Strategy To Boost Your Earnings Now!

Remarkable 3-Volume

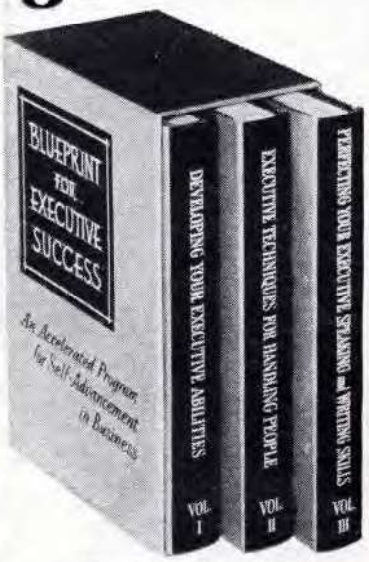
"BLUEPRINT FOR EXECUTIVE SUCCESS"

Regularly $7.95, yours for only $1.49

with FREE 3-Month Trial Membership in the

Business Leaders' Book Club

No obligation to accept any minimum number of selections


BLUEPRINT FOR EXECUTIVE SUCCESS
An Accelerated Program for Self-Advancement in Business
DEVELOPING YOUR EXECUTIVE ABILITIES
VOL. I
EXECUTIVE TECHNIQUES FOR HANDLING PEOPLE
VOL. II
PERFECTING YOUR EXECUTIVE SPEAKING AND WRITING SKILLS
VOL. III

THIS accelerated self-training course, "BLUEPRINT FOR EXECUTIVE SUCCESS," develops your talents in *the three key areas that really matter in business*—handling executive responsibility . . . leading people and directing their work . . . polishing your speaking and writing skills. These are the three abilities you must concentrate on: everything else is secondary. Master these skills and you will rise rapidly from promotion to promotion until you move up to a top-echelon job and income you never dreamed could be yours so quickly.

In these 3 volumes you get a proven strategy for self-advancement in business that is completely unique and available nowhere else. This strategy, years in the making, singles out the few special executive qualities shared by all successful men in business, and tells you how to develop these qualities and put them to work in your *own* career! For years thousands of young businessmen have sought such a specific get-ahead program, and now *you* can profit from it!

Here are just a few of the executive skills, techniques, insights and viewpoints this remarkable 3-volume program gives you:

VOLUME I—Developing Your Executive Abilities

- How to develop the KEY EXECUTIVE TRAIT that can double your salary in the next 12 months
- How to control people with compelling power
- Six secrets for making the right decisions
- How to use good health as a weapon
- How to "stand out" in a conference
- How to use stress as a "pep pill"
- How to "will" your way to success
- How to become the "instinctive leader" at every meeting
- How to skyrocket your progress by cutting "emotional drag"
- How to make the "management viewpoint" second nature
- How to get more done in less time
- The ONE SIMPLE STEP that wins half of every battle
- Fifteen priceless tips for sharpening your executive reach

VOLUME II—Executive Techniques of Handling People

- How to grab responsibility others shy away from
- How to take the "obvious" way to success
- How to win the respect of executives on your own level
- Six ways to win the good opinion of your superiors
- How to handle trouble-makers
- How to arbitrate disputes without resentment
- How to sell your ideas
- How to add a terrific new charge to your "persuasion power"
- The PLATINUM RULE of human relations that powers your way to the top
- How to sell yourself with "perfect pitch"
- How to maintain an even keel in every situation

VOLUME III—Perfecting Executive Speaking and Writing Skills

- How to write and deliver a "smash" speech
- How to avoid garden-variety platform faults
- How to write presentations that rarely miss
- Magic words that assure cooperation from others
- How to create a favorable mental image
- How to grab and hold your audience from the very first line
- How to put together a speech that's "fluff-proof"
- Five tips for faster business reading
- The secret of successful "ad-libbing"
- How to develop the executive's vocabulary
- Five top hints for that final polish and style
- How to write memos and reports that command instant attention and respect

A great many people want executive rewards, but allow uncertainty and indecision to keep them from preparing themselves for these rewards. The man who IS willing to prepare himself, the man who steps forward and says, "Yes, I WANT to be an executive"—has the battle half won. First, he beats the others who are slow to step ahead. Secondly, his superiors realize that his *willingness* to step forward is the biggest mark in anyone's favor.

Here *is* YOUR chance to take that all-important step forward by getting hold of the "Blueprint for Executive Success."

How to Get This Entire
3-VOLUME SET
At the Amazingly Low Price of
ONLY $1.49! (Regularly $7.95)

Just mail the coupon to get your 3-volume "Blueprint for Executive Success" for only $1.49. You will also be enrolled in the Business Leaders' Book Club for 3 months' FREE trial, without any cost or obligation.

The Club has one purpose: to help you, through selective reading, to acquire those viewpoints, habits, and abilities which make for outstanding success in your career.

Club members are men like yourself—fairly young, able, and intelligent enough to realize that programmed reading can greatly speed their advancement.

To this end, the Club provides you with a balanced diet of the best in business books. Selections vary in nature. Some focus on your human relations. Others teach you special talents that command big rewards . . . how to create original ideas, how to master the arts of salesmanship, how to organize and direct the work of others.

For the next 3 months you will enjoy all Club benefits: the fresh viewpoints, new ideas, better ways to do things . . . to speed your personal and business advancement, and help you earn more money.

Start Your FREE 3-Month Trial Membership Now

Simply mail coupon below to receive Club benefits, FREE, for 3 months' trial, and to get the 3-volume "Blueprint for Executive Success" for only $1.49 (reg. price $7.95).

The privileges of membership you will enjoy without charge:

1. You will be under no obligation to buy any specific number of Club selections.
2. You will be kept informed, *free of charge*, of the good new business books being published.
3. You will be entitled to buy—at the members' *special discount price*—any of the Club's selections that appeal to you.
4. You receive the first selection, the 3-volume "Blueprint for Executive Success" (reg. price $7.95) for only $1.49 under this special demonstration offer.

----------TRIAL MEMBERSHIP COUPON—MAIL NOW----------

Business Leaders' Book Club, Dept. 5888-EI Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

Please enroll me in the Business Leaders' Book Club for a 3-month trial period. I am to receive the Club's announcements free, and will enjoy full membership privileges, *without obligation to buy any number of Club selections*. As my first selection under this trial membership, send me "Blueprint for Executive Success" (regular price $7.95) for only $1.49.

Name _____ 81

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

RING THE BELL on Archive.org

SMARTEST INVESTMENT IN COMFORT AND STYLE

One look tells you all you need to know about PORTO-PED'S pace-setting style. But there's only one way to really enjoy the extra dividend of wonderful air-cushioned comfort . . . Slip into a pair at your PORTO-PED dealer's. For his name and a descriptive folder, write us today. *From $16.95 to $27.95. Silk Label Series from $19.95.*

Porto-Ped
Air Cushion Shoes

HERE'S THE SECRET!
In PORTO-PEDS, you walk and stand on an air-celled carpet of soft sponge rubber.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO., Milwaukee 1, Wis.
A Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.

TRUELY YOURS

tell it to TRUE • 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

Hiroshima Hoax

Congratulations to TRUE for William Bradford Huie's *The Startling Story of The Hiroshima Pilot* (March), a new high in hard-hitting journalism. One pities Eatherly, but one has nothing but contempt for the collection of fools and blackguards who are using him to further the suicidal cause of peace-at-any-price.

—Martin Castiglioni
San Francisco, Calif.

Vitamin Vendors

Your article *How You Are Hoaxed by Vitamin Hucksters* (January) was most unfair and unscientific. In spite of exaggerated claims and abuses in selling, people bought over $300 million worth of vitamins because they helped them to enjoy better health. Only an estimated 10 percent of all people eat an adequate diet. . . . Good health is the normal state and good nutrition and supplementary vitamins are the best protection anyone can use.

—John Kettlewell
Saugatuck, Mich.

We're not knocking vitamins—just over-consumption of overpriced vitamins. And just where did you get your "scientific" facts?

You deserve a medal for printing Ralph Lee Smith's article. Recently my mother, who is in her 70's, was confronted by one of these "folksy" smoothies and told that her special brand of vitamins and food supplements would "cure" cataracts of the eye. When I realized what was happening in my own family and found I could not reason with my own mother, I went to the California division of investigation pertaining to medical fraud. The case was accepted and an investigation started.

—Jack A. Farley
San Rafael, Calif.

Hokum Hero

The section of the North Platte River which gave the intrepid John C. Fremont such an ignominious ducking (*America's Paper Hero*—January) is now quite navigable, owing to a power dam constructed in 1934 under Harold Ickes's administration. A canyon of awesome beauty filled with now-placid waters extends several miles from the head of Alcova Lake near Casper, Wyoming. Even though the depth of water in the canyon is reckoned at 200 feet, sheer rock cliffs still rise on both sides to a height of 400 feet. It makes a pretty setting for anyone interested in the feeding habits of rainbow trout.

Legend around Casper has it that Fremont attempted his idiotic journey in the dead of night, perhaps realizing that some deeds are best performed under the cloak of darkness. At any rate, the site of his debacle is now known as Fremont Canyon and constitutes still another monument to his everlasting fame.

—Clifford Ashby
Lubbock, Tex.

In regards to your recent policy of debasing famous Americans, I firmly believe that I have uncovered your motive. In my studies, which include some work on Communism, I have found that taking away all of our country's heroes is one of the first and most important objectives of the Communists. Also, I'll bet 10 to one you won't print this letter because it might start some people wondering. Right?

—Jim Goodman (age 16)
Denver, Colo.

Right, Jim. It might start some people wondering what kind of indoctrination some of our 16-year-olds are getting nowadays.

Death Row, Illinois

I wish to say that I was disgusted by *I Am Waiting for Illinois to Kill Me* by Bill Witherspoon (January). Mr. Witherspoon and hundreds of others have the law working for them. The young policeman he killed cannot appeal his death. There is no court for him to go to, to prolong his life another 30 days. My sympathy is extended

[*Continued on page 4*]

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 681 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94105; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; Hale Printup & Associates, Langford Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33132.

Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1964 by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the Publishers. Address manuscripts to N. Y. editorial office. Unacceptable contributions will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $4.00 a year in U.S. and possessions. $5.00 a year in Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn.

Member of: Audit Bureau of Circulations (ABC) Magazine Publishers Association, Inc. (MPA)

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution • **417 South Dearborn, Dept. 28-078, Chicago, Illinois 60605**

Please send me, without cost or obligation, FREE booklet and full information on the field I have checked below:

ACCOUNTING
- ☐ Complete Accounting with CPA Training
- ☐ Basic Accounting
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Federal Income Tax
- ☐ Accounting Systems
- ☐ Auditing Procedure
- ☐ Controllership
- ☐ CPA Training
- ☐ Modern Bookkeeping

LAW COURSES
- ☐ Bachelor of Laws Degree
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Law of Contracts
- ☐ Insurance Law
- ☐ Claim Adjusting Law
- ☐ Law for Police Officers
- ☐ Real Estate Law
- ☐ Law for Trust Officers

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ Complete Business Management
- ☐ Basic Management
- ☐ Advertising and Sales Promotion Management
- ☐ Production Management
- ☐ Business Financing
- ☐ Credits and Collections
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Personnel Management

TRAFFIC AND TRANSPORTATION
- ☐ Complete Traffic and Transportation
- ☐ Organization, Management
- ☐ Transportation Law
- ☐ Classification, Rates and Tariffs
- ☐ Transportation Agency and Services
- ☐ Motor Truck Traffic

SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ Sales Management
- ☐ Sales Training

TECHNICAL COURSES
- ☐ Auto Body Fender
- ☐ Refrigeration Air-Conditioning
- ☐ Diesel
- ☐ Drafting
- ☐ Welding
- ☐ Motor Tune-up

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma
- ☐ Vocational Course

STENOTYPE
- ☐ Machine Shorthand

CAREERS FOR WOMEN
- ☐ Dental Assistant
- ☐ Secretarial
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping

Name.....Age.....

Address.....County.....

City & Zone.....State.....

Occupation.....Working Hours...A.M...P.M.

342

RINGTHEBELL77 on Archive.org

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS COUPON BEFORE?

It has started a million people on the road to success. Just looking at it won't get you anything . . . but putting it in the mail can change your whole future!

The coupon above is one of the most famous coupons in America. To many of those who have already mailed it, it has proved a first step to opportunity and good fortune. Isn't it time *you* sent it on its way — to set in motion a practical program for your *own* success?

Right now, ambitious men and women in every walk of life are preparing for lucrative positions through LaSalle spare-time training. If your goals are bigger pay, rapid promotion, and lasting security, you owe it to yourself to find out without delay what LaSalle home study can do for you.

LaSalle training is practical, widely respected. Regardless of your previous education or experience, LaSalle offers you top-grade, up-to-date instruction in a wide choice of today's best-paid, fastest-growing fields where the demand for trained personnel is at an all-time high — and is still growing.

LaSalle trains you in your spare hours at home. You receive individual instruction. You progress as rapidly as you wish under the expert and attentive supervision of LaSalle's distinguished faculty of practicing specialists and instructors.

For more than half a century, LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in business and technical education. That is why your training is in good experienced hands, why a LaSalle diploma is respected by employers. The cost of this training is remarkably low.

Why you should act now. The direct practical results of LaSalle home study—in terms of pay increases, promotion, and broadened opportunity—come rapidly. One student recently wrote: "The modest investment I made in LaSalle has yielded me a 150% return. And this is in ten months! My only regret is that I had not taken up the course sooner." This is typical of many letters that regularly come to LaSalle. Why not start right now? Mail the coupon to LaSalle, 417 South Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

Love Letters to Rambler

Mr. Bob Blackburn

Sportscaster Bob Blackburn, of Portland, Ore., has been a two-Rambler man since 1960. He writes enthusiastically about his American wagon with overdrive and Ambassador station wagon with Flash-O-Matic:

"Our total automobile expenses are about $400 per year less."

"Thanks to Rambler, my six kids are on their way to college! For our total automobile expenses (gas, oil and upkeep) are actually $400 per year less than they used to be and we're converting the savings to our college fund.

"Working in the Northwest with its unpredictable winter weather, I count on my automobile to maintain my tight, fast schedule. Rambler has never let me down.

"I'm pretty well sold on driving my Ramblers and don't mind telling people about it. But the way I've really sold a lot of my friends on switching to Rambler is just by letting them drive the car.

"To tell the truth, the cars I have now are performing so well and with so little expense, you're going to have a heckuva time selling me a new one for awhile!"

But wait till you see the beautiful new '64 Ramblers—more dependable and economical than ever, with rugged Advanced Unit Construction, 33,000-mile chassis lubrication, 4,000-mile engine oil change, and many, many more. See your Rambler dealer now!

[*Continued from page 2*]

to all the friends and relatives of policemen who have been killed by hoods while trying to make this world a better place to live in.

—Robert Jack Williams
Jacksonville, Ill.

I was very concerned about Bill Witherspoon, about to die in the electric chair. I thought his was one of the best stories of a condemned man that I have read for some time, and all we who feel sorry for him say, "We hope you make it, Bill."

—Joe Garcia
Ventura, Calif.

Curve Connoisseurs

We wish to send our heartiest thanks for your support of our *Official Girl Watcher's Manual* as carried in the January issue of True (*Watch Those Curves—It's a Man's World*). Our society has been organized now for more than three years, and needless to say we've had a barrel of fun with it all. Our aim is to make every man a "professional, trained girl watcher" and help the thousands of untrained, amateur girl watchers who are, judging by the letters we've received, living in quiet desperation.

Our heartfelt thanks for your support. Happy 👀!

—Joseph A. Beagin, Founder-President
International Society of Girl Watchers
San Diego, Calif.

Roving Star

Of all the words that could describe this "dedicated non-conformist" Sterling Hayden (*Wanderer*—December, January) the one that came to my mind as best was "cry-baby." It is a fact that the people who brag the loudest about defying the law and conventional behavior are the ones who cry the loudest when called for an accounting.

—George Morton
Tacoma, Wash.

Mr. Hayden, if a second-rate actor, is definitely first class in the writing department and something beyond that as an individual.

—Al Sandvik
Minneapolis, Minn.

Quoddy

A New Deal for an F.D.R. Dream (January) is the best piece on the Quoddy tidal power project I've ever seen. Private power companies opposed harnessing Quoddy's tides in New Deal days, as Blau noted, and they oppose it today—even though New England's electric consumers have the dubious honor of paying the highest electric rates in the continental United States. Construction of Quoddy and the companion St. John River project will be a great first step toward putting the region's resources to work and bringing power costs down in New England.

—Marvin Zeldin,
Executive Director
Electric Consumers
Information Committee
Washington, D.C.

I would like to commend Raphael D. Blau and True for an excellent, well-researched article. Since my office had mailed stories and schematics on Quoddy to more than 350 labor publications throughout the nation the week before the publication of your story, and the Maine State Federated Labor Council successfully introduced a resolution endorsing Quoddy before the National AFL-CIO convention in November, I read the story with great interest.

—Benjamin J. Dorsky
President
Maine State Federated Labor Council
Bangor, Maine

Blau neglected to mention the "price" of the Passamaquoddy project. The dam at Rankin Rapids would inundate the Allagash River. The rape of this last remaining wilderness region is hardly worth the questionable benefit of *A New Deal for an F.D.R. Dream*. Put this project in, build your factories, flood the Allagash, pollute the air and the streams, and you ruin the place for all but the money hogs as we have so successfully done in New England for the last 200 years. I would like my children and grandchildren to see this beautiful and natural region still pretty much as God put it there, as I have seen it.

—Richard C. Curriden
Groton, Conn.

Under the present plan a large piece of the Allagash River will become a part of the national park system, set aside for canoeing, fishing, hunting and camping.

Stubborn Samurai

Your Wilbur Cross and Tadd Fisher story of *The No-Surrender Japs and their One-Girl Harem* (January) was just great. Whether they were friends or enemies, they sure were good and faithful soldiers. Let us hope that if we are ever at war again we have allies like them.

—Leonelo Gonzalez
McAllen, Tex.

Table-top Marksmen

In the January issue of True there was a story by Dale Shaw on Luther Lassiter and the pocket billiard tournament at the Hotel Commodore in New York City last April (*King of the Ulcer Sport*). I must take issue with one statement . . . in which I am depicted as trying to sell cues with Willie Mosconi's picture on them, thereby giving the impression to your readers that I must have done this with Mr. Mosconi's permission. I have been aware for many, many years of Mr. Mosconi's contractual commitments with the Brunswick Corporation. . . . I do not now nor ever have exploited the names of my friends, acquaintances, or

[*Continued on page 8*]

Now you can get a real truck tire– a new, Hi-Miler R-C with Tufsyn and 3-T Nylon for less than $15

(Size 6:00-16 tube-type. Plus tax and recappable tire. Other sizes comparably low-priced.)

WHY BUY HEADACHES (even at bargain prices)? Your truck is built for hard labor and punishment. If you put "bargain" tires on it, you're short-changing yourself. Get real mileage out of your tire dollars—with the Hi-Miler R-C. Here's a genuine *truck* tire with a six-ply rating . . . and prices start at *less than* $15. The R-C is made with Tufsyn—the toughest rubber we ever used in a tire. And with 3-T nylon—triple-tempered like steel for strength and durability. Why settle for less? Get Hi-Miler R-C truck tires! Goodyear, Akron, Ohio 44316.

P. S. For very little more, you can get the new extra-traction Sure-Grip truck tire to take you through the softest going with confidence. Ask your Goodyear dealer.

Tufsyn, Sure-Grip, Hi-Miler–T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

STOPS OIL BURNING

If your car burns oil—you need Du Pont Golden "7" engine conditioner. Golden "7" is the performance-proved additive that stops excessive oil burning, quiets noisy valves, increases compression and oil pressure for better engine performance. Add a can to your oil to give your engine increased protection—save on costly repair bills! Get Du Pont Golden "7" at service stations or wherever auto supplies are sold. Just $1.25* a can. *Suggested retail price.

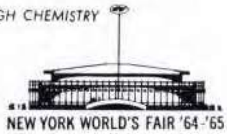
№ "7" MOTOR TUNE-UP restores lost engine power, dissolves gummy deposits, frees sticky valves.

M.O.A.—the exclusive Du Pont development that *reduces* engine wear. Guards against damaging sludge, saves costly engine repairs.

DU PONT **DU PONT № "7" ADDITIVES**

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

See America Best...by Car And Visit the Du Pont Exhibit



NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR '64-'65

President
W. H. Fawcett, Jr.

General Manager
Roger Fawcett

Sec.-Treas.
Gordon Fawcett

Circulation Director
Roscoe K. Fawcett

Asst. General Manager
Donald P. Hanson

Editorial Director
Ralph Daigh

Advertising Director
Mortimer Berkowitz, Jr.

Production Director
George H. Carl

Art Director
Al Allard

Assoc. Art Director
Ralph Mattison

EDITOR
Douglas S. Kennedy

MANAGING EDITOR
Howard Cohn

ART EDITOR
Norman P. Schoenfeld

SUPERVISING EDITOR
Lenwood H. Bowman

ASST. MANAGING EDITOR
Andrew Mills

OUTDOORS EDITOR
Peter Barrett

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Clyde F. Newstrand
John Bender
Norbert R. Darga
David R. George, Jr.
Ron Butler
Neil Hickey
Robert J. Shea

PICTURE EDITOR
Pat Graves

ASST. ART EDITOR
Ernest Macioci

ART ASSOCIATES
Jerry Curcio
Bob Spitzer

RESEARCH EDITOR
D. Van Dyke

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE
Sandy Mezey

NATIONAL ADVERTISING MANAGER
Fred H. Walsh, Jr.

PICTURE CREDITS

12—Left, Herb Flatow
14—Culver
41—Top left, Westinghouse Electric Corp.; rt., U.S. Air Force Photo; cent., Barnes Engineering Co.; bot. left, Ryan Aeronautical Corp.; rt., Allis Chalmers
43—Top left, Barnes Engineering Co.; rt., Westinghouse Electric Corp.; cent., Gulton Industries, Inc.; bot. left, Hoffman Electronics Corp.; rt., Cambridge Research Laboratories
55—Photo by Henri Croiset
58—UPI
59—Fred Kaplan

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction. BYRON

APRIL 1964

CONTENTS

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

JACK HARRISON POLLACK **54** The Case of Croiset the Clairvoyant: The Man With the X-Ray Mind

The mystery of Judge Crater . . . the Sheppard case . . . countless other murders, sex crimes and human dilemmas have yielded to the psychic probing of Gerard Croiset, the world's most gifted E.S.P. detective.

TRUE ADVENTURE

RICHARD S. SMITH & JOHN DEGMAN **44** Visit to a Dead Devil

JOHN KEATS **56** The Peace-Loving Pirates of the Potomac

IN THE NEWS

RUFUS JARMAN **34** Buffaloes Are His Business

MAX GUNTHER **40** How You're Doubling Your Money In Space

RON BUTLER **66** Spring's Colorful Cargo: Stripes, Swirls and Plaids

TRUE'S WHO

ROBERT LISTON **18** Take-Charge Man for a Sticky Job

BOATING

WM. TAYLOR McKEOWN **48** The Old Kicker and How It Got Slicker

SPORTS

RON SMITH **58** There's a Monster in the Bullpen

GUNS

DANIEL P. MANNIX **52** King of the Trick Shooters

FISHING

PETER BARRETT **60** The Lake That Turns Fish Stories Into Fact

HUMOR

VIRGIL (VIP) PARTCH **37** The Power of Thinking Big

FACT CRIME

GEOFFREY BOCCA **31** The Man Who Looted Life

SHORT FEATURES

2 TRUEly Yours
12 It's a Man's World
16 Strange But True
72 It Happened in Sports
116 TRUE Goes Shopping
136 This Funny Life

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY FLIP SCHULKE

Permission hereby granted to quote from this issue of this magazine on radio or television, provided a total of not more than 1,000 words is quoted and credit is given to the title of the magazine and issue, as well as the statement, copyright 1964, by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

VOL. 45 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 323

NEW 2-YEAR WARRANTY POLICY

on every '64 Johnson—covers both parts and labor!

Honored not only where you buy—but wherever you see the Sea-Horse sign!

We lay it on the line for all 13 models in 9 power classes (90, 75, 60, 40, 28, 18, 9½, 5½, and 3 hp) of our '64 line. "For 24 months after purchase, Johnson Motors will replace, without cost to the original purchaser, any part of its manufacture which upon inspection proves to have failed in normal use due to faulty material or workmanship." Compare! No outboard builder exceeds this—and some are 21 months behind.

Johnson

Johnson Motors, 1644 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Illinois. Division Outboard Marine Corporation

FUN GUN

Daisy $CO_2$200

Penny-pinching plinker with a punch!

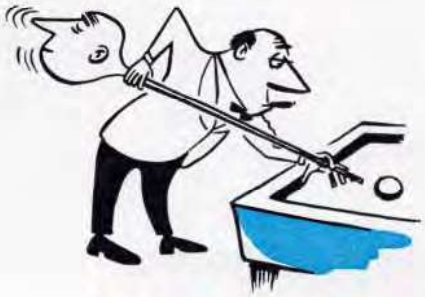
Take along your DAISY $CO_2$200 when you're fishing, or set up a range in your basement. This handsome handgun shoots inexpensive B•Bs at 400 feet per second. Gets its constant, controlled velocity from giant or standard Jett® CO_2 cylinders (more than 150 shots from the large size). Adjustable sights. A lot of gun and fun for any shooter. $17.95

Daisy
CO_2 GUN DIVISION
For more information, see your local dealer or write DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CO_2 Division, Box 464M, Rogers, Ark. 72756

[*Continued from page* 4]

strangers or corporations for the purpose of furthering my business or my name. I would only do so under the terms of an agreement making such exploitation a strictly business affair, i.e. a paid-for professional testimonial. No such testimonial was asked from or given by Mr. Mosconi and/or the Brunswick Corporation. . . .

—Frank Paradise
Little Falls, N. J.



While most sports stories are about known figures, it is refreshing to see Luther Lassiter and other top pool players getting their story told. While most people might look down on the game of pool, it means everything to these men who live off the green tops, because it might be the only skill that sets them off from the rest of the world. Most people agree everyone needs this no matter what field he is in, be it medicine or pool.

—Pete Wills
Norfolk, Va.

Father Was a Lady

I often read my father's copy of your "Man's Magazine," and I am aware of the fact that your editorial policy has a definite anti-female bias. However, I believe you've carried things too far this time. Daniel Mannix's article *A Rare Look at Rare People* (January) was extremely informative, but I must take exception to his calling Montessori "the father of modern education methods." Madame Maria Montessori was a woman; she was not a freak and could not have fathered anything.

—Helen L. Burtch
Edmonton, Alta.
Canada

The noble role of fatherhood is beyond any woman's capabilities, but there seems to be little harm in bestowing a figurative "fatherhood" on a woman of unusual achievement.

Inconvenient Conveniences

Re your *Ambiguous Rest Rooms* in *It's a Man's World*, January issue, I would like to call your attention to the signs used in one of our local bars. There can really be no confusion when they say simply "Pointers" and "Setters."

—Kenneth M. Elrod
Ontario, Calif.

Hell's Belle

To W. B. Johnson who suggested in January *TRUEly Yours* that letters from women readers be printed on the humor page, I have but three short words: Go to hell!

—Mrs. Ruth Frantz
Westminster, Calif.

An unusually brief speech for a lady.

Token for Tipplers

I read Messrs. Stilwell and McNutt's story about *The Whisky Warriors vs. the Fearsome Fleet* (December) with great interest. While most of your readers may not have heard of them, Capt. T. S. Dukeshire had previously called my attention to their exploit which was related in detail in *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government* by Jefferson Davis, which mentions on page 200 of Volume Two (1938 edition): "A few days after the battle each man that participated in the fight was presented with a silver medal inscribed as follows: On one side 'D.G.' for the Davis Guards and on the reverse side 'Sabine Pass, September 8, 1863.'" This medal was the only medal presented to anybody by the Confederate States during the entire war.

—Thomas M. Parks
Major, USAF-Ret.
New York, N. Y.

Bestial Bolshies

I read with interest your item in *Strange But True* in the January issue concerning the execution of animals by Salem witch hunters. History records another execution of a beast. In 1918, shortly after the Bolshevik emergence to power, all those known to be of the nobility were liquidated. Included in the list was one of Tsar Nicholas's prize stallions, which, wearing the Tsar's colors, had won races both in Russia and Europe. The animal was tried for imperialism, found guilty and shot.

—Michael J. McGee
San Jose, Calif.

Flag Fiasco

Someone goofed in the December *Man to Man Answers* with the lead item on the Confederate flags. The First National or "Stars and Bars" had only *seven* stars on the blue canton, and the three equal stripes were red, white, *red*, not blue. Beauregard, Gen. Joe Johnston and some other officers examined a number of proffered designs and *selected* the famous Battle Flag. It has never been established who actually designed the Battle Flag; although there are many claimants, it

[*Continued on page* 10]

Left to right, Bert Stern, Irving Penn, Richard Beattie, Richard Avedon, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Ezra Stoller, Philippe Halsman, Arthur d'Arazien, Joseph Costa, (foreground) Harry Garfield

Photograph by Victor Keppler

Ten famous photographers start home-study course

Now—no matter where you live—you can "apprentice" yourself to the most successful photographers of our time

If you want to win artistic or professional success with your camera—here is an opportunity never before available.

Ten of the world's greatest photographers have joined together to create a professional-level course in photography to help you develop your skill, judgment, and craftsmanship . . . and to pass on to you their secrets for achieving success and recognition.

The training will be supervised by: Philippe Halsman, great portraitist, creator of over 90 LIFE covers; Richard Avedon, world's highest-paid fashion photographer; Ezra Stoller, Frank Lloyd Wright's favorite architectural photographer; Alfred Eisenstaedt, master of photo-journalism, dean of LIFE photographers; Joseph Costa, "Mr. Press Photographer" for 40 notable years; Irving Penn, brilliant editorial and advertising photographer, whose work hangs in great art museums; Bert Stern, winner of Art Directors' top award for last 8 years; Arthur d'Arazien, country's most sought-after industrial photographer; Richard Beattie, leader in advertising and commercial photography; Harry Garfield, America's most successful photographer of children.

These distinguished men spent three years pooling all their photographic knowledge and experience. They held back nothing, not even their most prized studio secrets. With over 2,000 "teaching" photographs and almost a million carefully chosen words—they fashioned twenty-four remarkable lessons in professional photography.

Then the famous photographers developed for each lesson a series of home projects and practical photographic assignments. You carry out these assignments with your own camera, in your own home, on your own time schedule. The assignments not only "tie down" what you've learned in the lesson, but—as solid professional challenges—they constantly force you to reach out beyond your present ability. They make you grow as a photographer.

You are a class of one

Each assignment you send to the School is carefully analyzed by one of your instructors, a practicing professional supervised by the school's distinguished faculty. On transparent "overlays" your instructor sketches detailed suggestions for improving your artistic concepts, composition, lighting, camera viewpoint, etc. Then he writes you a long personal letter containing further detailed guidance and advice. He may spend as much as two hours on each one of your assignments. All of his suggestions are directed to your individual needs and goals in photography.

Tested by professionals, amateurs

Several months ago, a panel of professionals, "semi-pros" and serious amateurs tested a single early lesson of the new course and reported marked improvement. "I didn't realize there was so much I could learn about portrait photography," wrote camera repairman Chester Bruszewski of Delano, Calif. "After ten years of frustration," wrote airplane pilot D. W. Colburn, "at last, I see hope of success in photography."

Photography offers substantial rewards to the skilled full-time or part-time photographer. Each year, nearly 15 million photographs are bought, earning for *local* photographers alone more than 400 million dollars.

Send for 48-page book about course

If you are interested in sharing in these rewards and challenges—the School will be glad to mail you a copy of the 48-page booklet describing its new course. To receive the booklet without cost or obligation, merely mail the coupon provided below.

Famous Photographers School
Studio 81, Westport, Conn.

Please send me, without obligation, the 48-page brochure describing your new course.

Mr.
Mrs. ..... Age .....
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)

Street .....

City ..... Zone .....

County ..... State .....

The School is accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.

RING THE BELL TV on Archive.org

It must be Amphora

AMPHORA AROMATIC, Cavendish tobacco touched with added fragrance. AMPHORA AROMATIC, makes pensive moments richer—puts a man at peace with the world. Pipe after slow-burning pipe it *must* be AMPHORA AROMATIC, America's prize tobacco import, from Douwe Egberts Royal Factories, Utrecht, Holland. *Only 40¢ the generous pouch.*

Also available
AMPHORA REGULAR
in the familiar brown pouch and tin

SPECIAL OFFER: Imported Sheffield Steel 3-IN-1 knife-style pipe tool PLUS full 2-oz. pouch of AMPHORA for $1.00. Mail to Romick's Int'l., Inc., Dept. 10, P.O. Box 3033, North Hollywood, Calif.

[*Continued from page* 8]

certainly wasn't Beauregard. The Battle Flag had 13 stars in allusion to the 11 states comprising the Confederacy plus two more in the pious hope that Missouri and Kentucky would join. The Confederacy ended in 1865 with only 11 states, not 13 as you stated.

—F. Ronald Marshall, Secretary
American Civil War Section
Military Historical Society
Banstead, England

May I call your attention to something
in TRUE?
December's the month that the reference
is to.
The matter in question concerns a flag's bars,
Where they make up that part not emblazoned with stars.
On page 95 you have said there were three,
But on page 99 there are 13 I see.
On page 99 there is no bar of blue,
While the detailed description included it,
too.
The picture with *Man to Man Answers*
you've shown
Shows four Stars and Stripes and four Battle
Flags flown.
And seeing the troops with the flags face
one way,
It seems that the South carried both flags
that day.
I hope you'll excuse this intrusion of mine,
But with TRUE as the title, let Truth always
shine.

—Norman Warriner Byrne, Q.C.
Hamilton, Ont.
Canada

In *Man to Man Answers* there wasn't a line
That referred to the picture on page 99.
On page 95 the mixed flags are well-grounded
On the fact that the Rebs by the Feds are surrounded.

But regarding those banners our pride we must shed
For the bars, the right colors are red, white and *red*.
And seven, not 13, is right for the stars.
A mistake in a bar often makes one see stars.

Suspects by the Bushel

Your article *New Evidence in the Lindbergh Mystery* (December) was interesting, but I don't think you've really solved the crime. I have reason to believe the kidnaping was committed by Nazi agents, in revenge for Lindbergh's discovering and exposing the menace of the Luftwaffe's pre-World War II buildup. This would explain the kidnaper's German accent.

—George Smith
New York, N. Y.

. . . Has anybody investigated the Lindberghs' nursemaid? . . .

—James Brown
London, England

. . . I suspect Jafsie . . .

—Thomas Moore
Los Angeles, Calif.

. . . You're all wet! The whole thing was engineered by Al Capone. . . .

—Charles Murphy
Chicago, Ill.

. . . Violet Sharpe did it herself . . .

—Al Greene
New Orleans, La.

. . . The butler done it. . . .

—Larry Shaw
New York, N. Y.

. . . Takes all kinds . . .

One Man's Recipe

Give us a hell of a lot more Dan Mannix, Farley Mowat and such writers; but I, for one, don't care a hoot how little you give us of such braggarts as Robert Ruark, Sterling Hayden and their likes. I add, though, that I'd rather put up with them than be without TRUE.

—H. L. Parker
Nice, France

"You're peeved about something—I can tell."

. . . she probably forgot to give him a subscription to TRUE. Don't let this happen in your house. Check one of the boxes below and place your order TODAY.

☐ One Year . . . . . $ 4
☐ Two Years . . . . $ 7
☐ Three Years . . $10
} in U.S. and Possessions
☐ One Year in Canada . . .
☐ One Year All Other Countries . . .

Send to . . .
Address . . .
City . . . State . . . Zip . . .

Mail your order to TRUE Magazine, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. 06830
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR ZIP CODE NUMBER

RINGTHEBELL on Archive.org

New Golden Meteor V-90—with Electramatic Drive.

New Super Sea-Horse V-75—with Electramatic Drive.

New Super Sea-Horse 40—with Electramatic Drive.

NOW, FUN COMES EVEN FASTER WITH THESE '64 ELECTRAMATICS

Can you steer? Can you move a lever? Then you can drive any boat shown above, and a thousand others. All you need is a Johnson motor with Electramatic Drive . . . outboarding's first truly automatic transmission!

And that's easy. Electramatic Drive comes as standard equipment on the 90 hp Golden Meteor. There is also an Electramatic model of the 75 hp Super Sea-Horse and of the 40 hp Super Sea-Horse. With *all* Electramatic motors the single lever control comes at no extra cost.

And what a control. Johnson's Electramatic Drive is just like the automatic shift in a car—only better! One lever controls gears *and* gas. Push the lever forward to go ahead. The farther you push, the faster you go. Pull it back to slow down and stop, farther back for reverse. With Electramatic Drive, boating is more fun . . . docking is easier . . . skiing is safer.

Your Johnson dealer is in the Yellow Pages. All '64 Johnsons (13 new models in 9 power classes: 90, 75, 60, 40, 28, 18, 9½, 5½, and 3 hp) cut oil costs in half with 50 to 1 gas-oil mix, and carry a 2-year warranty.* Johnson Motors, 1638 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. Div. Outboard Marine Corp.

*For twenty-four months after purchase, Johnson Motors will replace, without cost to the original purchaser, any part of its manufacture which upon inspection proves to have failed in normal use due to faulty material or workmanship.

SEE YOUR JOHNSON DEALER FOR THE FABULOUS NEW LP JAZZ ALBUM "THE HOT ONES." ONLY $1.00

Johnson ... *first in dependability*

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

MAN TALK

The answer to what has gone wrong with the American home is simple. "Husbands and fathers disappear every day and leave the woman in charge," says Jerome Beatty, Jr., in his book "The Girls We Leave Behind." He warns that most men leave the huge responsibility of running a home "in the hands of a woman who is utterly incapable of it. It is a tragic error."

Beatty's book will be burned by every woman who comes upon a sentence such as "most men exercise more wisdom each time they study a menu than they did when they chose their wives." But men who wear the pants will get valuable insights into the female mind. There's trouble ahead when a woman attempts to use her mind. "The streets and supermarkets of the suburbs are teeming with girls who have gone to college. There are women who are reading book reviews, book jackets, and even the books themselves. These are the ones who contemplate their navels when their husbands should be doing it for them."

The Bluebird of Happiness? "If American women were more reluctant to get married and more willing to get divorced, there would be more happy people than there are. . . . The climax of her existence comes somewhere around the middle of the wedding ceremony. From then on it's all downhill. . .

"We must repeal the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Woman gave up all her female prerogatives to gain the one advantage of voting, which doesn't really do anything for her."

Perceptive guy, Beatty.

TRADING-STAMP TAX

Now it comes out. It costs your wife about two cents for a dollar's worth of "free" trading stamps, in the form of higher prices. Several supermarkets in the Boston area which don't give stamps price their merchandise about two percent lower. At that rate you should be able to cash in a bookful of stamps for just about $2.50. Try and get it.

STRIPPIN' IMAGE

Corporations, politicians, and a lot of other people are always in a lather about their "image"—that vocational picture of selfless devotion to the people, good principles, right thinking, and complete disinterest in making a dime. This is all right with us, and we often doll up our own image by giving our bubble-gum wrappers to underprivileged kids so they can fill out their collection of baseball cards. But the image bit is being carried so far that it will destroy the stripping trade unless poor deluded G-string girls come to their senses. An organization called the Exotique Dancers' League of North America has been incorporated under California law. The aim, announced at a meeting in a Beverly Hills hotel, is "to improve the image of the strip tease as an art form." There were even some shy mumbles about devising a code of ethics. Jennie Lee, the president, said that the profession "dates back to Salome, at least." We advise the naive shedders not to tamper with an image that has served them so long so well. Culture will do them in if they dress up every bump with an ethic and every grind with an art form. Never lose sight of fundamentals, girls.

BUCK SHOT

A bootstrap-lifting proposal to erase the national debt has us looking suspiciously for a loophole gimmick we haven't been able to spot. The idea is for a nationwide dollar bill lottery, credited to Meyer Zung of Lemon Grove, California. See if you can find any holes in it:

Dollar bills have matching serial numbers at each end. Tear the bill apart so one part is larger than half. Mail the larger part to national lottery headquarters at Washington under supervision of the Vice-President, or any other Presidential appointee. Keep the smaller part with its number as your receipt. Once-a-week winners are drawn and payoff serial numbers published. If you don't hold the winning number you're out a buck—easy come, easy go. If you hold the matching number, you drop in at your local post office and collect your winnings, minus the bite that the government holds out for taxes. The government burns the losing bill entries and never has to redeem the currency. Part of the face value is distributed as prizes but millions go to retire the national debt, for school aid or old age assistance or other worthy purposes. A lot of the dough of winners comes right back to the Treasury when prizes are paid. There's no cost to the government, no tickets to print on commissions, no chance for dishonesty or takeover by hoodlums.

The only flaw we can see is that thousands of people will lose a buck and thousands of operators of numbers games will become unemployed and a burden on the community. Naturally the operation should be called something other than a lottery, and would profit from a catchy slogan: "Take a chance with Uncle Sam."

Maybe you can spot a joker we've missed. If not, you might ask your congressman to explain what's wrong with the idea.

OVAL POOL

The latest thing in pool parlors, those gainful palaces lately beset by fumigation and perfuming to placate female cue-pushers—is an oval table about four feet long. It is the brainchild of Arthur P. Frigo, Jr., a science major at Union College, Schenectady, who cracked his math books so diligently that he became fascinated by the fact that distance remains constant between two fixed focal points on a locus. The upshot was that he invented and patented "Elliptipool," a game played on an elliptical table which has a dot exactly 12 inches from and in line with a hole in the upper third

(Continued on page 14)

PICK FOUR CARDS

WIN $10,000 FIRST PRIZE

plus a week in Las Vegas for two in the

ANNUAL HOYLE OFFICIAL POKERSTAKES

2nd PRIZE $3,000 • 3rd PRIZE $1,500 • 4th PRIZE $1,000 • 5th PRIZE $750
all with expense-paid week in Las Vegas for two • 495 other merchandise prizes

HERE'S HOW YOU PLAY THE HOYLE POKERSTAKES: It's just like playing 5 card draw poker. We give you the Ace of Spades. All you do is select 4 other cards from the numbered deck shown above.

Then write the numbers in the space provided on the entry blank. Each number corresponds to a card in a secret Hoyle deck which has been pre-shuffled, numbered and officially sealed by an independent judging organization. No one has seen the face of this deck—and no one will until the contest ends. The five best poker hands win fabulous cash prizes *plus* expense-paid trips for two to Las Vegas. And there are valuable merchandise prizes for the next 495 best hands.

So deal yourself in. Enter the Hoyle Pokerstakes. And remember, when playing poker, pinochle or bridge at home, use Hoyle Official Playing Cards.

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. Use only an "Official Entry Blank" obtained from Hoyle retailers or from Hoyle Pokerstakes advertisements; facsimiles will not be accepted. Enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Include with each entry the flap from a box of Hoyle cards or the words HOYLE OFFICIAL PLAYING CARDS individually hand-printed in block letters on a slip of paper.

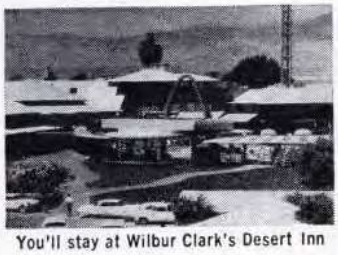
2. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight May 31, 1964, and received no later than June 8, 1964.

3. All entries become the property of Stancraft. None will be returned. No responsibility can be taken for entries lost in the mail. Entry in this Pokerstakes constitutes full permission to publish name and address of winners.

4. Winners will be selected by A. C. Nielsen Company, an independent judging organization. Its decision, with respect to all phases of the contest, will be final. Winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after the Pokerstakes closes. In case of ties, additional Pokerstakes hands will be played to break each tie. Only one prize will be awarded to a family.

5. Liability for Federal, State or other taxes imposed on a prize winner in this Pokerstakes will be the sole responsibility of the prize winner.

6. This Pokerstakes void in Kansas, Vermont, Wisconsin and in localities where prohibited by law. Pokerstakes open to all other persons in U. S. A. except employees of Stancraft, Standard Packaging Corporation and its subsidiaries, its advertising agency, A. C. Nielsen Co., or their families.



You'll stay at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

Visit nite-spots, with money to spare

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

MAIL TO: HOYLE POKERSTAKES
P.O. BOX 1695
CLINTON, IOWA

♠ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Select any four different numbers from 2 to 52 and write them on these cards. The Ace of Spades is automatically part of your hand.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE F

HOYLE PLAYING CARDS
by Stancraft, Div. of Standard Packaging Corporation, St. Paul 4, Minn.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 12)

of the table. For reasons we prefer not to explain, having given up math when we came to long division, a pool ball that passes over the dot is bound to go into the hole. Skill comes into play in figuring how to use the dot and balls to bank shots into the pocket. A table that Frigo made for his fraternity became more popular than television, and glossy models suitable for a house of haute decor are now being turned out commercially. A handsome companion piece would be a Duncan Phyfe gaboon.

WRITE YOURSELF OFF

A proposal by Senator Long of Louisiana that professional athletes be permitted to depreciate themselves for tax purposes (depreciation by spectators doesn't count) is great but doesn't go far enough. The average worklife of a pro football player is only four or five years, according to the National Football League Player Association, a strong backer of the senator's proposal. Y. A. Tittle may wear out faster than a golfer or baseball player, but the Internal Revenue boys could figure out reasonable depreciation rates for athletic categories—say, 20 percent a year for a halfback, down to two percent for a pool shark. But the ordinary guy works a good part of the year for the revenuers, with great wear and tear on valuable parts, and he should be allowed a little self-depreciation in the form of a write-off. While they're at it, investigators of physical and mental depreciation should put out a law forbidding anyone over 65 years old to run for public office. Compulsory retirement for aging politicos, like most businesses inflict on their employees. We're not against senility—it's what most people hope to die from—but the electorate should not be compelled to vote for it.

OCCUPATIONAL BEEFS

A while back we poked some fun at pompous occupational titles, such as brassiere designers who call themselves suspension engineers, undertakers who call themselves morticians, and rubbish collectors who call themselves sanitary engineers. Well, we were snowed under by mail from infuriated bacteria culturists who said we had insulted the National Association of Sanitarians. It seems there's an upper echelon of "Registered Sanitarians" (R. S., no less, like a degree) who take umbrage as well as college courses in English, social sciences, mathematics, biology, chemistry, physics, bacteriology, medical entomology (bugs), sewage disposal, and so on. Thumbing through their trade journal, we learned that they deal with catastrophes such as occurred in Pendleton, Oregon, "when a city engineer [sewer inspector?] delivered a rat to a sanitarian and stated that it had come up through the toilet. Since then numerous complaints have been made about rats invading the privacy of an individual in a bathroom." Sanitarians deal fearlessly with such emergencies and we'd be in a bad way without them. We assure the ruffled registrants that no insult was intentional and that all we presumed to do was to admit them into the human race, one that is rife with prickly foibles. In our experience, practitioners of all crafts, including our own, feel that civilization would collapse without their efforts. The point was once made to us most effectively by a proctologist (a specialist known in medical circles as a rear admiral) who said that "civilization rests on an intact anal sphincter," and we couldn't top that. A craftsman of a different trade, disgruntled over the exclusion of his friends from a snooty guild, made a speech containing a line we remember irreverently: "The thing to do is to start our own Society and then make it difficult to get in."

FOAMY LANGUAGE

If you ask an anschieber to twitch a zwickel, you aren't using doubletalk, if you're in a brewery, but you risk getting a splash of suds in your face. Brewers have a trade jargon as mysterious as that of surgeons who snap, "quick, the tenaculum!" we learn from a Falstaff Beer house organ. An anschieber is a brewery apprentice and a zwickel is a spigot for drawing samples of beer from the side of a tank. Shandy is not a dilapidated dwelling but a mixture of beer and lemonade popular with German bicyclists. A schauglas is a transparent section of brewery pipe to show what's hopping inside. A growler that mama was always rushing in days gone by is a quart bucket filled with beer for off-premise consumption: shrinkage after the foam has settled brought a growl when the customer got home.

HOW TO MAKE A FIGHTER

Why do men fight? Or animals? Some interesting reasons came out of animal studies done by Dr. John P. Scott of the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory, Bar Harbor, Maine, recounted in a journal for psychiatrists, the "SK&F Psychiatric Reporter." To make a fierce fighter out of a novice mouse, Dr. Scott merely lets the novice win a few "fixed" fights against an opponent who takes a dive. A tough fighting mouse put into a cage with an inexperienced mouse immediately attacks. As soon as the inexperienced mouse fights back, the fighter is removed. By the fifth day of such fake victories, the inexperienced mouse has become a savage fighter that will attack any mouse placed with him. What is most likely to produce fighting is success in fighting.

It's also easy to inhibit fighting, merely by keeping animals free from attack—or putting a female mouse with a male, which the male somehow construes as a non-threatening environment. Another way is to let a mouse be beaten up repeatedly by trained fighters. After a few experiences the clobbered mouse will just back into a corner. As soon as the victim stops fighting back, the attacker generally lets it alone.

Aggressive habits develop in relation to particular situations. Dr. Scott says that habit is very important. "For instance, if a dog has learned to bite, it's very hard to break the habit. The answer is just not to let the habit develop. Use restraint, not punishment. We've found that when puppies start to bite, just picking them up each time will develop a passive inhibition against biting. Punishment, on the other hand, may provoke retaliation. This depends on the animal's constitution. A Shetland sheep dog reacts quickly to punishment and learns to inhibit the behavior that is punished. But if you punish a terrier, he's likely to fight back."

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

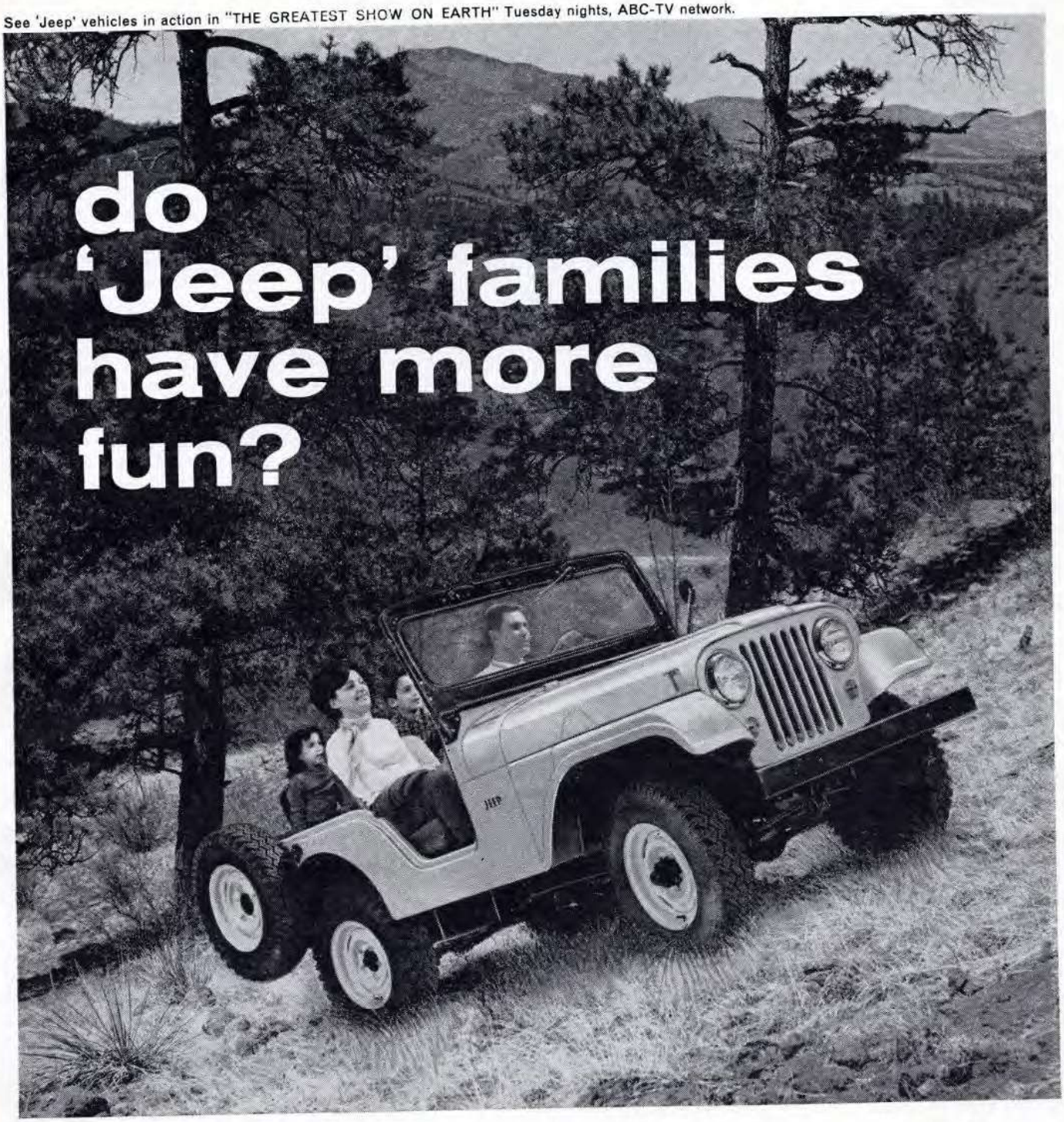
A frightening invader of privacy called a Pocketfone is being test marketed. It fits in a shirt pocket, buzzes when the home telephone rings, and works within a two-mile radius of the home phone.

Newest male status symbol: use a stainless steel razor blade once—and throw it away.

Does anybody else who read the "Youth's Companion" as a boy remember the name of the publisher? The Perry Mason Company of Boston.

—THE EDITORS

See 'Jeep' vehicles in action in "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH" Tuesday nights, ABC-TV network.



Yes, because they have the 4-wheel drive family car that's built stronger to last longer. The 'Jeep' Universal takes them more places—over a span of more years than any ordinary car. Fishing spots? The more remote the better. Hunting sites? Way beyond the reach of roads. What's more, when you own a 'Jeep' Universal you suddenly find dozens of uses you never thought of before! See the 'Jeep' Universal at your 'Jeep' dealer's. Available with hard top or convertible top. Fully enclosed or with half top and pickup box. Wheelbases up to 101". It's the real McCoy.

VERSATILE, POWERFUL, VIRTUALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION Toledo 1, Ohio

'Jeep' UNIVERSAL ®

Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin

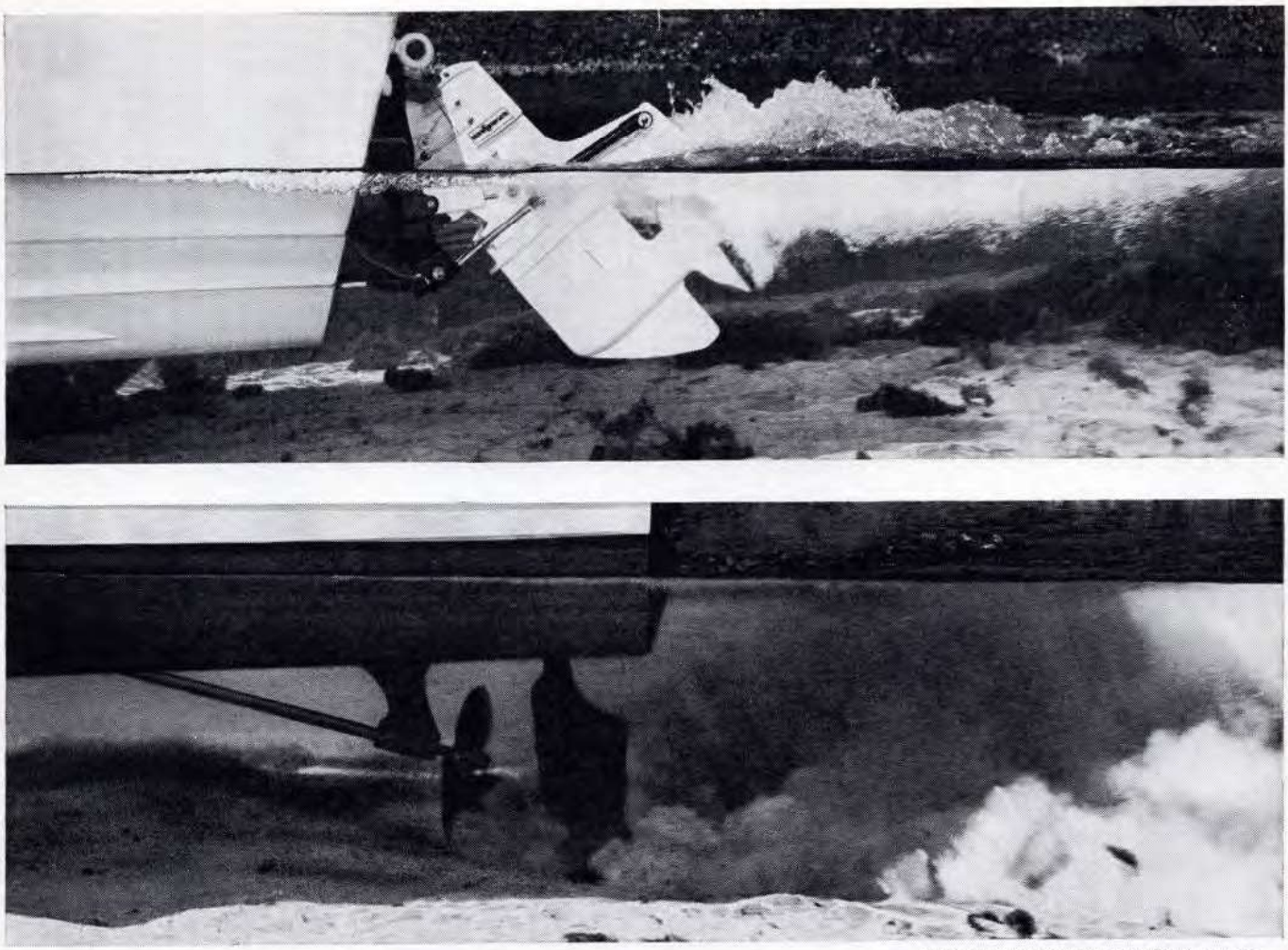
There's a mystery on the map of the United States for which no official explanation exists. Along the generally straight boundary between Tennessee and Kentucky is a curious little triangular jog. The east-west line, first laid out in 1779, was supposed to contain no such irregularity. A joint commission from the two states, resurveying the line in 1830, found that at a certain beech tree, the boundary angled southwest into Tennessee several miles to a marked blackjack, then northwest to regain the straight boundary at a certain gum tree. The commission recommended the job remain, but gave no reason why. A persistent tradition supplies the answer: in the triangle lived a planter who ardently desired to stay in Kentucky. When the survey party approached, he placed a keg of the finest Kentucky bourbon beneath the blackjack tree, just south of his house. The whisky was all theirs, along with the hospitality of his home, he told the tired and thirsty commissioners—*if* the keg was on Kentucky soil. After a happy weekend, the party went on their way much refreshed. Their report endorsing the irregular boundary was adopted the following year by both states' legislatures, though this violated their treaty of 1779 specifying the line be straight. Historians believe it likely that a keg of whisky actually did alter a line on our nation's map. *By K. R. Tompkins, Baltimore, Md.*

A fly that buzzed a billiard match brought tragedy to a frustrated American champion. Louis Fox was our reigning billiard master, but he wasn't satisfied because his title had come by forfeit. The preceding champion, after two years' delay in consenting to meet Fox as leading contender, thwarted him by defaulting, handing over the Golden Cue, and retiring unbeaten. Fox welcomed the first chance to prove his right to the title. On Sept. 7, 1865, in his home city of Rochester, New York, he took on John Deery of Washington in a 1,500 point match. Stakes were the championship and a $1,000 purse. After a bad start, Fox recovered his touch; with a record 276 run, he reached 1,465 in sure position to run out; Deery had already reached 1,487. Carefully Fox stroked a shot cross-table. Just then a fly zoomed into the gaslights above and, singed, dropped in front of the returning ball, deflecting it 2 inches off course. The crushed insect was removed, but Fox's setup was ruined. He tried to continue, and missed. Deery stepped in and completed his points to win match, purse and championship. Fox brooded despondently for a year, then his body was found in a river. He had committed suicide. *By Richard Ginn, Lakewood, Ohio.*

Being targeted by a bird flying overhead always causes the victim to wonder morosely—particularly if he is wearing a new hat—whether the bird did it deliberately. Though the answer, so far as science knows, is always no, some birds do employ the force of gravity usefully, and sometimes with peril to people beneath. Gulls dropping clams, to break them open, have dented automobiles moving along New Jersey seashore roads. In Europe's Balkan Peninsula, wedgetail eagles drop tortoises on rocks to prepare a meal. According to legend, the Greek dramatist Aeschylus, who was bald-headed, was killed by a falling tortoise. Such hits, however, would be almost pure luck. The only true bombardier among birds fortunately confines its astonishing skill to Australian wilderness. There the black-breasted buzzard, a kind of large hawk, has evolved a bombing raid on eggs of the emu. That huge bird, next biggest to the ostrich, nests on the ground to brood its tough-shelled eggs, which measure about 5 inches and are too large for buzzard talons to grasp. The buzzard dives to drive the emu off, then carries a stone aloft and drops it, with precise aim, on the nest. A broken shell then enables the buzzard to hook its grip into the egg and air-lift it away. *By Gordon Wills, Santa Barbara, Calif.*

All the story-book qualities of royal romance—a handsome prince and charming princess in love—gladdened Italian hearts as the princely wedding day, May 30, 1867, dawned bright and fair. But strange events turned the nuptials of Amadeus, son of King Victor Emmanuel II, into a ghastly reality that no storyteller would consider believable. The bride wore a plain dress; her chief seamstress, clutching the wedding gown, had hanged herself in a closet. The colonel who was to lead the bridal procession failed to arrive; he'd had a sunstroke. In the courtyard, the procession couldn't start because the gates were locked; the gatekeeper, found at last, unlocked them, then in remorse slashed his wrists and bled to death. The ceremony was uneventful, but on his way home the attorney who had prepared the contract fell dead of apoplexy. The wedding party went through cheering crowds to the railroad station; there the stationmaster, crossing the tracks, was hit and run over by the special train pulling in. The king exclaimed, "Enough of death!" and led the party off in carriages toward their destination, a country castle. As they neared it that night, Count Castiglione, riding alongside the bridal coach, fell from the saddle and under a wheel that crushed his chest. The bride fainted; the bridegroom got out and helped remove the body. His wedding marred by five deaths, Amadeus had little luck thereafter. His wife died in six years of tuberculosis, and he succumbed to pneumonia at 45.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036



PHOTOGRAPHED UNDERWATER AT FLORIDA'S SILVER SPRINGS

Shallow water takes the strut out of ordinary inboards

MerCruisers have no fixed struts, rudders or shafts on the bottom of the boat. Power tilt lifts the stern drive to the proper angle for shallow-water running.

MerCruisers run through shallows as easy as open water . . . beach under power like an outboard. There are no rigid struts, fixed drive shafts or rudders to damage. If you plan to run through water you know is "thin," just switch the power tilt to the "up" position. The control is on the dashboard. The stern drive unit rises to the desired angle and you zip right through without digging sand or mud with your prop.

Of course, if you should accidentally hit a sandbar or other submerged obstacles, the stern drive unit kicks up like an outboard. Hydraulic shock absorbers cushion the impact. A Safety-Tilt switch cuts the ignition to prevent the engine from over-revving . . . restores the power again when the prop re-enters the water.

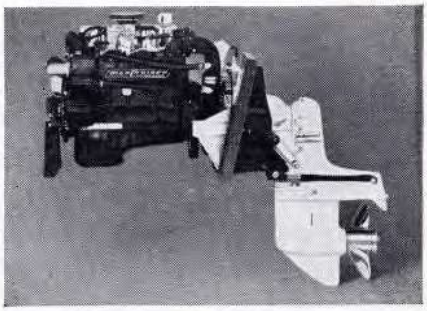
Boats powered by MerCruiser Stern Drive Power Packages give you the prestige of an inboard, the power range and fuel economy of 4-cycle engines . . . combined with the maneuverability, portability, propulsion efficiency and impact protection of an outboard.

More than 165 different manufacturers are building boats powered by MerCruiser . . . giving you a far wider boat and power choice than ordinary inboards or other stern drives.

See your MerCruiser dealer. Ask him to show you the boats *you* can own . . . equipped with MerCruiser Stern Drive Power.

MerCruiser 120:

120 hp, 4-cylinder in-line engine and MerCruiser I Stern Drive. Dashboard-controlled power tilt. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Shearproof propeller drive with live-rubber safety clutch. Jet-Prop exhaust. Dual water pumps. Weedless water intake. Optional power shift and power steering.



MERCRUISER

110, 120, 140, 150, 190, 225 and 310 hp gasoline
60 and 100 hp diesel

STERN DRIVE POWER PACKAGES

© 1964, Kiekhaefer Corporation, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin and Toronto
Subsidiary of Brunswick Corporation

By ROBERT LISTON

TAKE-CHARGE MAN FOR A STICKY JOB

When the Peace Corps was founded, Sargent Shriver took charge. When President Kennedy was buried, Shriver made the arrangements. When President Johnson declared war on poverty, Shriver was the choice. In this election year, what comes next?

WASHINGTON, D.C.

■ Less than an hour after Lee Harvey Oswald fired the shots which took the life of John F. Kennedy in Dallas, a man burst out of the Peace Corps offices on Connecticut Avenue in Washington and raced to the White House. He was Robert Sargent Shriver, Jr., director of the Peace Corps and brother-in-law of the slain President, and he was taking charge of the most sensitive, least wanted job of his life. Sargent Shriver was in the habit of taking charge.

When he went to the White House, accompanied by his wife, Eunice Kennedy Shriver, it was not quite 2 p.m. on November 22, 1963. John Kennedy had just been pronounced dead. Lyndon Johnson was still to be sworn in as President. Yet things had to be done. A stunned, disbelieving world had to be told. A nation had to go on. A President had to be buried. And somebody had to do the organizing.

The family members hastily assembled at the White House and agreed upon their tasks. Mrs. Shriver and Senator Ted Kennedy would go to their mother and invalid father in Hyannisport, Massachusetts. Attorney General Robert Kennedy, the eldest surviving son, would assist Jacqueline Kennedy through her ordeal. Shriver would handle funeral arrangements.

By 2:30, Shriver had set up a command post in the office of White House aide Ralph Dungan. The Kennedy staff was hastily assembled—Dungan and McGeorge Bundy were on hand immediately. Others filtered in as the afternoon and evening wore on: Averill Harriman, artist William Walton,

Recruiter Shriver answers questions—here from college students—in his constant effort to enlist volunteers for Peace Corps jobs abroad.

Director Shriver—now with two caps, Peace Corps and the anti-poverty program—wants today's work done yesterday, drives hard, often returns to desk after evening functions.

Protocol Chief Angier Biddle Duke, and many of the top military leaders and foreign service officers.

As Air Force One, the plane bearing, with the body, Mrs. Kennedy, the new President and Mrs. Johnson, raced back to Washington, Shriver and his men alerted the world, heads of foreign governments, members of Congress, governors of states and all others who had reason to know. Even before AF-1 landed, steps were taken for the military funeral, the autopsy and the embalming. The Navy ambulance which met the plane did not just happen to be on the Air Force base. It was arranged for.

By 8 that night, Mrs. Kennedy was making known her wishes. She spoke them to Bobby, who relayed them by phone. Shriver took Bobby's call in Dungan's reception room, and stepped back inside the office with the new orders. His first words were that Mrs. Kennedy wanted the President's burial to be "as distinguished a tribute as possible." He belonged to the nation, more than to his family. She wanted him buried as a President and as a naval officer, and with great dignity.

Her decisions and desires, relayed to Shriver, had to be translated from generalities to specifics. There were books of protocol to be consulted. Franklin D. Roosevelt's funeral was detailed to the minute. But none of them had the family, friends and heads of state walking behind the caisson as Mrs. Kennedy planned to do. There were many other variances from precedent. So Shriver invented a new protocol. Slowly plans began to take shape. Necessary arrangements for the body were set in motion. Cables and telegrams were sent. Schedules were worked out. Honor guards, troops, pallbearers, caisson, horses were found.

At midnight, Shriver went to the East Room of the White House. It was here that Lincoln's body had lain in state, and it was here that Mrs. Kennedy wanted her husband to lie. Mrs. Kennedy remembered a book of sketches upstairs in the library showing how the East Room had looked as Lincoln lay there. She wanted it patterned after those sketches. The book was located and the sketches followed, in principle, but not in detail. Black crepe was hung, flags positioned, pallbearers called, priests summoned, all at Shriver's direction.

He worked there till 4:30 a.m. Then came the first test of the preparations. A black limousine moved past the saluting sentry and rolled mournfully to the majestic northwest portico of the White House. With deliberate movement, as if trapped in time-lapse photographs, Shriver stepped forward and opened the door of the car for Bobby Kennedy, who in turn assisted Mrs. Kennedy out of the car.

The three watched as military pallbearers carried the bronze, flag-draped casket bearing the body of the President into the East Room. Slowly they followed. The honor guard took its position. Altar boys lit the candles. Two young priests said prayers. Then Mrs. Kennedy went alone to the side of the casket and bent to her knees. In a moment or

Sportsman Shriver spearfishes, rides in fox hunts, swims to get somewhere, always has a goal, always competes for it.

Father Shriver is idol of elder son Robert, wants boy to participate in life, not just watch.

two Robert Kennedy stepped to her side and helped her to her feet, and Jacqueline Kennedy wept. As far as is known, this was the only time she cried publicly during her 72-hour ordeal.

This scene, and those brutally emotional ones which pinned the world to its television sets for the next three days, came more out of Shriver than out of anyone else. Mrs. Kennedy's wishes were dominant, but it was he who translated them into the multiplicity of details which lent majesty to the national tragedy and moved a nation to tears.

He was, at times, the dynamic executive, forgetting personal feelings to get a tough job done well—and going without sleep and food in the process. He was the man of seemingly endless energy, still running strong when younger men were ready to drop. He was the aesthetic man of taste and sensitivity, the proper greeter of dignitaries at the White House, and the family man in step behind Jacqueline Kennedy on her mournful march to her husband's funeral.

Playing these interlocking roles perceptively was characteristic of Shriver, and he emerged from them all with stature greatly enhanced. Once, before the Peace Corps existed, he was considered a possible candidate for political office. Now he has just been appointed a special White House assistant to organize the new anti-poverty program. In this election year he is being talked of again as a vote-getter—and for an elective position that may be the Vice-Presidency.

In those November hours, as Shriver's hand developed the inevitable scenes of this classic Greek tragedy, I watched with interest, but no surprise. When I had met him months before, however, it had been a different story. I had felt then a little as though I were going to the movies.

All he showed me, at that first meeting, was the Kennedy image, the wise, courageous, vigorous man busy making judgments. Shriver is particularly adept at this imagery, for he often thinks and talks in slogans, platitudes and homilies.

In his paneled Peace Corps office, I saw the busy executive surrounded with phones, stacks of Manila folders, letters to be signed. I saw the trim, sunburned, extraordinarily handsome man in the $200 suits. He was informal, facile, relaxed, smiling, warm, attentive. I liked him.

Ten minutes later I realized I'd been had. I'd been charmed out of my wits. I had pages of notes, fine quotes, remarks excerpted from speeches, anecdotes polished from the telling. But did I know Shriver? Or had I just enjoyed some good acting?

I made an appointment for a week later and hied off to visit friends and co-workers. They'd help me see him as he truly is. Instead I heard the sounds of a 50-buck testimonial dinner. He was the most charming, the most energetic, the most everything.

To combat these praise-makers, I asked, "Has he any faults?" Almost invariably the answer came back, "Of course he has faults. Everyone has faults." Asked to name some, his friends would stammer, then admit they couldn't think of any. The more alert would hem and haw, finally come out in triumph with, "Sometimes he's a little impatient." Then they'd add, "It's good he's impatient. He gets things done."

The champ at this sort of equivocation was a staffer who makes a fetish of being tough, two-fisted and profane. Said he, "Shriver is opinionated, yet he'll listen to your opinions and respect them. He is many times self-centered, yet many times equally humble. He can be a martinet, yet he is very concerned with the welfare of the people who work for him. He is profane, yet religious, deeply so. He annoys the living bejabers out of you, yet I think he is the greatest guy I ever worked for."

But what about his faults? Every defect so far had turned into a virtue.

The staffer paused a long moment. "He's no superman. He puts on his pants one leg at a time." The staffer paused again. Finally he said, "Maybe I don't want to see his faults. Maybe I don't want to look at his feet of clay. Maybe I don't want the idol debased."

I heard so much praise of Shriver it got to be a singsong. And it came from the unlikeliest people. Republicans and Southern Democrats, who at that time couldn't speak of a Kennedy in a civil tone, were ungrudging in their praise of this Kennedy in-law. Even people he had fired talked of him as though they were lodge brothers. [*Continued on page* 22]

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Maybe it's just a coincidence that so many Pontiacs get left out in driveways. Maybe.

Probably not. When you own a car that looks this good, there's no use hiding it in the garage. At least not during daylight. What's still better than looking at Pontiacs, though, is driving them. You'll agree, once you sample Trophy V-8 power. (It's invigorating, as you would expect—especially versions* wringing as much as 370 bhp out of 421 cubic inches!) And try our Wide-Track ride. (It's even smoother than you could imagine.) As if you hadn't noticed by now, Pontiacs come as luxurious as you'd want or as sporty as you'd care to go. You can see them, every one, at your Pontiac dealer. '64 WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC

*OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST.

[*Continued from page 20*]

Trying to find Shriver in all this was an acute frustration. If his friends and associates were right, Shriver must be a combination Horatio Alger, Jack Armstrong and Mickey Mouse.

I went for my second appointment. Mary Ann Orlando, his capable secretary, told me I'd have to wait. He was getting ready for a trip overseas, and, he was a bit behind.

I waited an hour and a half. When I finally got into his office it was the tag end of a long day, but his fatigue showed only in the slight raising of his voice, a tendency toward irritability, a greater use of cusswords. This is nit-picking. When most men are settling down to a second cocktail, he was mentally alert, driving hard, enthusiastic.

I got him talking about the early days of the Peace Corps, and sat back to watch and listen. As he spoke, I remembered one gal's description of him, "He's a hunk." I could see why women thought him attractive. He is six feet tall, 170 pounds, lean and athletic. At 48 he is clearly aging well. The gray hairs are coming in as if by design, and wrinkles are forming in all the right places. His smile is quick and natural and rather boyish. There is a ruggedness and casualness about him which a man could like.

Suddenly I began to wonder. Suppose everything everyone said was true, or even partly true. Suppose this was truly an unusual guy. . . .

His voice, flat, but not nearly so flat as the Kennedy family tone, broke through my thoughts. I listened more carefully.

"Right after President Kennedy signed the executive order setting up the Peace Corps, I went on a month-long trip to see if any nations wanted Peace Corps volunteers.

"That trip convinced me the ideals of democracy were getting licked because we failed to present them in an aggressive, hard-hitting fashion."

There was a curious intensity, an urgency in his voice. I was alone in the room with him, yet the way he talked I felt like the Yale graduating class being recruited into the Peace Corps. He went on.

"It's like Henry Ford. He had a great car in the 20's and early 30's. He was on top. But he failed to improve it and sell it imaginatively. Soon General Motors shot out of nowhere. It passed Ford and has stayed in front ever since. This happens to countries as well as to companies. When you get complacent and go soft, you're licked."

The way he said it, there was absolutely no doubt.

"That first trip convinced me we had to do something and do it fast. I didn't think it was the 11th hour for America. I thought it was one minute past the 12th hour. We were behind everywhere in the world. We had to get going right away. We couldn't spend years learning to fly. Like the Wright brothers, we had to build a contraption and take it out and fly it in order to prove it would fly."

Obviously, this man could sell igloos to aborigines. By his voice and the force of his personality he makes you want to charge up a hill and plant a flag. Suppose what the praise-makers said was true. . . . and then I remembered the observation of a Washington news correspondent: "It might have made sense three years ago for Shriver to start and lead the Peace Corps. It was a tough job and he certainly did it well. But now it is way beneath him. His is the greatest waste of talent in this administration."

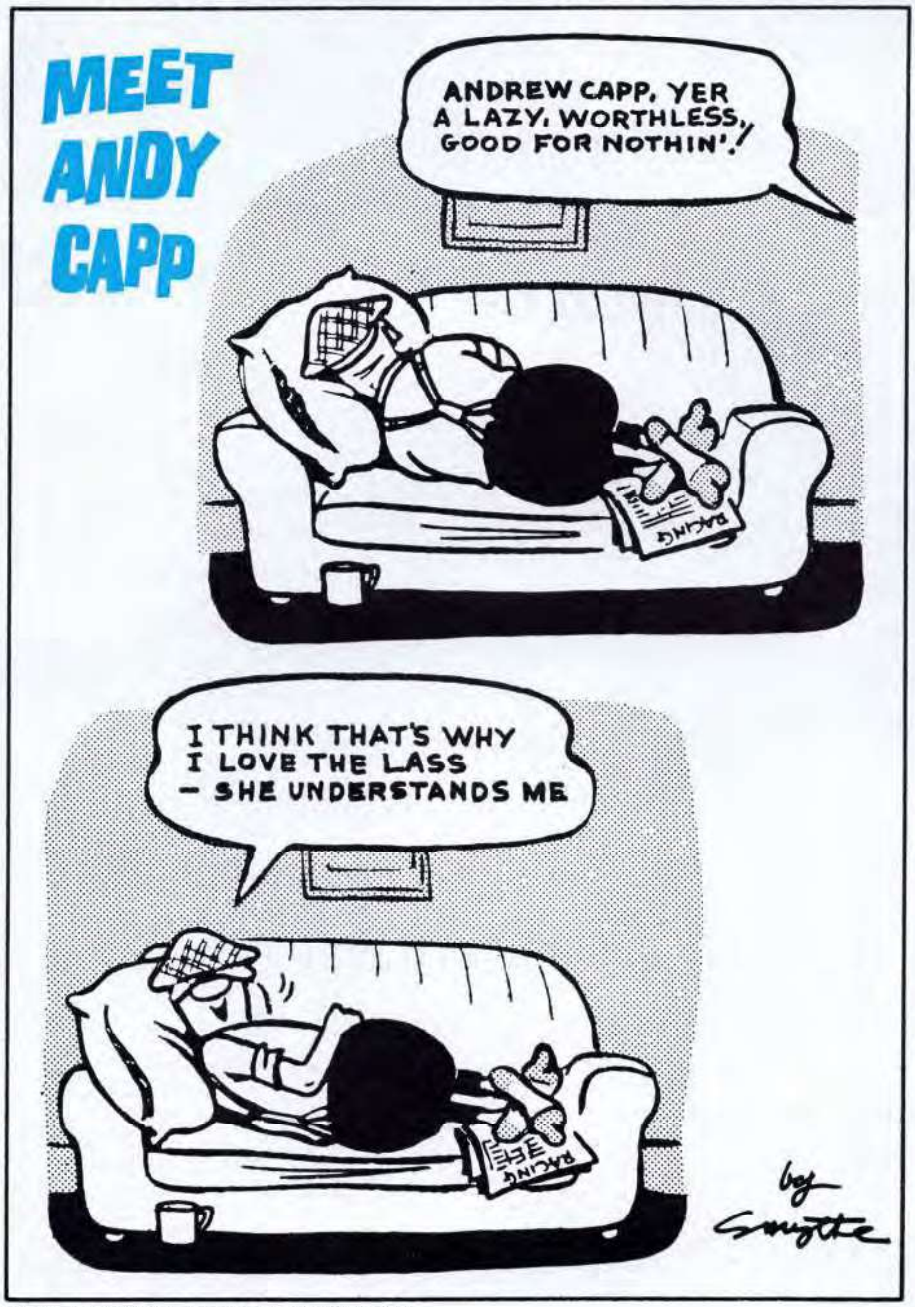
So I asked Shriver if he thought it was an asset or a hindrance to be a brother-in-law of President Kennedy. His tone was edged as he replied, "It's a fact of life—you live with it. There's no point in thinking about it."

And then he added, "I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself. The Kennedy boys are tough and able and competitive, but they don't surpass their father any. Mr. Kennedy was not known to have incompetents around. I worked for him for five years before my marriage. I wouldn't have stayed three months if I weren't capable."

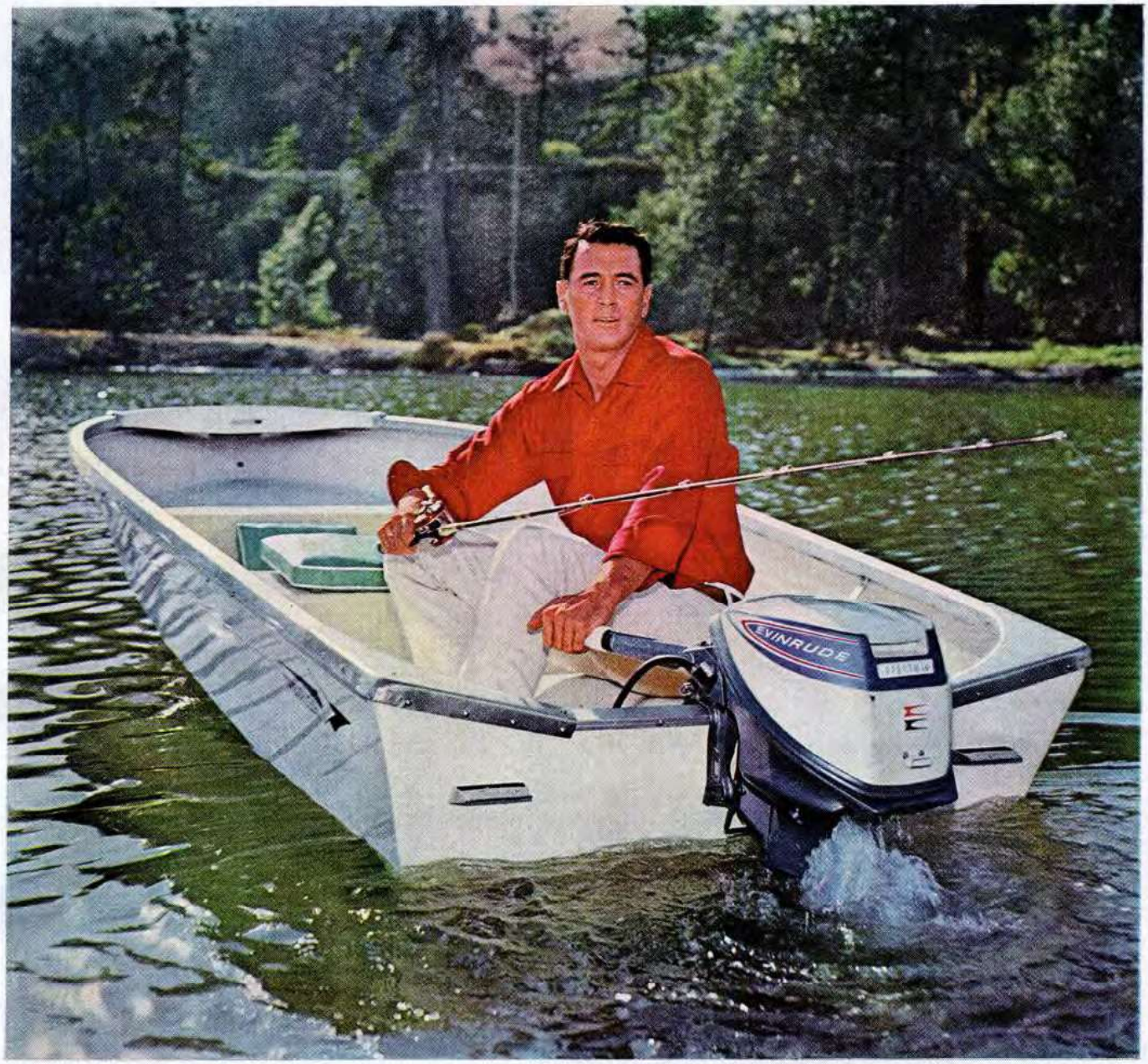
For just a few seconds the movie projector had stopped. The image disappeared, and from a few words spoken in irritability and weariness I got a look at the real Shriver. Suddenly he was putting on one pants leg at a time. For all his abilities and assets, he had a problem. Put it this way:

Shriver is an extraordinarily ambitious, competitive and self-reliant guy married into a family which, when I saw him, included one President and one Attorney General of the United States, and one Senator of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The Kennedys already have all the money in the world. If press and publicity reports are to be believed, the family is abundantly handsome, energetic,

The most historic import from Britain since that highly publicized shipload of tea is a uniquely funny cartoon character named Andy Capp. Look for lazy, loaded, ludicrous, lovable Andy each month in TRUE.


MEET ANDY CAPP
ANDREW CAPP, YER A LAZY, WORTHLESS, GOOD FOR NOTHIN'!
I THINK THAT'S WHY I LOVE THE LASS – SHE UNDERSTANDS ME
by Smythe

© by The Hall Syndicate, Inc., and Daily Mirror, London.



See Rock Hudson in "Man's Favorite Sport" at your local theatre.

SMALL WONDER

Meet Evinrude's new 9½ hp. Sportwin . . . the compact take-along motor designed to live in your car trunk.

Never before has a fisherman been able to pack so much fishing motor performance in so little car trunk space. Just 34 inches top to prop—inches shorter than a "3". The handle folds down, the controls are out of the way in front, and the starboard side lies flat.

But don't let its bantam size fool you. This sporty little shorty packs a real punch. Planes a load of 3. Hustles fishing boats at a 20-mile clip. Runs 80 miles and more on a tank of fuel. It starts like a "3". Tilts at a touch. Adjusts to 16 running positions.

It sounds even smaller than it looks. If we made it any quieter you couldn't tell when it was running. It's that smooth.

But don't take our word for it. See and hear it at your Evinrude dealer now (he's listed in the Yellow Pages). Catalog free. Write Evinrude Motors, 4279 N. 27th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53216.

EVINRUDE FIRST IN OUTBOARDS

DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION

sagacious, courageous and a dozen other of the more admirable qualities.

So if you are an immensely competitive guy like Shriver, who has made his own way most of his life, how do you earn your place in the sons, the Kennedy sons?

I already had one answer. I'd asked a staffer why Shriver worked so hard. He replied, "It's very simple. There was an item in the society columns which explains it very well. It went something like this, 'Among those attending were the President and Mrs. Kennedy; the President's sister, Jean, and her husband, Stephen Smith; and the director of the Peace Corps, Sargent Shriver, and his wife, Eunice, who is also the President's sister.' That's awfully cruel to Steve Smith, but you get the point. Shriver is Shriver and not just the husband of Eunice Kennedy."

I went to see Charles Bartlett, the Tennessee newspaperman who was then one of the White House insiders by virtue of a long friendship with the Kennedys. He said Shriver "feels the need to play his own role and go his own way. Part of the Wisconsin primary campaign, for instance, was financed out of money he raised himself in Chicago. He's independent. He has a sense of living his own life. You never have the feeling of his being in close with the Kennedys."

Bartlett, I learned, had been a messenger between Shriver and the President. Shriver would say, "If you see the President, you might tell him . . ." or "Is he aware that. . . ?" This strange long-range communication was necessary because Shriver insisted on sticking to his Peace Corps job and not trying to run the entire administration.

Later I talked to Edwin Bayley, a former Peace Corps staffer now with the State Department. He provided another illustration of the strange distance that was maintained between Shriver and the White House: "The task force which initially studied the Peace Corps idea recommended it be part of the State Department. Shriver argued against that, but would not appeal to the President. He fought the battle, instead, at low levels in the State Department and White House. We thought we were getting beat. We begged him to call JFK. He refused. Ultimately he won on his own."

While Shriver was away on his trip overseas, I arranged an interview with Mrs. Shriver at their home.

The visit began disastrously. I was late. Timberlawn, the Shriver home in the Maryland suburbs of Washington, was hard to find. The approach on the grounds is over a winding drive through a stand of young timber and rhododendron. Somehow you expect to encounter a deer-crossing sign. Then you are at the house, a rambling shingled affair, rustic, comfortable looking.

A maid let me in. I heard the sounds of home, kids giggling, carpet sweeper running. I was ushered into a sun porch filled with easy comfort. The Shrivers live well, but not pretentiously. I spotted some framed photos of the family on the mantel. The Kennedys at a family outing, all gagging it up. Jack and Jackie, Bobby and Ethel. The Shrivers.

Mrs. Shriver appeared, lithe in a blouse and multi-colored pants. She accepted my apology for being late, but she was uncomfortable and made me feel that way.

She struck me as a woman as cool as her husband is warm, as distant as he is friendly. I struggled to find rapport with her, but it eluded me. She was being interviewed, answering questions tersely, offering little. She is, I later was told, an extremely shy woman who finds it difficult to communicate her warmth to others. Striving to break through the barrier that seemed to exist between us, I asked about her children, and was introduced to Timothy Perry, 4, dark and all boy, and Maria Owings Shriver, 7. The eldest child, Robert Sargent III, 9, was not at home.

Some of the tension had gone, and I went back to her husband. I wondered how he was different from her brothers. "Sarge is more creative, more an idealist," she said. "He can make something out of nothing. At the Merchandise Mart in Chicago, he sold lots of space, had lots of creative ideas. It wasn't run as well before and hasn't been since."

She told of meeting Shriver. "My sister introduced me to him. I found him attractive. He was then with *Newsweek*.

COMING . . .

SHC means Spontaneous Human Combustion, and it's one of the most incredible recurring phenomena in the annals of medical science. Read about THE BAFFLING BURNING DEATH . . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

My father was looking for someone to take a look at the diaries of my brother Joe. I told Dad I'd met this fellow with *Newsweek* and that he seemed bright and able. My father talked to him, offered him a job and asked him to go with his organization. We dated seven years."

I asked her how Shriver kept his individuality in the midst of the large, talented Kennedy family. She replied, "He hasn't been swallowed up, if that's what you mean. Our aim is not to absorb a person, but to use him. Sarge has talents my brothers don't have. He's more creative and more imaginative, for instance."

It was time to leave. At the door I mentioned having written some articles on mental retardation. She lighted up—the subject is one of her special interests. Her warmth began to show. But I had to be on my way.

My visit with Mrs. Shriver only intensified my curiosity. She had shown me the Kennedy family loyalty and competitiveness. How did Shriver keep from being submerged by it?

Still searching for an answer, I went back to the beginning. Shriver was born in Westminster, Maryland, into a family which traces its lineage back to Alsace-Lorraine in 1206. The Shrivers settled in Carroll County in 1701, and today the Shrivers of Maryland are so numerous and varied they are the subject of a book—not that Sargent Shriver would put much stock in that. Still, this heritage contrasts with that of the Kennedys, who are just a couple of generations removed from shanty Irish.

Shriver's father was a bank official with modest wealth, which he lost in the depression. Thereafter, Shriver earned his way through Canterbury School, Yale and Yale Law on scholarships. To learn of his Yale days I talked to Merle Thorpe, who has a plush Washington law practice. Thorpe and Shriver were contemporaries at Yale and are close friends.

"Shriver," said Thorpe, "has a lot of natural energy and he is ambitious. He wanted to be just what he has become—a person of influence. At Yale he wasn't wealthy, but popular. Yale doesn't pay off on wealth, but it helps. It's certainly no drawback. Shriver was able and popular at Yale, without having particular financial means. In his circumstances it was natural for him to be ambitious to become part of Society—that's with a capital S—and for him to be influenced by it. He wants to be a force in whatever he does.

"At Yale he didn't have the skills or the size to become captain of the football team. He couldn't be one of the great brains. A third way to become a person of influence was to be editor of the Yale *News*. It was the most available competition open to him, and the rewards were the greatest. It's a highly competitive job and he won it. He set out to get it and he got it. And the Kennedys didn't help him get it.

"In fact, he competes with the Kennedys, but he'd be a fool to let his competitive instinct alienate him from them. He's still beholden to the Kennedys for his position. You must realize, however, that he'd compete with his own grandmother. But he doesn't compete against people so much as against himself. He has constantly to prove himself."

Shriver's war record further illuminates his special thrust for superiority. He was having a pleasantly risky time aboard battleships in the Atlantic and the Pacific when he volunteered for submarine duty. "There could have been only one reason for that," suggests Thorpe. "The submarine service is the élite of the Navy. Shriver has always wanted to be a member of the élite." Shriver's was a fine war record, and today he still wears with pride the submariners' dolphin pin in his lapel.

After the war Shriver took a job as an assistant editor of *Newsweek*, met Eunice Kennedy and was introduced to her father. There is a misconception here that needs to be clarified. Old Joe Kennedy did ask Shriver to read Young Joe's diaries with a view to having them published. Shriver recommended against publishing. This nugget of fact has led to the romantic notion that Shriver took this stand deliberately to win the boss's respect as an independent thinker. Shriver denies it. "I'm not all that smart to tell a lie so he'll respect me. I'm not smart enough to remember my last lie, so I find truth the easiest policy."

Shriver joined the Joseph P. Kennedy

[*Continued on page* 28]

How the new Winchesters went on safari with David Ommanney—our man in Africa.

And why we chose Tanganyika as the proving ground for our '64 rifles, shotguns and ammo.

In his Land-Rover, our professional hunter leads the safari across the Serengeti Plain. Nearest you, in his all-Winchester battery, is the new Model 70-458 Magnum. Price $310.

With gunbearer Salim, Ommanney returns from building leopard blind. Besides great herds of all kinds of plains game, there are many big "cats" in Northern Tanganyika.

This leopard was first of Africa's Big Five to fall to Winchester's new Model 70-300 Magnum ($154.95). A single shot was enough. "This rifle really lays 'em in," says Ommanney.

New feature on our new Model 70s* is this "free-floating" barrel. The stock's fore end does not touch it. No uneven pressure. Therefore *natural* vibration, straighter shooting.

**except on the 375 and 458.*

A single bullet (Solid) from our new 458 bagged this fine Cape buffalo. It hit him in the left shoulder; was recovered, in perfect shape, from just under the skin of his right shoulder.

This rhino was 100% safe (even from the 458). Like the giraffe and the cheetah, the rhinoceros is "Royal Game" in Tanganyika. We could shoot him only with our cameras.

We took along our new shotguns, of course. Here, Ommanney swings on sand grouse with the '64 Model 1400 automatic ($134.95). Our new slide-action Model 1200 is $96.00.

Only shot shell used was our new plastic Super-Speed and Super-X "compression-formed" Mark 5. "I never saw a shell made like it, or one that shoots so hard," said David.

On the last night before we struck camp, our man in Africa summed up: "It warmed my heart to see the new Winchesters at work. The way they did their stuff was *smashing.*"

WINCHESTER® Western®
WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION Olin

FLEETSIDE PICKUP (*Above*) Like all work and play Chevrolets, this one rides like a passenger car with its independent front suspension and coil springs. Available with 6½- or 8-ft. body and standard 140 hp Six. Larger Six or V8 at extra cost.

SUBURBAN CARRYALL (*Below*) Looks like a station wagon but it's a lot tougher. It's built on a truck frame and holds up to 1,150 lbs. of cargo with the seats removed. Can seat either 6 or 8 people in comfort. Available also in 4-wheel drive models.

The Good Life with CHEVROLET *Pleasure Trucks*

Go oftener, spend less. Haul or carry your motel with you with one of these work and play Chevrolets.

If you associate trucks only with work these days, take another look around.

You see Chevrolet pickups serving as motels for the whole family; Suburban Carryalls hauling enough gear for a family reunion or a month's vacation; chassis-cab models with camper bodies that sleep two up, four down and have hot and cold running water; 4-wheel-drive models taking campers practically anywhere.

Mobility is one good reason trucks are being used this new way. With a camper body on a Chevrolet pickup, you can pack up and go on a moment's notice without bothering about reservations. And you're not tied to any one location.

Economy is another. No hotel bills, expensive eating, tips, canceled reservations, phoning ahead or a lot of other things that make you think twice now about taking the family places outdoors. There's no doubt about it—a camper-body truck saves you money!

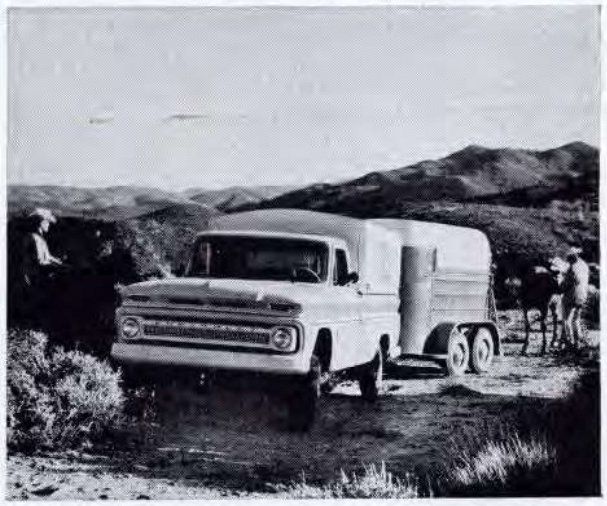
If you are intrigued by this new way of enjoying the good life outdoors and wish to investigate it further, your Chevrolet dealer can serve you two ways: Helping you obtain all the information you need about the dozens of types and makes of camper bodies available and guiding you in selecting the model Chevrolet truck best suited for your work and play requirements.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Mich.

CHEVROLET

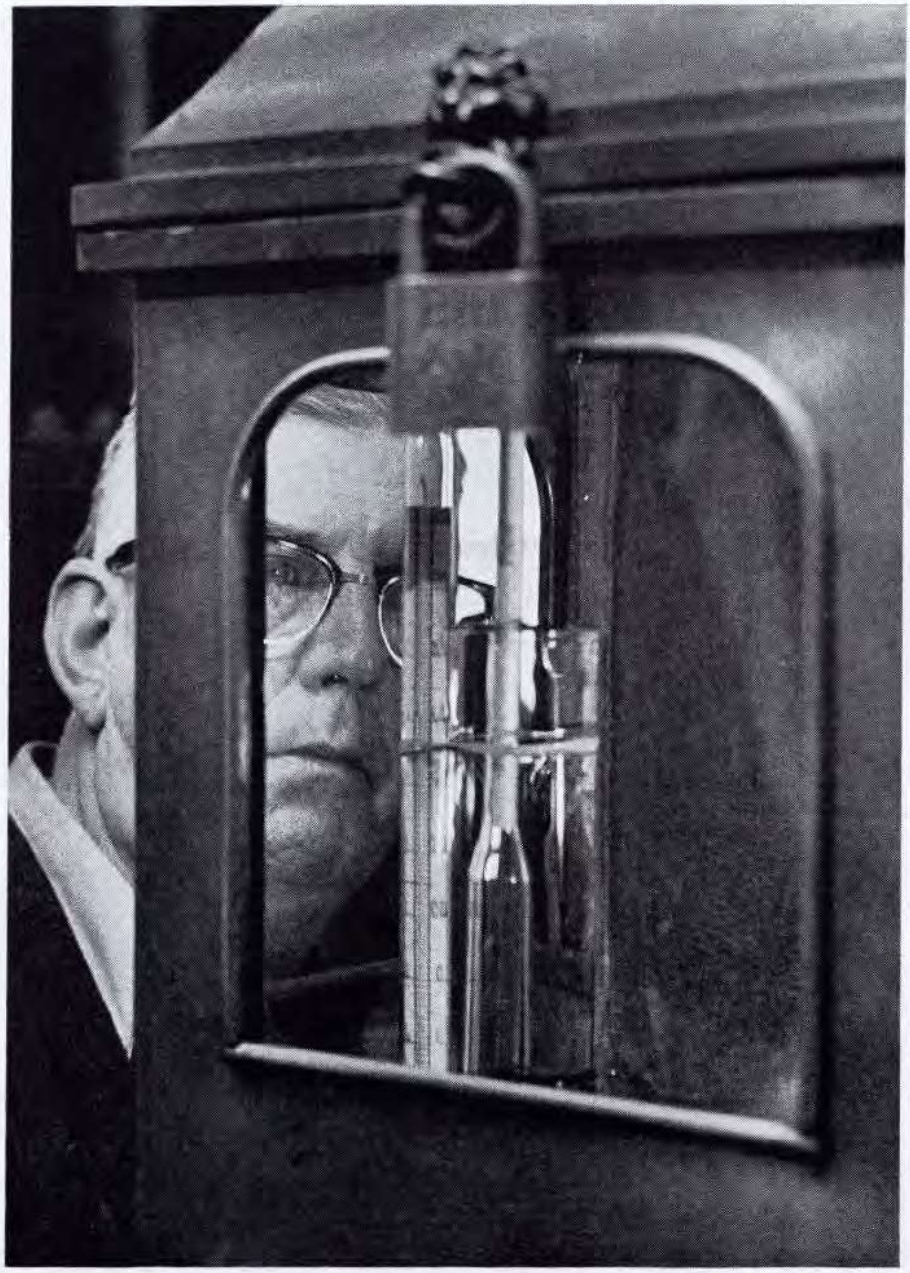
Quality Trucks Cost Less

CHASSIS-CAB WITH CAMPER BODY—Here's a custom installation of a camper body on a standard Chevrolet chassis-cab. Available through several body manufacturers, these units provide the ultimate in luxury and convenience for campers . . . along with Chevrolet reliability.



FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE FLEETSIDE—America's favorite pickup again, but equipped with 4-wheel drive. It's ready to take you just about anywhere, roads or no. Convenient shift lever allows you to change from 2- to 4-wheel drive at will.

EL CAMINO—Here's a unique vehicle that looks as good as a car and is as useful as a pickup truck. It's an ideal traveling companion for the weekend camper. Bucket seats, 4-speed transmission, power windows, tinted glass and a snappy 250-hp V8 are among its extra-cost options.



JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLER watches over our whiskey just as his father and uncle before him and Mr. Jack before them did it.

We have several gauges in our still house. And our distiller uses them, especially this whiskey safe where the whiskey trickles out. But mostly he tells things are going right by listening, smelling, tasting—*feeling out the run.* You see, he holds that instinct and experience can never be replaced by instruments in any step of making whiskey. Compare a sip of Jack Daniel's, and we believe you'll agree.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

©1963, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

[*Continued from page* 24]

Enterprises in 1946 and performed various jobs for two years. Then he was named assistant general manager of the Merchandise Mart in Chicago, the world's largest commercial building, which the elder Kennedy had bought in one of his shrewder business deals.

Shriver was a creditable business executive, excelling in sales and public relations. He offered appealing ideas for presenting merchandise and, in general, won the respect of businessmen as a businessman.

He remained in Chicago until 1961. During this period his drive for excellence fixed on two goals. One was the courting and winning of Eunice Kennedy. The romance went on for seven years, during which Shriver was one of the more eligible bachelors in the land and Eunice was one of the more notable heiresses. They were married in 1953 when he was 38. Theirs was one of *the* Society weddings of that year, surpassed only by the marriage of Jacqueline Bouvier to John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

The second goal was politics. In the late 40's and early 50's Shriver worked for Adlai Stevenson in his Illinois gubernatorial races. It quickly became apparent that Shriver was destined for high office. His attractiveness as a candidate certainly did not go unnoticed by the Democratic political bosses in Chicago. He was handsome enough to attract the ladies, yet not so handsome as to alienate the men. He had charm in abundance, marvelous enthusiasm and a wondrous capacity to communicate it to masses of people. He was ambitious and tractable. He had business connections and an obvious ability to raise money.

The party began to groom him for better things. He became president of the Chicago Board of Education, a position which gave him the right kind of public exposure. He was named to a state commission on school problems and to a variety of other boards and committees. By 1960 he was in position to make a run for the governorship.

By 1960, however, Jack Kennedy was a candidate for President. Shriver surrendered his ambition to support his brother-in-law. He worked virtually full time for him in Wisconsin and West Virginia and on through the Democratic National Convention. His labors continued until Kennedy was elected.

Shriver remained invaluable to the Kennedys after the election. He was the only one in the immediate family who knew any large numbers of available businessmen for appointment to New Frontier posts. Shriver thus became a key figure in the recruitment drive in the early days of the administration. He is credited with finding Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and many others.

But there was no appointment for Shriver. He certainly had the ability and the experience for one. He had earned a position by his work in the campaign. There were rumors he wanted to be Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, but the job went to Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut. Besides, brother Bobby had been named Attorney General. That created such a flap it would have been

political suicide to name a brother-in-law to the cabinet, too.

Several weeks went by without a job for Shriver. He performed several tasks around Washington, but remained officially at the Merchandise Mart. Then, in late January, JFK asked him to organize the Peace Corps. This was an appointment Shriver didn't want. For a man used to traveling with the élite, shepherding a bunch of college kids around the wilds of Africa is not exactly being mentioned in Society's Blue Book.

More important, the Peace Corps had all the makings of a disaster. Now that it is a success, Shriver has turned this misgiving into a sure-fire after-dinner joke: "Everyone in Washington seemed to think the Peace Corps was going to be the biggest fiasco in history, and it would be much easier for the President to fire a relative than a friend."

In the beginning, Shriver probably agreed with Ohio's GOP Rep. Frances Bolton, who called the whole idea "terrifying." Imagine the United States Government sending as its official representatives, to some of the most sensitive areas in the world, young kids just out of college—soft, spoiled, rebellious, uninformed, undisciplined, over-enthusiastic, overfed and over-indulged. Imagine what a few "incidents" could have done to our relations with a score of nations in Africa, Asia and South America.

Now that the Peace Corps is three years old, everyone is standing in line to state what a good idea it was and to salute Shriver for making it work. Even Representative Bolton is no longer terrified. "The Peace Corps has been doing absolutely splendid work," she says. "I like the way Sargent Shriver has administered it. I like the way he has chosen his people. He seems to have inspired them with his own enthusiasm. But I still say the Peace Corps could have been terrifying under someone else, someone less objective, someone less capable than Sargent Shriver."

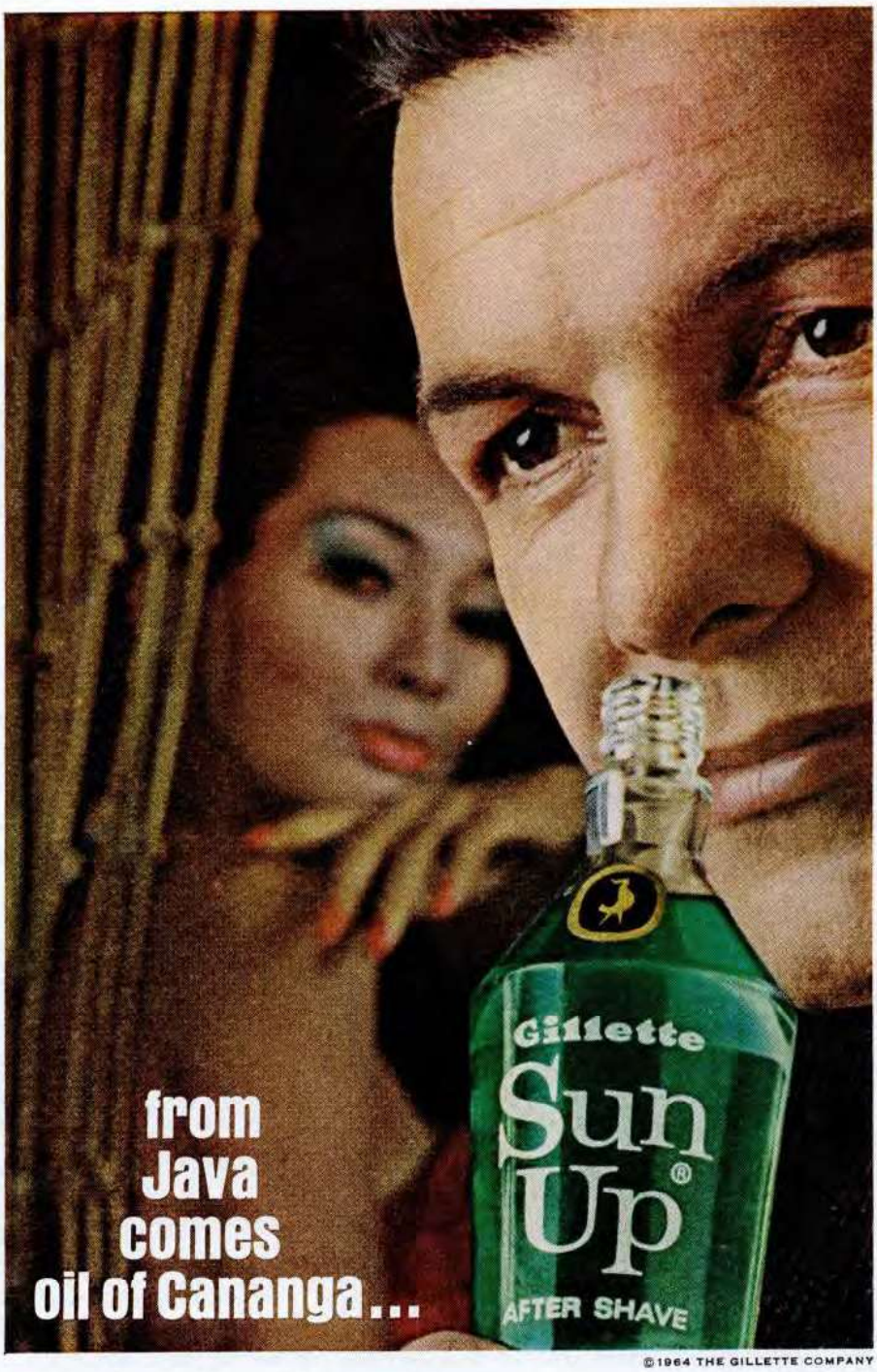
The Peace Corps, thanks to Shriver, is the fastest growing peacetime agency in history. It now has 4,826 volunteers scattered in 47 countries. Soon it will be expanded to 9,000. Its original appropriation of $30 million has been tripled.

Accomplishment of all this in two years is the measure of Shriver's ability and liabilities. What he did, discarding all the romantic language and public-relations nonsense being written about it, was to recruit what one man calls the "hottest team ever to hit Washington," and then drive it until its members developed heart attacks, ulcers, went crazy or quit.

I looked up people who had been through this mill. We talked at length and on repeated occasions. Because of my insistence on an honest appraisal of Shriver's faults as well as his virtues, seldom seen facets to the man began to show up. I was coming closer to an understanding of how he earned his place in the sons.

He has, for instance, fantastic drive. The initial group of men who came to Washington to organize the Peace Corps

[*Continued on page* 107]



©1964 THE GILLETTE COMPANY

Intriguing... new Sun Up by Gillette

More than 20 rare and costly essences from all over the world give Sun Up After Shave its inviting fragrance. Cananga from Java... Vetivert from Haiti... Patchouly from Sumatra... Gillette blends the romance of the seven seas in Sun Up. Just a splash does a lot for a man, says a lot about him, too. After shaving—or anytime at all—Sun Up is wonderfully cool and refreshing. Its lingering fragrance is cleanly male and definitely intriguing. In two sizes: 4 oz., 79¢; 6 oz., $1 plus tax.

from the people who know men best... Gillette

Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter and the taste that's right!

Viceroy is scientifically made to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste.
Not too strong . . . not too light . . .
Viceroy's got the taste that's right.

SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands and you'll agree: some taste too strong . . . while others taste too light. But Viceroy—with the Deep-Weave Filter—tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. That's right!

© 1964

Vera was cooperative—she put on her nightgown and drank herself unconscious. Chesney took care of the rest.

The Man Who Looted Life

Smuggler, high liver, gambler, operator, murderer—that was Ronald Chesney, the last of the great swashbucklers

By Geoffrey Bocca

■ When a murderer's case is published in the series *Notable British Trials* he may be said to have joined the "*Who's Who*" of British crime. Only the most exceptional cases are chosen. One would not be whimsical in stating that most murderers appear in the classic series at the end of their careers, as it were. And their lives, until they commit murder, are usually obscure.

Ronald Chesney is a unique exception. He was immortalized in *Notable British Trials* in 1926 when he was just turned 18. Charged with killing his mother in one of the great matricide cases of

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL JOHNSON

this century, he escaped the gallows and he never looked back. He went on to lead a spectacular and flamboyant life of crime, and he came to a wretched end. An evil, brutal, conscienceless bravo, he nevertheless had a vastness of personality and a fearlessness about him that made the blood of the world thinner with his leaving.

His story is best told from the beginning. Chesney was not his real name. He was born John Donald Merrett in New Zealand in August, 1908. There was inherited money on both sides of the family, and the boy lived a pampered childhood first in New Zealand and then in Saint Petersburg. He spent the war years comfortably in Switzerland, and in 1919 when his parents separated he went to England to the exclusive Malvern College.

His last crime was near-perfect. But the rich, glamorous life was over for Chesney, and he chose to end it his own way.

Oxford should have been the next step, but Mrs. Merrett wanted her only child near her, and, as she was living in Scotland, he went as a day student to Edinburgh University. At the age of 17, Merrett was six feet tall, exceptionally handsome and academically nimble. Perhaps because of his cosmopolitan upbringing he had a flair for languages and spoke perfect French and German. He was a first-class runner, tennis player, swimmer and sailor, and he drove a motorcycle recklessly.

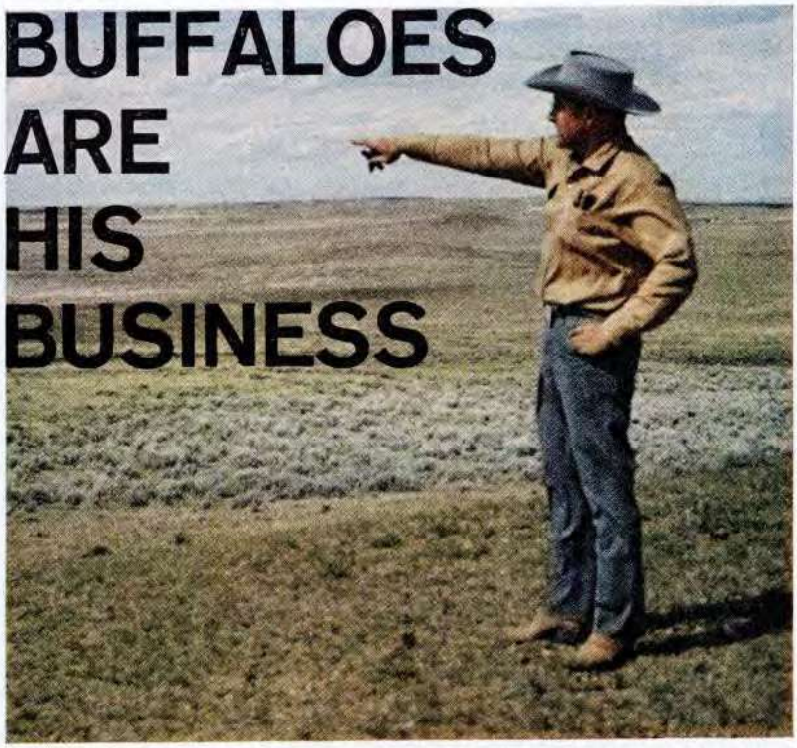
He had also been initiated into one of the agreeable experiences of youth, girls. He liked girls. Girls liked him. But girls cost a fellow money, particularly the cheap, sleazy taxi-dancers which he found the quickest and easiest girls to get. And so the historic and irreversible slide to [*Continued on page* 97]

UNLIKE EVERYTHING ELSE ABOUT THE OLD WEST, THE BUFFALO STEAKS WERE TENDER. THE WEST WAS WON, THE BUFFALOES WERE WIPED OUT. BUT BUFFALO STEAKS ARE BACK AGAIN . . . AT YOUR SUPERMARKET. MEET THE MAN WHO DID IT

BUFFALOES ARE HIS BUSINESS

BY RUFUS JARMAN

Charlotte Trego



Bud Basolo, buffalo rancher—so far he's the only one of his kind.

GILLETTE, WYOMING

■ Domenith Clarence Basolo, Jr., a slightly-built, mild-mannered, soft-spoken San Francisco meat dealer of Italian descent, went bison hunting in Wyoming one weekend in 1956. He plugged himself a big bull buffalo, and was immediately overcome by the romance of the prairie, the call of the pioneer—and the spirit of free enterprise.

He was caught up by the voice of history and a dramatic idea of how to make a nice piece of change. The buffalo, he realized in a flash of insight, is as American as Plymouth Rock and Sitting Bull, as romantic as an Arizona afterglow—and as practical as a hamburger steak.

In the fancy of all true, red-blooded Americans, Basolo decided, the buffalo occupies a spot right alongside of Old Ironsides, the Statue of Liberty, the Golden Gate, the Mississippi Mudcat, the Alamo, "You May Fire When Ready, Gridley," and Custer's Last Stand.

His professional meat dealer's tastebuds also informed him that, gastronomically, buffalo meat is unusually flavorful, tender, fine-grained, comparable with the best beef, yet with a faint, subtle wildness. And it is extremely lean, therefore much desired in this cholesterol-haunted era.

His experience in cattle raising told him, furthermore, that the buffalo is a most practical beast—one that could definitely be produced commercially, perhaps even more profitably than beef.

And yet, for most American men—mouths watering ever since their boyhood reading about the luscious buffalo steaks served up by the old-time hunters and scouts on the Great Plains—the animal is visualized as a critter as rare in these times as the whooping crane. Buffalo meat,

BUFFALOES ARE HIS BUSINESS

Charlotte Trego

Except for the buffaloes themselves, Basolo's buffalo ranch looks pretty much like any western stock spread.

for eating, is regarded as being almost as hard to come by as that of the dinosaur.

Thus, Mr. Basolo (he uses his initials "D. C.," and his friends call him "Bud") resolved to spend the remainder of his natural life, restoring the American buffalo—or bison, if one insists on being technical—in numbers, prestige and commercial importance.

He bought the old 66,236-acre Hay Creek Ranch, near Gillette, Wyoming, and re-christened it the "B Bar B (B-B) Buffalo Ranch." To date, he has developed, through culling and selective breeding, a herd of more than 2,000 first-rate bison—only about 800 fewer than the entire buffalo holdings of the U. S. Government on its various refuges.

Seen from an airplane above the B-B's landing field, Basolo's buffaloes stand out like craggy hunks of brownstone against the background of rolling, beige-and-pale-green prairies, framed by distant buttes, metallic in the crystal atmosphere. The buffaloes are as distinctive from the cattle that generally graze these lands as a bull elephant is from a zebra.

Observed close-up from the ground, the buffaloes appear as shaggy, prehistoric throwbacks, with woolly-brown shoulders and lean rumps. They pant, grunt and stare at human visitors with little red, suspicious eyes and brood inscrutably. The men who know buffaloes best trust them least.

B-B uses four-wheel-drive and caterpillar-powered vehicles (pick-ups, snow weasels, suburbans with two-way radios), instead of horses, for herding the buffaloes. The shaggy brutes charge horses, and wear them out quickly. A buffalo can run almost as fast as an antelope. It changes directions instantly, by pivoting on its front (*Continued on page* 64)

BY VIP

THE POWER OF THINKING BIG

AS PRACTICED BY **HUSBANDS**

THE POWER OF

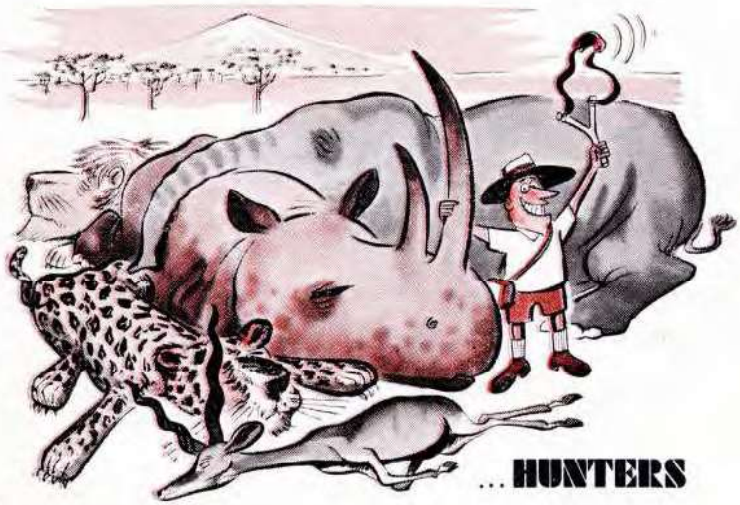
THINKING BIG

AS PRACTICED BY...

...FISHERMEN

...BACHELORS

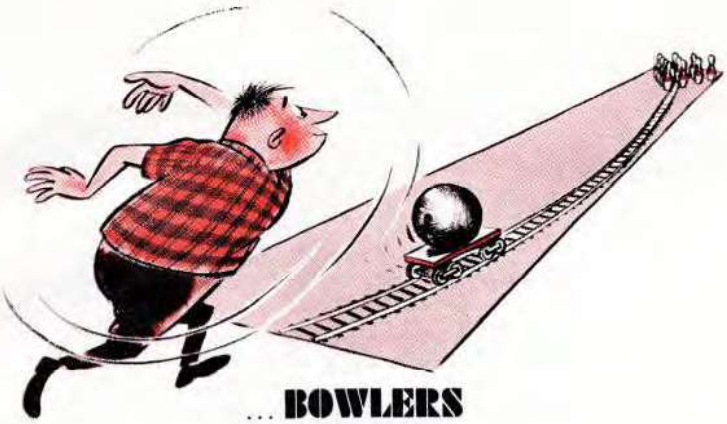
...GOLFERS



...HUNTERS

... SOLDIERS

... DRINKING MEN



... BOWLERS

... MOTORISTS

HOW YOU'RE DOUBLING YOUR MONEY IN SPACE

BY MAX GUNTHER

President Lyndon Johnson has said: we'll get a dime back for every nickel we put into the space program. Some of that dime is returning already—in the form of better medicine, less air pollution, safer flight. And wonders are yet to come

■ At Perth Amboy Hospital, New Jersey, a man lay seriously ill. It was late at night, and his condition had suddenly taken a turn for the worse. Alarming things were going on in his body—processes which, if not arrested in a hurry, could eventually result in his death.

The hospital corridors were deserted. No nurse stood by the suffering patient. No doctor was watching to see this sudden reversal in the man's battle with disease. He was all alone.

Yet not alone. A curious device was attached to one of his fingers. It was a button about the size of three stacked dimes. A wire ran from it to a dial-covered box at his bedside. Continuously, twice a minute, this tiny device took readings of the patient's temperature, pulse rate and blood pressure. From the box, in turn, wires ran along to a nurses' station down the hospital corridor.

A nurse was on duty at the station, completing some reports. Suddenly a chime sounded. The nurse looked up at the bank of dials over her desk. These dials gave readings for 15 electronically monitored patients. Near one of the dials a red warning light had lit up. The nurse knew instantly that this patient was in trouble. One of his physical indicators—in this case, his pulse rate—had strayed beyond the limits considered safe for him.

Within a few minutes the nurse had called a doctor and the man was getting the medical help he needed. The crisis passed. The man lived. Electronic monitoring had helped save his life.

This remarkable development is an example of something that has been going on in this country for five years. The monitoring system at Perth Amboy Hospital is an outgrowth of the U.S. drive to explore outer space. It illustrates how the space effort is paying off here on earth.

President Lyndon Johnson, in a speech he made a few years ago, said that those of us now living are going to get back a dime for every nickel we put into the space program. The hospital monitor is only the first step in the fulfillment of that prophecy.

The monitoring system was developed by a New Jersey firm named Gulton Industries, Inc. Gulton's experience in the field goes back to the early 1950's at Holloman Air Force Base. The Air Force wanted to know how space pilots would be affected by the tremendous acceleration and deceleration of rocket flight. A rail-riding rocket sled was used for the purpose, and men on the sled were wired with Gulton instruments. Later, Gulton made systems for the early space flights of animals and eventually for human astronauts.

Gulton's first full-scale hospital monitoring system was installed at the National Institute of Health Clinical Center at Bethesda, Maryland. "A number of other major hospitals are talking with us about the system," Gulton's chief of earthbound sales, Ben R. Ungerleider, told this writer. "We don't believe any electronic system can replace nurses, but it can help nurses make more efficient use of their time. If a patient is on the critical list, it won't be necessary to have a nurse sitting by his bed all day. Hospitals like the idea because many of them have a severe shortage of nurses."

Thus the space effort fostered a development that may one day save your life. It has fostered many such developments. Consider another.

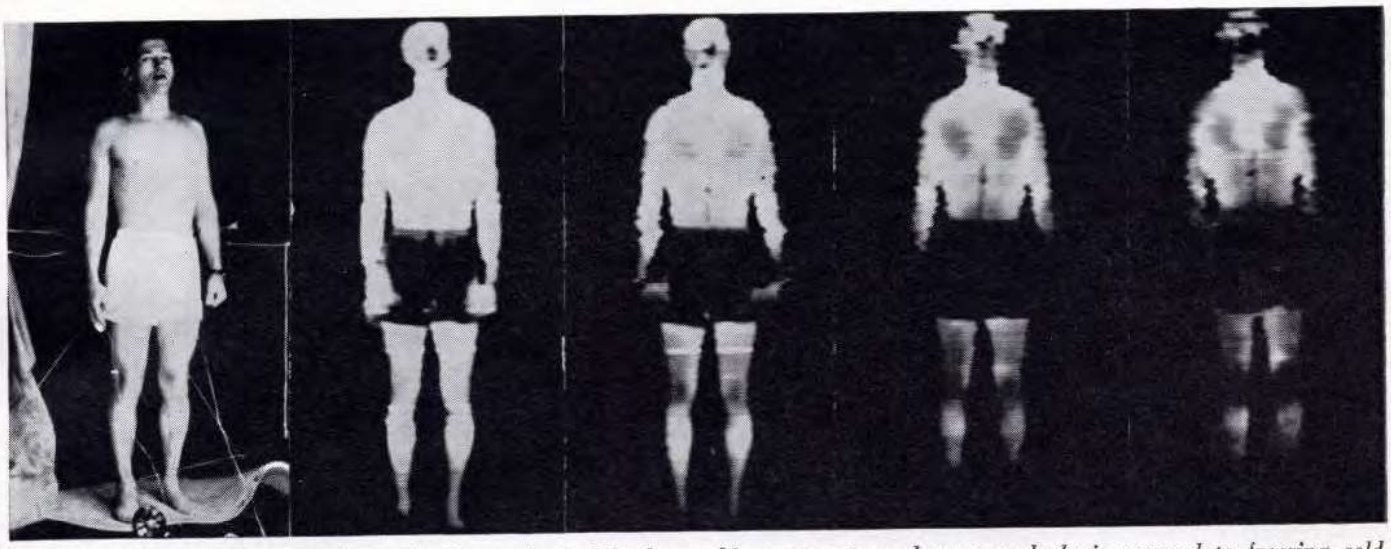
In the research lab of Connecticut's Norwalk Hospital, not long ago, doctors were pondering a picture of a man. It was a rather ghostly picture. It looked something like a photographic negative but not quite. Most of the man's skin areas had a cloudy white appearance. His hair, the rims of his ears and his fingernails were contrastingly dark. On one of his thighs was a patch of white more intense than the rest of his skin, and there was another such patch on his arm.

The picture had been made by a fantastic new device called a thermograph. This is a camera which, instead of using visible light, picks up the faint infrared radiations from a man's skin caused by his own body heat. Infrared photography has been known since World War II, but until the late 1950's nothing existed that was sensitive enough to record human skin temperatures. The thermograph is so sensitive that it can spot temperature variations of a few thousandths of a degree.

In the picture the doctors were studying, warm areas showed light and cooler areas dark. The "hot" white patch on the man's arm was an ordinary bruise. Cuts, bruises, scratches and mosquito bites cause the skin temperature to rise slightly. The white patch on the man's leg was a mystery. He had complained of pain in that leg, but X-rays and all other standard tests had revealed nothing. Finally the doctors decided to cut into the hot-patch area of the thigh. They found a very small bone cancer. With-

This 27-ounce TV camera will find wide use on earth. It was designed for rugged space-military tasks.

Flight clothing is finding medical use. These pressure pants keep ailing man on feet.



Thermograph chart from Air Force Arctic lab shows skin temperature changes as body is exposed to freezing cold.

Under test now for landing spacecraft is the Rogallo wing. Soon it may also keep disabled jet airliners from crashing.

Fuel cell, made for space, here runs golf cart, may power buses.

out the thermograph it probably wouldn't have been discovered until it had grown larger—and then time might have been too short to save the leg or even the man. As matters turned out, the patient today is alive and in perfect health.

The use of super-sensitive infrared detectors is a new experiment in medicine. Tests are under way at Norwalk Hospital, at the Albert Einstein Medical Center in Philadelphia, and elsewhere in the United States, Canada and England. "We have hopes that this will prove to be an important new diagnostic tool, particularly in the early detection of cancer," Dr. Warren Zeff Lane of Norwalk told me. "A thermogram or 'heat image' is a lot cheaper than an X-ray. What's more, unlike an X-ray, it involves no element of danger to the patient. We don't have to bombard him with radiations. We could take a hundred thermograms of you a day, and the only ill effect would be that you'd be bored stiff."

The thermograph was developed by the Barnes Engineering Company of Stamford, Connecticut. It is a classic example of the "spin-off" of ideas from space to earthbound uses. What makes the Barnes story so outstanding is that the medical diagnostic camera is only one of four earthbound developments to come out of the company's space work.

Back in 1958 Barnes invented the first horizon scanners for spacecraft. These were infrared detectors that "saw" the outline of the warm earth against the cold of space. Hooked up in automatic sequence with small jets around the craft, they kept it locked into any desired attitude relative to the earth—kept it from tumbling or spinning. Barnes made the horizon scanners for unmanned flights and later for the Mercury spacecraft.

Meanwhile, a large metals company had been wrestling with a problem. The company was up against a situation in which it needed to make precise measurements of metal shapes while they were still red hot in the rolling mill. No good way of doing this job existed. Red-hot metal is dangerous to handle, for one thing. And the intense heat affected conventional micrometers so that they were no longer precise enough. The metals company took the problem to Barnes, and Barnes came up with a device that has since endeared itself to many companies in the metal-making industries: an infrared micrometer. It measures hot metal by scanning from a safe distance. And it is accurate to two thousandths of an inch.

Not only is it accurate, but it is quick. The metal-forming process doesn't have to stop while the measuring takes place. The infrared micrometer can accurately gauge steel rods as they come howling out of a mill at 60 miles an hour. The result is a saving in time and money and an increase in quality and precision. This kind of improvement will bring benefits for you and me, the ordinary consumers. Steel and other metal products we buy will be better and cheaper.

Barnes's experience in making super-sensitive infrared detectors for spacecraft paid off again in another way. The U.S. Navy was studying the oceans in their complex relationships with weather, food supply and other aspects of life on earth. The Navy wanted some way of mapping temperatures over big areas of ocean surface—some way faster than the conventional method of dunking a thermometer over a ship's side. Again Barnes came up with the answer. The company delivered to the Navy Hydrographic Office a device that scanned the ocean from a fast-moving plane, recording surface temperatures with precision to a fraction of a degree.

During the same period Dr. Warren Zeff Lane and other medical men had been talking with Barnes engineers about the possibility of a device for measuring human body heat. Out of this discussion came not only the thermograph, but, ultimately, still a fourth earthbound use of the company's space work. In Alaska, at the U.S. Air Force's Arctic Aeromedical Laboratory in Fort Wainwright, Capt. James Veghte had been studying ways of making cold-weather clothing more efficient. He wanted to find out where body heat escapes fastest through standard winter clothes. A Barnes infrared detector proved to be exactly the instrument he needed. Photographing heat radiations from clothed men in sub-zero cold, he found that the areas of greatest heat loss are the soles of the feet, the armpits and the groin. He also learned that a great amount of heat is lost through inward-folding wrinkles in the clothing, far more than anybody had suspected. Captain Veghte and his team are now designing a new kind of cold-weather clothing to take care of these problems. The knowledge they gain may one day keep you warm on a winter hunting trip.

Somewhere between $10 and $20 million a day—your tax dollars among them—are pouring into this country's vast effort to explore space. Maybe you've wondered sometimes where the gain is. Why not abandon the whole staggeringly costly effort and give everybody a tax cut? What's in it for you?

There's no doubt it's costly. The estimate most often heard is that the United States will spend some $70 billion on space in this decade. We're already spending more on space activities each year than it cost Lincoln to fight the whole Civil War. The 1964 space expenditure will be bigger than the cost of running the entire federal government in 1930.

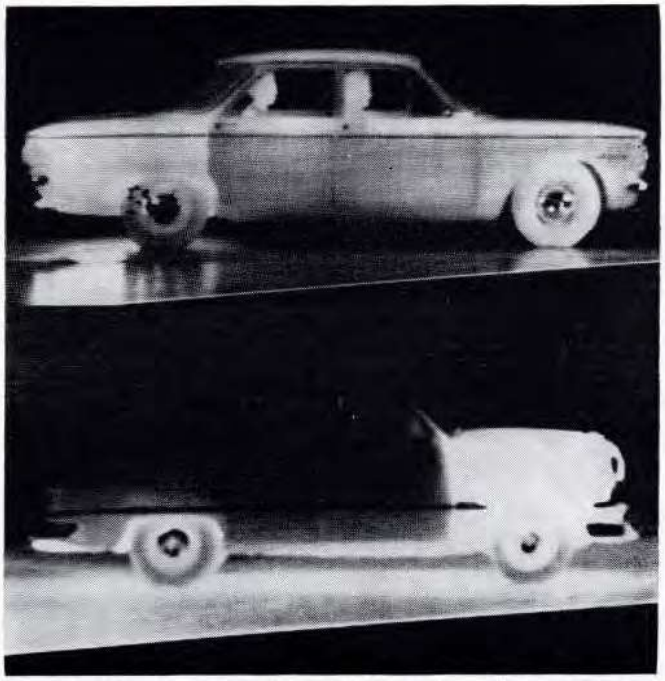
If it's any consolation to you, you aren't alone with your doubts. A report by the House Science and Astronautics Committee quoted a Russian man-in-the-street who wrote a gloomy letter to *Pravda*. "What do sputniks give to a person like me?" he grumped. "So much money is spent on sputniks it makes people gasp. If there were no sputniks the government could cut the cost of cloth for an overcoat and put electric appliances in the stores. Rockets, rockets, rockets. Who needs them?"

Pravda, of course, jumped on its melancholy reader and blasted him with sanctimonious wrath. The government-paid editors gave him all the usual arguments in support of space spending. You're familiar with these arguments—space activities are partly a matter of national defense; we've got to develop rockets to keep our enemy from clobbering us with his; space activities are dictated by human curiosity. This last point is elaborated on thus: Man is a creature who can't rest until he gets his questions answered. We want to know what it's like out there. We want to know whether there are other intelligences comparable to ours in the universe.

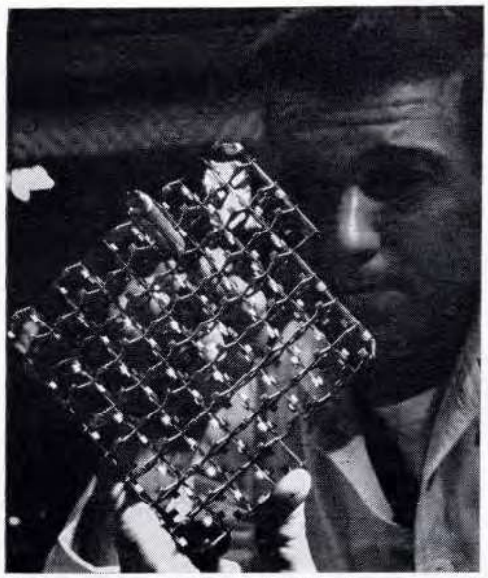
These are good reasons. But being a man, you aren't going to rest until you get your main question answered: What's in it for *me?* A man has a right to ask that when he's helping to pay the bills. The defense aspects of space activity might be said to give you something, but it is a negative sort of gain—protection from some vague threat in the future. The human-curiosity aspects offer a gain that is still less tangible. It may take many decades before space exploration grows clever enough and far-ranging enough to bring back concrete results, the kind over which people can get excited. By the time the first explorers are wandering about on Mars you and I may be in our graves. And by the time ordinary citizens can take off to colonize other planets, the taxpayers of today will be only faded photographs moldering in distant descendants' attics.

It seems we're in the wrong generation—the one that's paying the heavy bills but getting none of the rewards. But is this really true? Are we really paying out all this money just for the sake of our great-great-grandchildren?

In fact, no. The Gulton and Barnes stories show what is actually happening. The truth is that our monumental space effort is already yielding benefits and can [*Continued on page* 86]

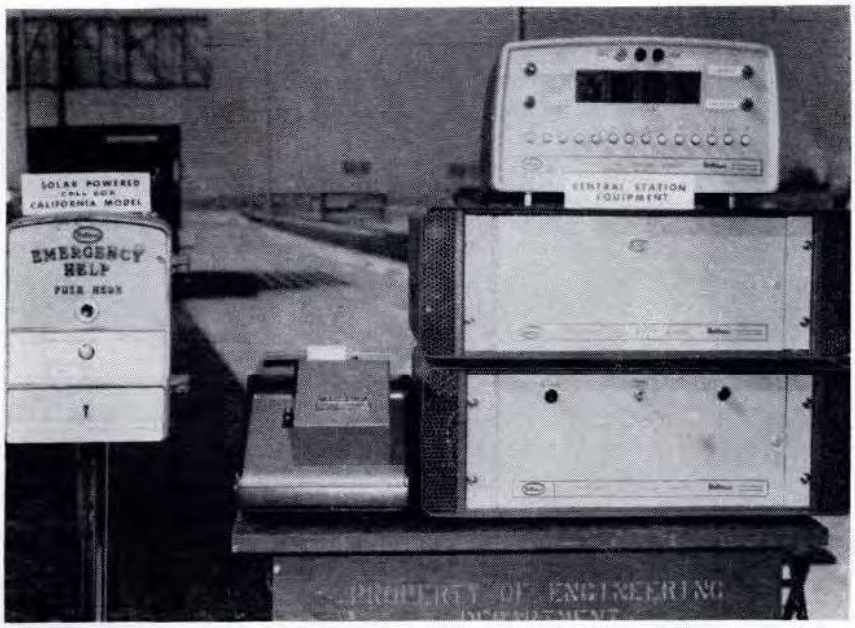


Infrared thermograph prints show heat from front- and rear-engine cars. Device is also used as medical diagnostic aid.

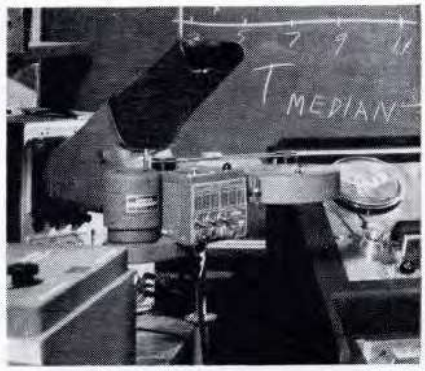


Egg-crate type fuel-rod holder for spacecraft will make atomic utility plants cheaper to run.

Hospital monitor, developed for astronauts, keeps 30-second tabs on patient's condition for room nurse or central supervisory desk.



Solar cells power many satellites orbiting the earth. Now they are also used to run emergency call boxes spaced at quarter-mile intervals along highways.



Diagnosis of vocal cord growths is heralded by Air Force research into speech.

By Richard S. Smith and John Degman
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY CARMEN ROBERTO

Visit to a Dead Devil

Devil's Island was known as the world's worst penal colony. When we investigated its moldering ruins we found the bones of an evil past

Writers Smith and Degman learn what Devil's life was like from an ex-convict, center, who endured it for 19 years.

CAYENNE, FRENCH GUIANA

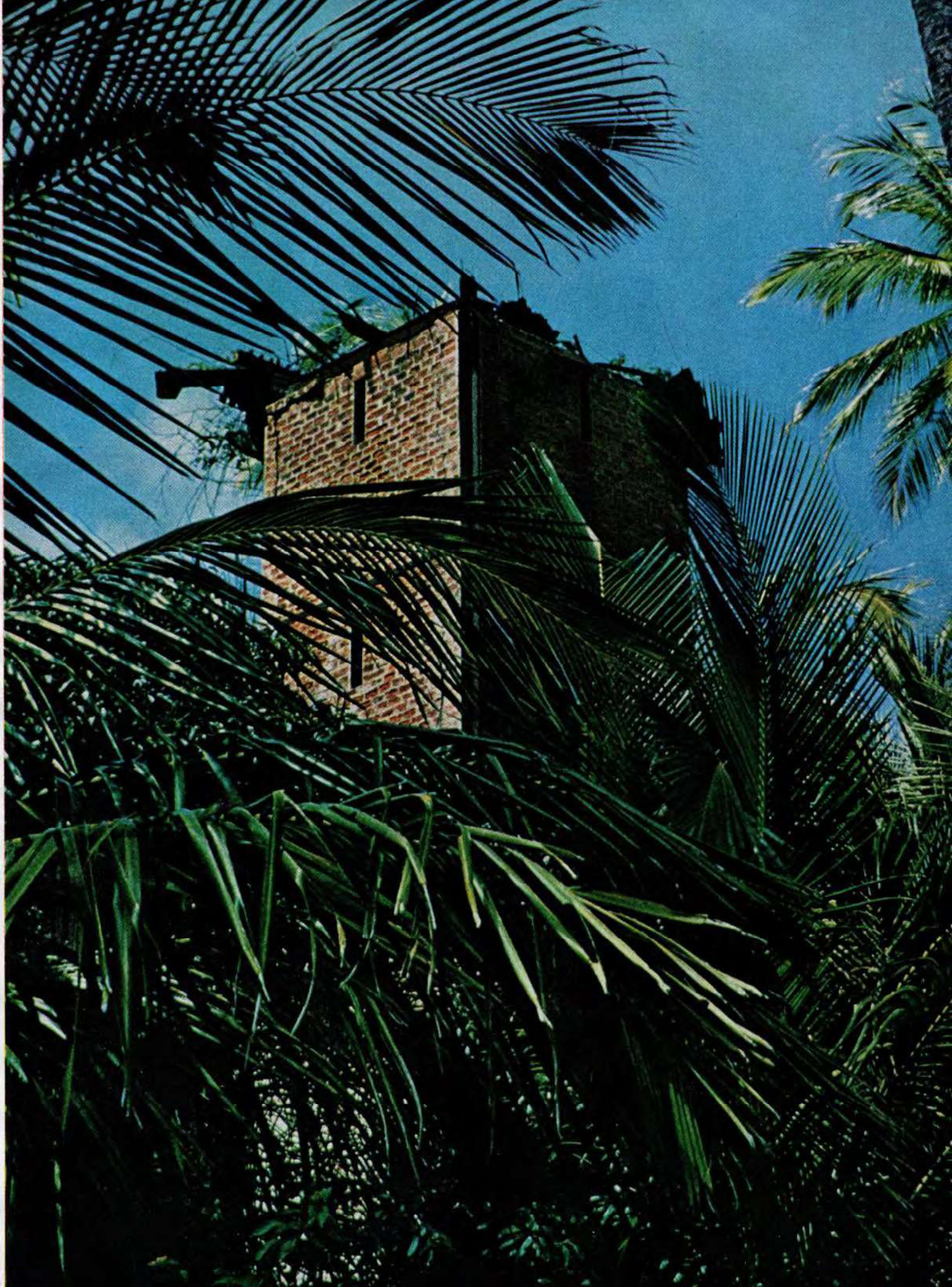
■ On July 12, 1937, an emaciated little man weighing less than 90 pounds staggered down the gangplank of a Canadian freighter at San Pedro, California. Although only 38, he was already a toothless old man. His fleshless body was tormented with scurvy and fever, and he was nearly blind. Under his arm he carried an oilcloth sack containing his only possessions—a ragged shirt, a pair of cotton trousers and a manuscript weighing more than 30 pounds.

Rene Belbenoit, convict No. 46635, had just completed an amazing journey. He had escaped from Devil's Island, the notorious penal colony in French Guiana.

In early 1938, the manuscript to which he had clung so doggedly throughout the whole bizarre journey was published, under the title *Dry Guillotine*, and it presented a shocking account of his 15 years as a convict in history's most brutal penal institution. The world was appalled, but it was not until 1953 that Belbenoit's final goal was realized. The penal settlement at Guiana was liquidated after a century of existence.

It was Belbenoit's tragic account that first drew my attention—I'm Dick Smith—to this land of lost souls. Books and articles by other escaped convicts followed. Hollywood versions intensified my interest, even though

Degman climbed this fortress tower on Devil's Island, spent a night near it—alone, wakeful, waiting for—what?



DEAD DEVIL

An ex-con lives out his life, food scraps to rum to gutter.

they were ridiculously inaccurate. A few years after the prison was closed, I decided to take a trip down there to see what it looked like before the jungle completely reclaimed the cells and dungeons. I discussed the idea with John Degman, a neighbor and fellow member of The Adventurers Club of Chicago. Degman, who will go anywhere at the drop of a hat, needed no persuasion. Because we already had passports and the necessary vaccinations, we were able to leave without delay.

Our plane took off the next morning. We were on our way into an evil of the past. What was there left of it?

When we arrived at Guiana's Rochambeau Field, a tiny airstrip walled in by impenetrable growth, it was dark. An ancient taxi took us across 15 miles of jungle road to the cobblestone streets of Cayenne, capital of French Guiana —and a city still as death and completely unilluminated, although it was only 7:30 in the evening. The taxi sped through the lifeless city to its outskirts and up to the top of the hill where Cayenne's sole hotel, the Montabo, had been built only two years before.

To our surprise, a uniformed Frenchman was waiting for us when we stepped into the lobby. Capt. Paul Nicol, head of the Gendarmerie, and apparently an inveterate inspector of incoming passenger lists, greeted us cordially, but suspiciously.

"What brings you to Guiana?" he asked.

"To see the remains of the prison," I replied.

"There is little to see," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

He went into a lengthy monologue in which he attempted to disprove practically everything written about the penal colony. Most of the stories, he said, were authored by hardened criminals, liars, cheats, and who could believe such men? The prison at Guiana had been no worse than any other. Tales of brutality were grossly exaggerated, he continued, and by the way, were we journalists?

"No," I said. "We're tourists."

Nicol interrogated us for [*Continued on page* 102]

Royale building looks part of tropical paradise. It was not.

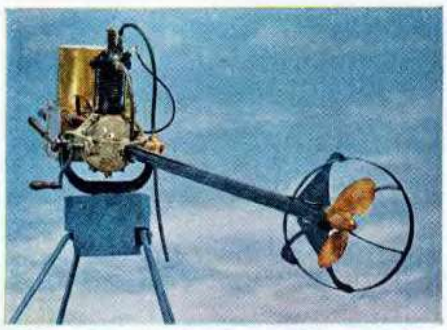
Convicts entered through this prison gate, rarely returned.

French count, an ex-convict, scrounges food from garbage.

From Royale Island, foreground, to Devil a cable transported supplies out of reach of sharks and strong currents.

Jewel Electric (top), one-cylinder Burtray (left) and two-cylinder Koban date from 1913-18.

Do-it-yourself owner assembled this 1½ hp outboard 50 years ago by using homemade and Evinrude parts.



Oldest outboard, a reconditioned 2 hp, four-cycle 1905 Motogodille still works.

One hp 1913 Ferro has spin knob flywheel and half-moon rudder.

the old Kicker and how it got Slicker

The little one-lung, one-horsepower outboard motor, that took a yank and a prayer to start, has grown up. It's now a sleek, adaptable powerpack with push-button shift and electric starter—the basis for a $2 billion industry

By WM. TAYLOR McKEOWN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY OZZIE SWEET

■ The ingenious gadgeteer who first stuck an oversize egg beater on the back of a rowboat may have made the happiest engine ever invented. This year more than 6 million outboard motors will rove the waterways of the U.S. About 2 million will be carried down to a shore and attached to a variety of small boats. Some motors are 15 to 20 years old, lovingly preserved and fitted each season onto a rowboat for fishing; some are spanking new little three-horsepower putt-putts ready for mounting on eight-foot prams that will scoot about inland lakes with kids at the controls.

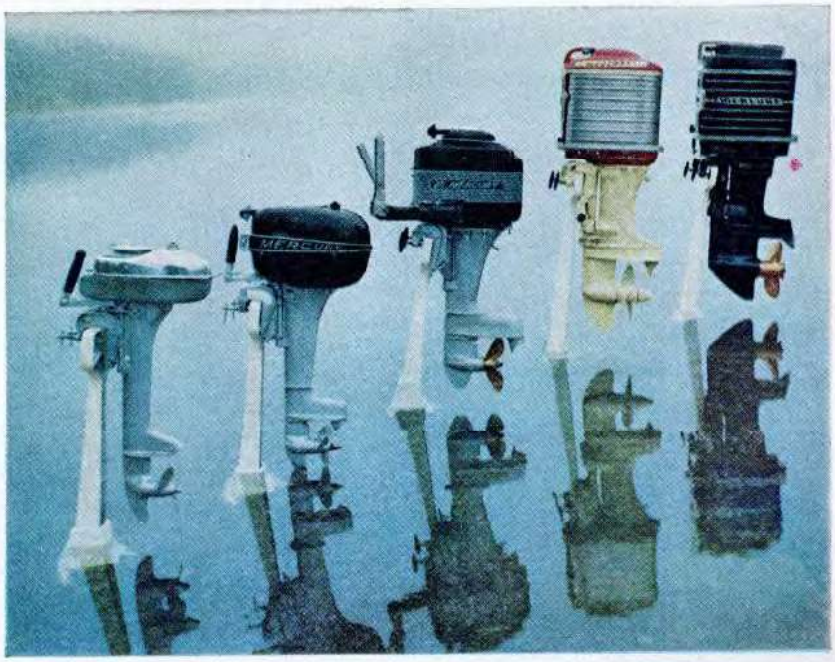
Other outboards are sleek fast jobs bolted to racy runabouts with a brace of tanned blondes skiing along behind. Twenty-two percent are in the big-power category—45 to 100 horsepower—mounted, sometimes in pairs, to 30-foot cabin boats that can go out for a week's camping and boating trip. This is big boat pleasure for people who could never support a comparable indoor yacht.

Carefree pleasure on or near the water is what the federal government estimates 44 percent of all Americans want for recreation. And that's the world the outboard motor has opened up for millions. Oldtimers could hardly have guessed that descendants of their noisy little knucklebusters would have graduated

First production outboard (left) was this 1906 Waterman's 1½ hp one-cylinder Porto. Latest Mercury 650 for '64 is still two-cycle but 40 times faster than Porto.

Mercury's 1947 Comet has sleeker look, 1.2 more hp than rope-start 1939 Thor (right).

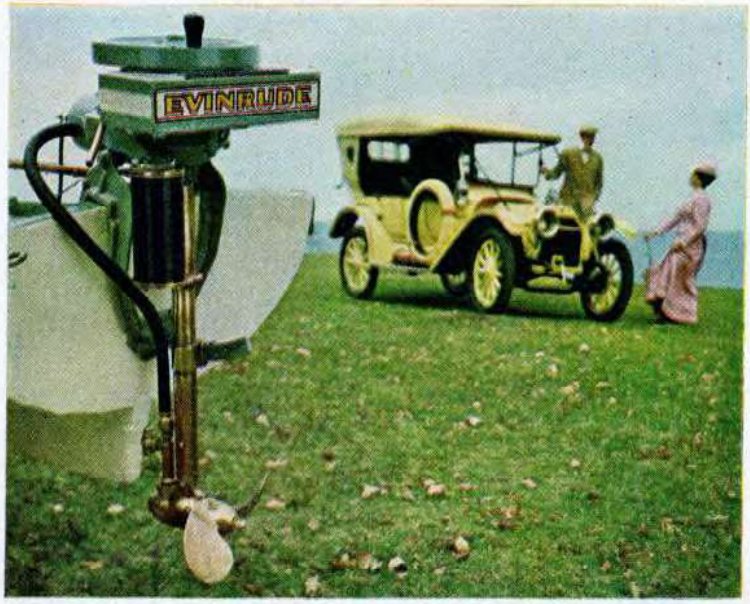
First postwar Mercury, 1946 Rocket, 6 hp, has rubber slip clutch in prop.



Outboard firsts by Mercury (l. to r.) include the cowl streamlining on 1940 3 hp motor, 10 hp Lightning 1947, first in-line four 1949, first six-cylinder 1957 and 1964's big 100 hp engine.

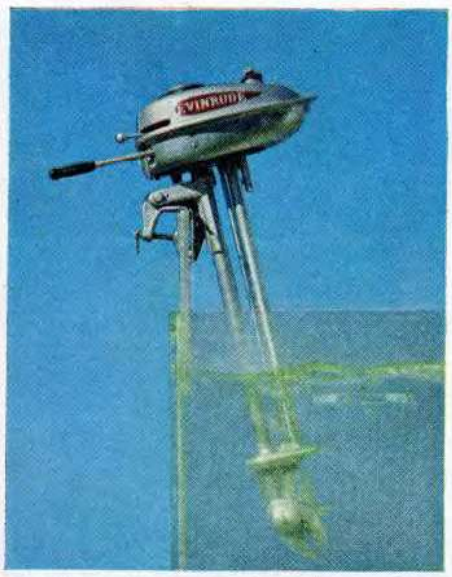
the old Kicker

Elto motor of 30's (left) and new Evinrude use Finn Irgen's weedless drive.

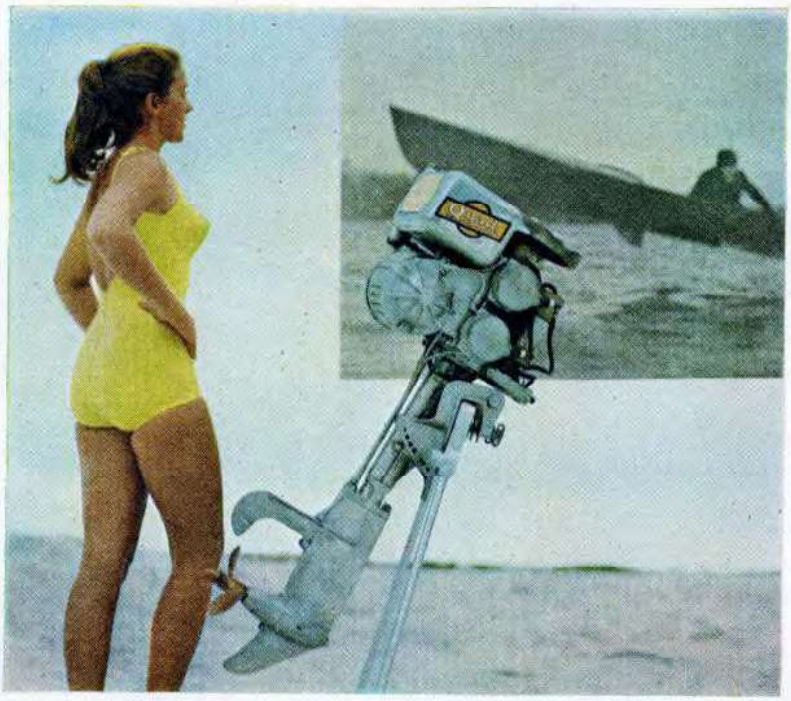


First production Evinrude, 1911, developed 1½ hp, used battery ignition. Only lower unit turned for steering below fixed powerhead.

Lower unit of 29-pound 2¾ hp Evinrude Foldlight, 1929, folds up for carrying.

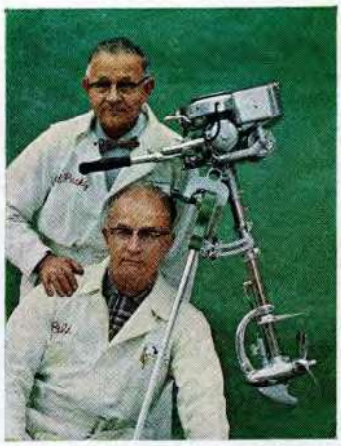


Smallest, lightest, cheapest Evinrude, 1939 Mate weighs 9¾ pounds, cost $34.50.



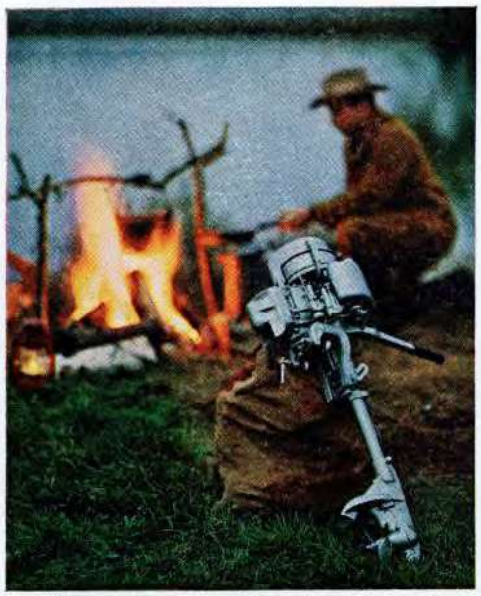
Elto's Super Quad, first four-cylinder outboard, set new world record, 41 mph in 1928.

Johnson 1922, two-cylinder, 2 hp Water Bug (foreground) weighs 35 pounds. Biggest Sea Horse, 1964, has four cylinders, 90 hp, weighs 240 pounds.



First Johnson motor, with oldest employees, made history

Special design of Johnson racing unit, 1930, is still used in part in 1964.



Backbone of outboard industry has been motors like Johnson 1940 2½ hp Sea Horse.

in a few years' time to four and six cylinder-power capable of 100 miles an hour. Or that more than 3 million boat trailers would be in use—mostly to haul outboard boats.

How did it all happen? Time has already made history hazy, but somewhere about three-quarters of a century ago that first heavy homemade mechanism with an internal combustion engine on one end and a propeller on the other was clamped on the back of some skiff and cranked and cranked and coaxed into coughing life. Rapid explosions echoing off the shore, the contraption churned the water and slowly moved the boat out into the mainstream of a new sport.

If the invention first saw light in America, it was probably along a waterway of an eastern or central state. Specifications were simple. The contrivance needed to take the work out of rowing and make boating more fun. It had to be compact enough so it didn't crowd the passengers out of a small boat, light so it wouldn't sink or unbalance the craft, and something that could be lifted off when the skiff was hauled up on shore. Ideally it would work easily and quietly. And it needed to be cheap, for use with inexpensive boats.

Since that first afternoon when the gadget proved practical, the business of [*Continued on page* 110]

Champion outboard racer, Johnson's Lou Eppel, started in hot outboards like 1932 VR-50 at 36 hp.

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY SID LATHAM

KING OF THE TRICK SHOOTERS

Colonel Larson can split playing cards and bust saccharin tablets at 50 feet all day with a .22 rifle. His aimed quick draw is faster than a blink. What's more, he does it though ravaged by polio

■ Colonel Larson probably uses more aspirin, Alka-Seltzer and saccharin tablets per day than any other living man—he shoots them with a .22 rifle. He also breaks clay pipes, chalk, and balloons which his wife holds in her mouth. Larson worked up to her slowly, starting with a trained chicken and then with his daughter. It's a tribute to his great skill with a rifle that he's still using the same wife after 20 years.

Although he has given over 6,000 performances, Colonel (that's his first name) has never bagged his bride—though he once shot out her back fillings. Mrs. Larson was holding a piece of chalk between her teeth and when the .30-30 bullet hit the chalk the shock jarred her fillings loose. "Now I always hold the chalk between my lips," says Mrs. Larson. "The only shot I worry about any more is when he turns the rifle upside down and rests the butt against his forehead when shooting at me." As a result of polio, Colonel has no shoulder muscles so he can't hold the gun steady for that shot. He has to let the sights sway into position and then fire at exactly the right instant.

Possibly Larson's most unusual characteristic is that he's dead. In case anyone doubts his word, he's got newspaper clippings of the event to prove it. He died on September 2, 1940, of polio at St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minnesota. His death was announced over the radio and printed in the newspapers. His obituaries were so touching that Colonel still uses them for press releases. "The doctors later admitted they'd made a mistake," Larson points out. "But for awhile there it was so close the undertaker's union talked about picketing me."

In addition to being a walking corpse, Colonel Larson has the distinction of being not only the world-champion professional rifle shot—winning his title in 1960 in an international competition held in Rockerville, South Dakota—but a quick-draw champion.

A special technique he has developed enables him to draw and fire five shots at an average time of .12 of a second each.

Colonel is also an expert with knives, boomerangs, bullwhips, lariats, tomahawks, and bolas. But he gave up most of these skills when he accepted an offer from the Marlin Firearms Company in 1961 to become their exhibition shooter. Since then, he spends 11 months of the year traveling over most of the United States and part of Canada in a car loaded with rifles, ammunition, suitcases and his wife, LaVerle Larson. His brief vacation he spends at his home in Whitehall, Wisconsin, preparing for the next long haul.

Colonel is a big blond man of 6 feet 2 inches and weighs exactly 184 pounds. He watches his weight carefully, seldom eats sweets, never smokes, and limits his drinking to an occasional glass of beer. Coming from a practical, hard-headed Norwegian family, he has always been a steady plugger, maintained rigid self-discipline, and has shown an amazing capacity for patience and attention to details. At the same time there is a curious streak of imagination and mysticism in him which even as a boy caused Colonel to develop an interest in animals, primitive weapons and a wandering life.

Larson was born in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, in 1914, of Norwegian parents. In those days, Chippewa Falls was a simple, semirural community. There were no school buses so Larson walked a mile to school every day with the other kids. There were no organized group activities, radios or TV and youngsters were expected to entertain themselves. Colonel amused himself by training animals to do simple tricks; he even put on a miniature circus. As ringmaster, he felt he needed a whip and made one from braided rope with a silk popper.

The family owned an ancient .22 but as Larson could seldom afford ammunition for it, he went hunting rabbits with a homemade boomerang. A neighbor showed him how to carve a throwing stick from an old shingle and Colonel was so fascinated by it that he read up everything he could find on the principle of boomerangs. After several weeks' experimentation, he could make boomerangs that were deadly up to 20 yards.

But Colonel's most precious possession was a Tom Mix rodeo rope which he had purchased for a quarter during one of the family's rare trips to Minneapolis. He practiced with this rope until he was able to add a rope-spinning routine to his circus act.

Colonel considered himself to be in good physical condition, but after a day's practicing with the rope he'd wake up next morning with the muscles in his forearms aching. After a few hours of boomerang throwing, his wrists seemed ready to drop off. Swinging the .22 rifle into position put an unaccustomed strain on his shoulder muscles. "These [Continued on page 114]

Firing Marlin .22 with a whip, Larson times the shot so bullet will hit a swinging balloon.

A BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION
BY JACK HARRISON POLLACK

THE CASE OF **CROISET THE CLAIRVOYANT:**

THE MYSTERY OF JUDGE CRATER... THE SHEPPARD CASE...COUNTLESS OTHER MURDERS, SEX CRIMES AND HUMAN DILEMMAS HAVE YIELDED TO THE PSYCHIC PROBING OF GERARD CROISET, THE WORLD'S MOST GIFTED E.S.P. DETECTIVE

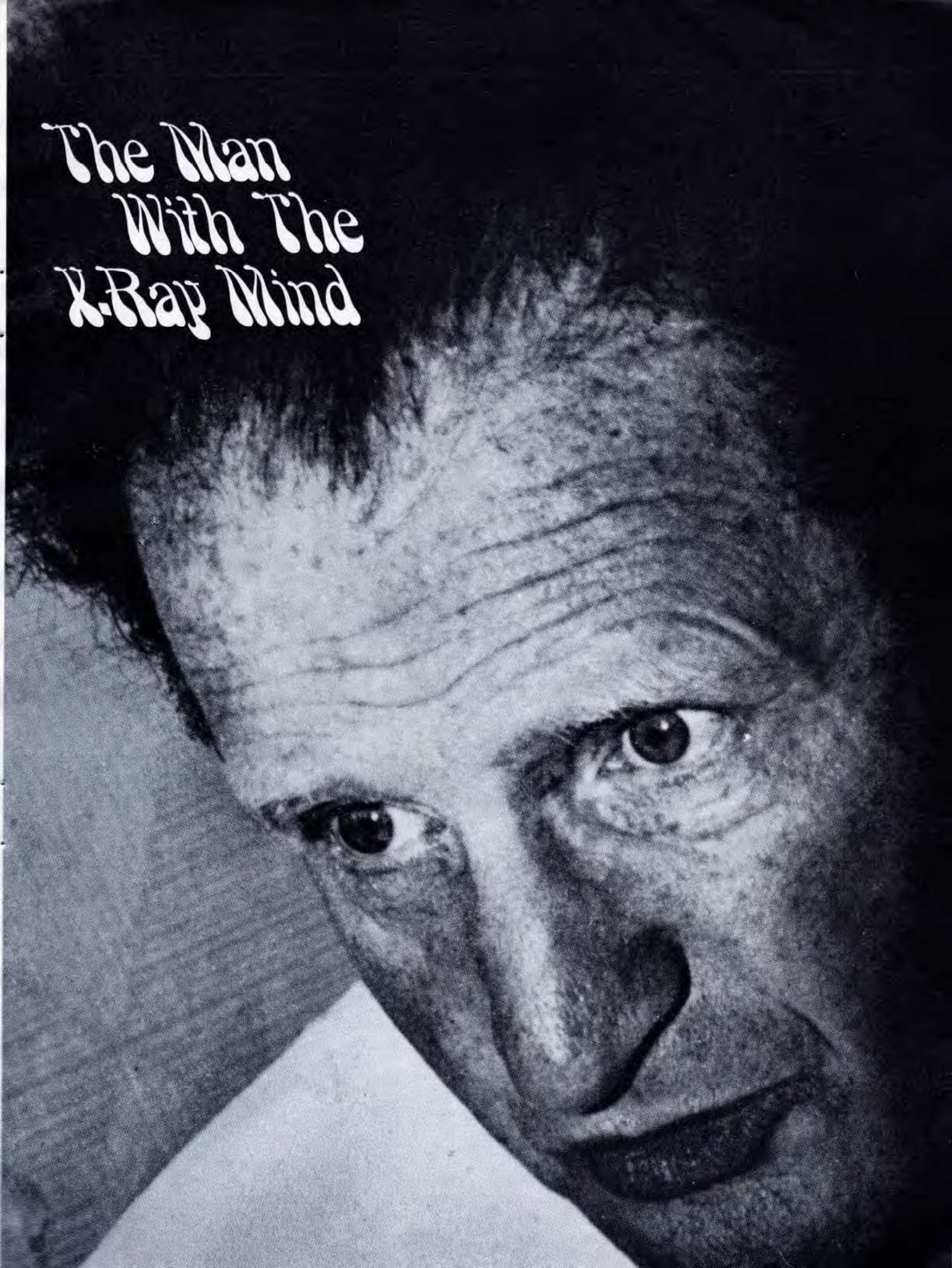
Holland is famous for its windmills, wooden shoes, tulips, cheeses, canals, Rembrandts, and the boy who saved the country by putting his finger in the dike. But today the most sensational national resource in the Netherlands is Gerard Croiset.

This extraordinary 55-year-old Dutchman with magnetic hazel eyes, chiseled artistic profile, and thick mop of halolike auburn hair, is perhaps the world's most gifted clairvoyant. He has a mysterious sixth sense, a hidden psychic power, a mind which "sees" the unseen through time and space—probably an amazing "lost power" which all of us may have had before we became "civilized." Like another tormented Dutchman named Vincent van Gogh, he is adding a rich new color to the world and helping it to paint a new vision of itself. And like the astronauts—with whom he immodestly compares himself—some day he may be recognized as a great guinea pig who broke through the time and space barriers in parapsychology, the burgeoning but still fiercely controversial science of extrasensory perception.

Today Gerard Croiset's fame has spread beyond the borders of Holland, a spunky, friendly nation, smaller than most states in the United States. Because of his astounding feats, he has been called "The Man Who Mystifies Europe," "The Dutchman with the X-ray Mind," "The Radar Brain," "The Wizard of Utrecht," and "The Miracle Man of Holland." Some letters from America have reached him simply addressed: "Well-known Clairvoyant in Holland." From Asia, he has received communications whose envelopes merely said: "Croiset, Europe." Last year a German critic called him "the greatest deceiver of the century," which prompted Croiset to laugh and cockily exclaim in his native Dutch: "Well, at least he considers me *the greatest.*"

But this is a minority view. The gifted Dutchman's crime busting through ESP and hundreds of achievements in "seeing" the hidden past, immediate present, and distant future cannot be dismissed as "chance" or "coincidence." Documented under academic auspices, the Croiset cases are among the most illuminating in the history of psychical research. They are daring, dramatic, and different. [*Continued on page* 121]

Condensed from the forthcoming book, *Croiset the Clairvoyant*, copyright © 1964 by Jack Harrison Pollack. To be published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.


The Man
With The
X-Ray Mind

ILLUSTRATED BY BARYE PHILLIPS

"Hold her steady!" Then the waterman shot at the law's searchlight.

The Peace-Loving Pirates of the Potomac

The Oyster War has raged for centuries. Today it's the "Maryland Navy" against all who oyster illegally—tough watermen dredging in the dark instead of struggling by day with 18-foot hand tongs

By John Keats

■ They could not hurry the bumping dredge. There was nothing anyone could do about the creak of the boom and the clatter of the chains. If a wind had been blowing strongly off the Maryland shore, it would have carried the sound safely downriver but there was no wind.

"Man," one of them muttered, "we gone to jail."

"You tard, or jes' plain scairt?"

"Neither one. All I know, it's time to go."

"Jes' when we doin' good?"

The man in the wheelhouse called low and soft to them.

"Here she come," he said.

Their faces, hands and breaths were vague, lighter shadows among the dark shapes of the moonless night. They stood on the pile of wet, sliding shells to guide the swaying bucket inboard. They sank it on the pile and the jaws opened to spill the load around their boots.

"That's all, Otis," the first man called softly.

The steel dredge bucket lifted and [*Continued on page* 70]

THERE'S A MONSTER IN THE BULLPEN

BOSTON, MASS.

■ In a spring training game against the Boston Red Sox in 1962, the Chicago Cubs had two runners in scoring position and Ernie Banks—a lithe, powerful man who twice has led his league in home runs and who already had a double and single in this game—was walking toward the batter's box. It was just the kind of situation Banks thrives on and he was losing no time getting there. Yet halfway to the plate he stopped as suddenly as though he had run into the side of a mountain. In a way, that's exactly what he had done.

The Red Sox were bringing in a rookie pitcher and Banks, glancing up, had just gotten his first look at the newcomer. What he saw was enough to frighten any hitter. Striding to the rubber was one of the biggest and most terrifying specimens ever to mount a mound; a giant of a man with massive arms, a low forehead like a fighter, muscles to spare, and long, thick legs that ate up the ground as he walked. Warming up, he towered above the infield. The ball, as if catapulted, came screaming out of an immense tangle of arms, legs, shoulders and feet.

Looking somewhat overmatched, Banks dug in. The rookie rocked into a short, quick windup and lurched forward. Thrown sidearm, the ball rifled past Banks for a strike. Banks blinked, waved his bat, and dug in deeper. The next pitch rumbled across the outside corner and Banks swung mightily but missed. Certain he would see a third fast ball, Banks set himself again. This time the ball whistled over the inside corner and Banks, swinging late, struck out.

For a long moment the great slugger stood looking out at the mound with stunned disbelief. When he finally walked away he told catcher Bob Tillman, "Wait'll Mickey Mantle sees this guy! It'll ruin his whole day."

What Banks had just encountered was Dick

Warming up, Radatz's 245-pound, 6-foot-6 frame makes him a terrifying sight.

The Boston Red Sox have the biggest, roughest relief pitcher in baseball. They haul Dick Radatz in from the bullpen in a panel truck, and he mows down the opposition with evil-tempered efficiency. But he's no machine—he's a strange Jekyll-and-Hyde character

BY RON SMITH

Radatz—called The Monster by the men he terrorizes—a 26-year-old Brobdingnagian figure who is literally and figuratively the biggest thing in relief pitching. In the Era of the Six-Inning Pitcher, when home-run hooligans dominate the game and starting pitchers seldom go all the way, a good reliefer is more welcome in the late innings than a cold beer. Radatz has shown such an astonishing ability to overwhelm batters that in some quarters he's being hailed as the best relief pitcher of all time. He averages more than a strikeout per inning, allows few walks, and rarely is tagged for a hard-hit ball. Once, Elston Howard of the Yankees slammed a home run off him and afterward the writers trooped to the New York locker room to inquire about this accident. Howard already had showered, dressed, and departed. Someone asked manager Ralph Houk, "Where'd Howard go?" Houk didn't hesitate. "He had to catch the 5:15 for the Cooperstown Hall of Fame."

Houk's comment is typical of the awe and wonder in which The Monster is held. "If I were the President," Cleveland outfielder Leon Wagner said, "I'd take Radatz down to the United Nations building and let the Russians get a look at him." Detroit's Al Kaline, who has known the frustration of being whiffed by Radatz on successive days with (a) the bases loaded, and (b) the winning run on third, once groaned, "They oughta have that guy painted green—to give the hitters a background."

Tough and tireless, there are times when Radatz resembles a tree growing from the mound. On one road trip he made six appearances, winning four games himself and saving two others. Late in a game he was dispatched against the Detroit Tigers for what was intended as short relief. It turned into 8⅔ innings of scoreless pitching for which the Tigers could show [*Continued on page* 91]

Last year his menacing stare and rocket-like fast ball got him 162 strikeouts and 15 wins.

The Lake that turns Fish Stories into Fact

About a million tiny rainbow trout have been planted in Stump Lake since 1959. Now they're lion-hearted leapers as long as your leg, thronging the clear waters right next to campsites and a highway

by Peter Barrett
TRUE'S OUTDOORS EDITOR

STUMP LAKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

■ "This can't be happening to us," Ted Trueblood said. "Not in a lake right on a main highway."

Just then a trout jumped a few yards away—a rainbow as long as my arm; hell, as long as my leg! And the splash had hardly subsided when *two* trout just as big came rocketing out not 30 feet from where we stood in the gathering twilight.

I groaned. It was almost too dark to set up tackle and tie on a fly, yet there the rainbows were. And to make this agony worse, one of our party was already fishing—with tackle he'd brought completely set up. He was Ray McPherson, flytier, rod builder and tackle-store operator from Kamloops, British Columbia, some 30 miles north of where we stood.

With deceptive guile Trueblood said, "Let me try that new glass rod you were telling us about, Ray."

A moment later Ted had made a long cast and said of the rod's casting ability, "Man!" Soon afterward he brought the rod up sharply and said, "Wow, look at that—" The sirening reel drowned out talk. Then a magnificent trout leaped wildly in the half-light, doubled for the beach, jumped twice more, hardly a rod's length away, and zoomed out toward the deeps again.

When at last Trueblood led the trout into shallow water we crowded around and guessed its weight at about eight pounds, a rainbow of a lifetime—when it comes to fly fishing in lakes. Ted unhooked the fish.

"You going to turn him loose?" I asked.

"Got to. The icebox is full-up, with all our grub, and he's too big to eat for breakfast."

"Think of it—too big to eat!"

Trueblood looked at the fly on his borrowed outfit. "Don't even know what I caught it on."

"We call that a Halfback," Ray McPherson said, handing me one from his fly box.

Ted flipped it out again. A few casts later the rod shook to the leap of a trout that looked even bigger than the first. This was too much for us onlookers and when the rainbow threw the fly during a foaming rampage, we broke and ran to unpack tackle. But the magic time had passed.

A loon cried on the dark lake as we filed into the camper. I broke open a jug.

"In Maine they say a lake with loons on it is lucky," I remarked.

"Well, Stump Lake isn't lucky," Joe McKinnon said flatly. "It's British Columbia's mystery lake."

"What's the problem?"

"Why, to catch trout with some consistency. They've put about three quarters of a million rainbows in here—fish that weigh up to 18 pounds, and more, now—and most of the time no one can catch any."

"This was to be a showplace lake," Ray put in. "There was a three-day derby when it was opened to the public on May 20, 1961. Fifteen hundred fishermen knocked themselves out but the catch was very small."

"So we hardly bother with the lake," Joe said. "There's too much hot fishing nearby where you can take rainbows up to 12 pounds and more on the fly."

Soon afterward Joe and Ray left. On the table lay a small

pile of the best local flies that McPherson had tied up for us. Except for a couple in a camper nearby, we were alone on a lovely wilderness lake—or so it seemed except for that road.

The prospects were superb. The *best* lakes in the U.S. and in most of Canada that are reachable by car give fair fishing for brook, brown or rainbow trout up to about two pounds. A three-pounder makes your day and a five-pounder sets off cries of delirium.

Puffing at his pipe, Ted no doubt had this in mind when he remarked, "A public lake stuffed with tremendous trout and no one bothering them—who ever heard of a deal like that before?"

I'll never forget the next morning. The lake was a mirror reflecting fir-clad hills. Brushing my teeth, I strolled the few yards across the beach and was nearly paralyzed by what I saw. I beckoned urgently to Ted.

"My God! It looks like a hatchery for monsters!"

Droves of huge trout cruised the sandy beach in barely a yard of water.

"Not a trout under five pounds," I said in awe. "Look at that one over there—he must go 10 easy."

"You're being conservative."

Reluctantly we decided to eat, for when Trueblood and I get wound up over fish we may not stop for 10, 12 or even 14 hours. Once we fished for 24 hours with only a short afternoon nap and an occasional sandwich. So we go in for sturdy breakfasts just in case. Back in the camper, we gulped pancakes and stared out the picture window through glare-cutting Polaroid glasses at the parade of monster rainbows.

"People go all the way to New Zealand and South America to prospect for trout like these," I remarked.

I was thinking how accessible Stump Lake is, some 30 miles south of Kamloops on Route 5 in lower-central British Columbia. Kamloops is less than an hour's flight from Vancouver and the lake itself—about 140 miles due north of the U.S.-Canadian border—is only 350 miles equidistant by road from Seattle and Spokane. The lake is five miles long by a mile and a half wide.

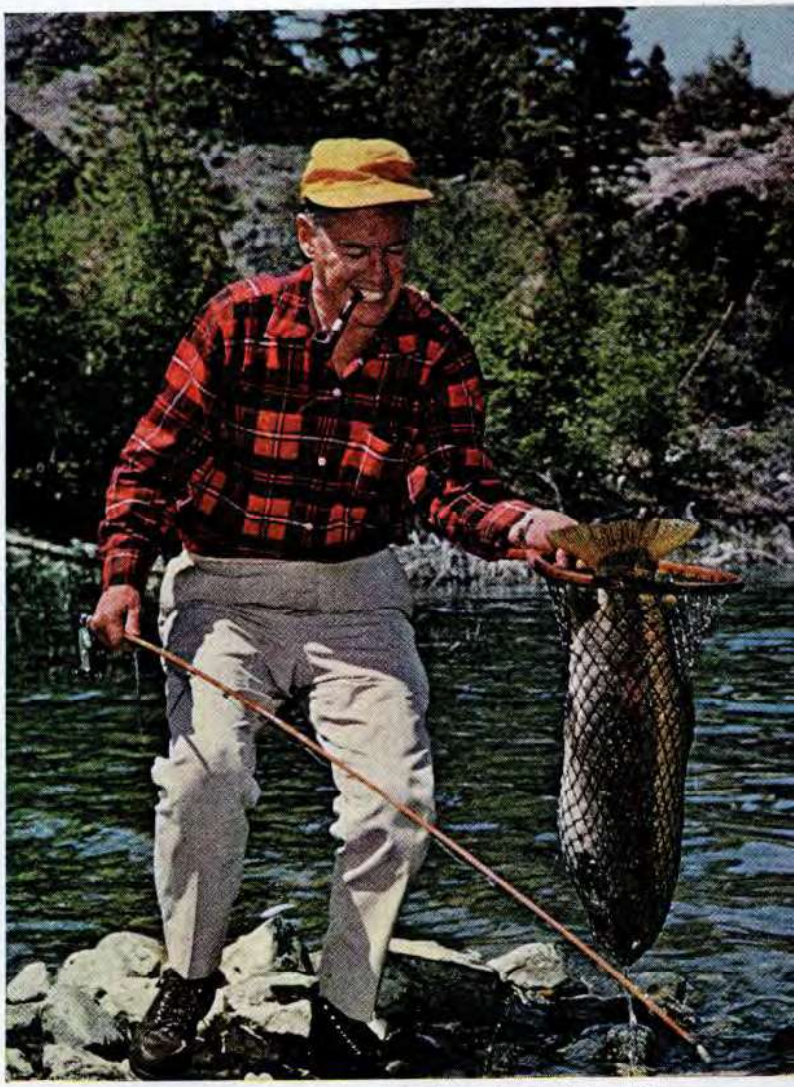
"Something tells me this isn't going to be as easy as it looks," Ted said as we hurriedly got our gear and headed down the beach.

He was right. Trout were so thick at this south campground that picking one to cast to was a problem because they were all as skittish as hell. A line falling lightly near a trout would cause it to bolt and start a chain reaction of fleeing, panicked fish.

But such trout scarings didn't seem to matter—where four fish bolted, a dozen more would drift by soon afterward, tantalizingly close. And shrewdly close-mouthed.

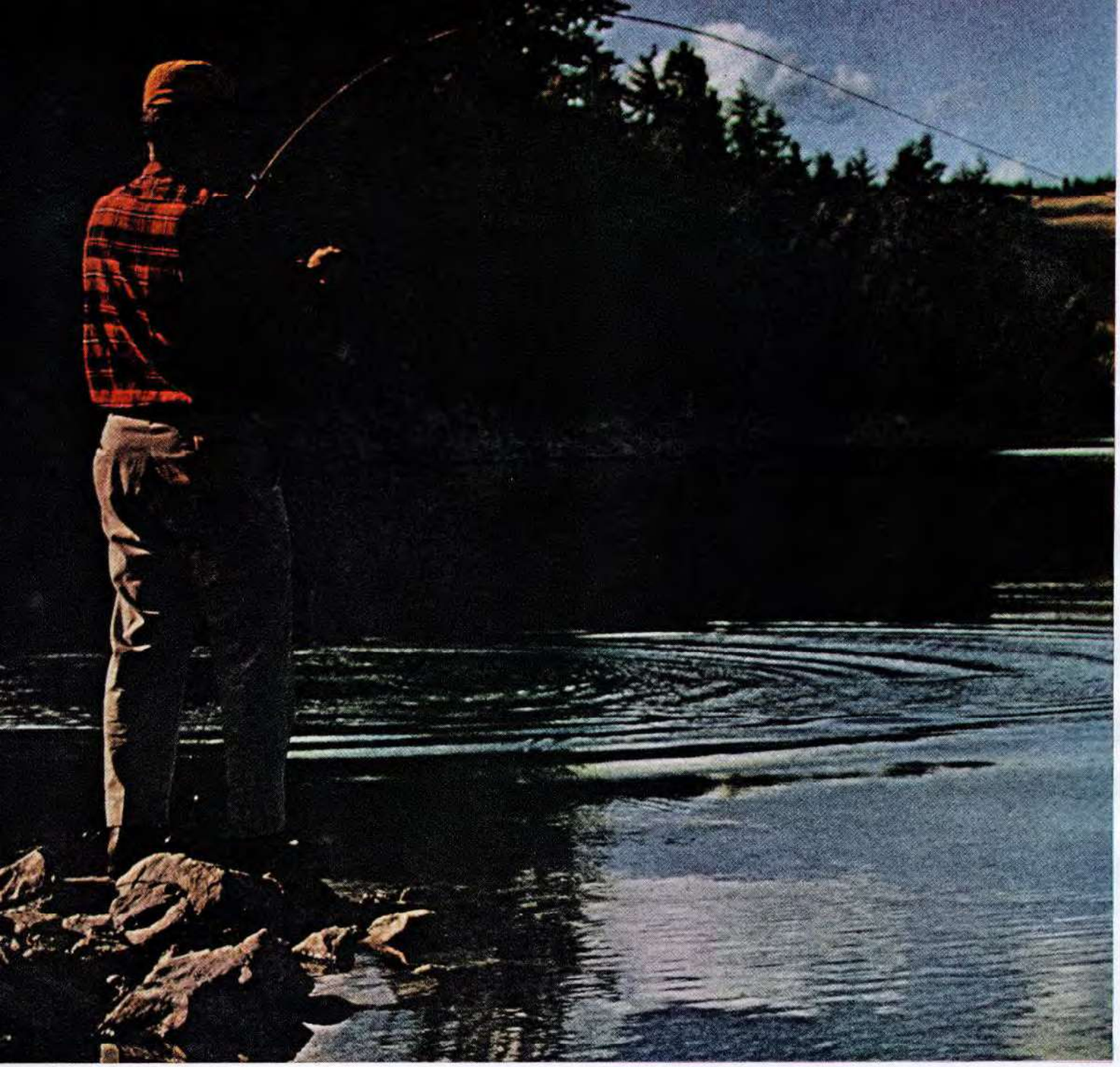
An entrancing hour passed swiftly with neither of us interesting a trout.

I laid my rod down and lit my pipe. Despite its unromantic name, Stump is one of the loveliest lakes I've ever fished and it was a pleasure to just stand there and look around. The lake lies in hilly ranch country at about 2,500 feet, with firs and some huge yellow pines lining



Stump Lake boasts trout worth a lifetime of practicing. Here author nets a 29-inch rainbow weighing a hefty 12½ pounds.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY TED TRUEBLOOD



Stump Lake rainbows act like they've read every story ever written about their breed—and live their

the western shore nearby. But the place had a special look about it for me that I've noticed elsewhere in the Northwest —maybe it's the clear air, the distant sagebrush on far hills, the ultra-clear water that makes something floating on it seem to be suspended in air.

Ray McPherson had driven me down from Kamloops and all the country was like this; timber and grassland and sudden sparkling lakes. Most of the water I saw was on private ranches but a British Columbia law requires landowners to provide public access to all but small ponds.

The sudden splashing of a large rainbow almost at my feet jolted me back to thoughts of fishing and I decided to try a couple of feet of quite thin monofilament on my leader end. The thinner the leader end, the harder it is for a trout to detect it. Then I tied on a small gray nymph, number 10 or 11 of my offerings so far.

A trout came swimming along—not one of the biggest but a breathtaker just the same. I cast 10 feet ahead of him and when I thought he'd see the little nymph, I gave it a seductive twitch. The trout took so casually I almost missed seeing the slight opening and closing of its mouth.

The fish felt as solid as a tree when I struck. Instantly the leader end broke. It only tested three pounds. I don't think that trout knew it had been hooked, for it continued on slowly with my nymph buried in its jaw.

That shook me.

If a seven or eight-pounder could break me so effortlessly, what of a 12-pounder? Ye gods, what of a 15-pounder? I bit

lives to back up every word. As leapers, their jumps reach heights two and three times their body length

back the leader so it now ended with a five-pound-test strand, tied on the big Halfback fly (for the third time) that Ray McPherson had given me and went looking for new trout.

I found them 200 yards away at the end of an old dock that belongs to the closed-up copper mine whose lifeless buildings look down on the lake from a bluff. There are half a dozen boats for rent—the only ones on the lake—from the mine caretaker. The crude dock ends with two big logs a yard apart poking 10 feet into the lake.

Below the logs—wow! I crept out to the last plank and tried to look as innocent as a dead tree just as a rainbow of about 11 pounds came swimming out from under my feet. Then here came its twin. And finally another a bit smaller. I felt like a burglar about to rob an all-glass bank.

It seemed impossible that they wouldn't see me as I lowered the rod and dangling fly ever so slowly. This was country-boy fishing for trout above and beyond the size that come in dreams. *Get the fly on the bottom four feet down and show the pretty fish the fly whenever he swims by.*

For 10 agonizing minutes I did this without spooking them. It was hard to see the dark fly against the bottom sometimes, and I'd lose track of it now and then. So when I noticed the smallest of the trout working its jaws as if chewing a tasty morsel, it was a moment before the thought struck me, *He's chewing on your fly!*

I jerked the rod, felt the fly sink home. The rainbow went out of there like a Roman candle.

When the trout was a hundred feet [*Continued on page* 82]

Buffaloes Are His Business

[*Continued from page 36*]

feet, and it climbs like a mountain sheep. A buffalo can outdistance a man on snow shoes in deep snow and outrun a dog team in powdery snow. Buffaloes have unpredictable dispositions and immense strength.

A bison, belonging to Custer State Park, Black Hills, South Dakota, was strolling across the highway recently when an approaching bus driver made the error of honking. The insulted buffalo wheeled and charged the bus. They had to send out a substitute vehicle to continue the trip.

Basolo does his own slaughtering on the prairie using either a Weatherby .300 magnum or a Winchester .308, with 180-grain bullets. The rifles are sighted for 200 yards, and he seldom shoots buffaloes at more than 300 yards.

Shooting a buffalo cleanly is tricky business. The animals' dense, dark head hair makes it difficult to see the vital spot, the size of a silver dollar an inch below the ear. Entering here, a bullet shatters the spinal cord, killing the animal instantly. A shot through the forehead must penetrate an inch or two of skin, ¾ inch of bone and four or five inches of tightly-coiled forehead hair, which is like shooting through a mattress.

An old-time buffalo hunter might kill 250 to 300 a day, riding through the herds, shooting right and left. Basolo kills no more than that during the entire 10-day slaughter period in late November. It requires a crew of 20 men to process the meat and salt down the hides.

Each slain buffalo is gutted on the prairie, and the carcass is hoisted on a winch-truck to bleed for 10 minutes. It is hauled on a pick-up truck to the ranch's small, modern, highly efficient, $100,000 meat processing plant. Using air-powered, rotary skinning knives, it takes two men about 12 minutes to shear-off a buffalo's tight-clinging hide.

The carcasses are refrigerated for 40 hours cooling at a temperature of 33° in circulating air. After the carcasses are quartered, the meat is loaded into refrigerated trucks, and moved to chain store distribution centers. Buffalo is hung for six days before it is sold, as compared with 10 days to two weeks for beef, which is tougher.

Some 250,000 pounds of B-B buffalo meat were retailed last year in West Coast food stores, at $1.49 per pound for T-bone steaks, 79 cents a pound for chuck roasts and 89 cents for sirloin roasts. Basolo has not yet found a market for buffalo tongues and livers, which the old-timers regarded as best of all. He sends these to friends for Christmas, but has his eye on the expensive restaurant and exclusive club potential.

He hopes to make his first profits this year—perhaps $100,000 from $200,000 worth of meat, and $150,000 worth of women's buffalo fur coats. The coats will be sold by a dozen well-known U.S. stores.

Bud Basolo—his name even sounds like "buffalo"—came from no home where the buffaloes roam. He was born July 23, 1923 on a chicken ranch near Fillmore, California. A few years later the family moved to a larger ranch, at Tracy, near Stockton, where Bud spent summers herding cattle at 50 cents a day before he was 10. During high school, he worked weekends skinning and dressing animals at a local packing plant. He raised hundreds of pigs as a member of "Future Farmer" projects, and he supplied local butchers with rabbits he raised.

After serving in the Merchant Marine during World War II, Bud went to work at $50 a week in San Francisco, grading, selling, cutting and delivering meat. Within a year, he had organized his own firm, Texas Meat Packers, Inc., which was grossing over $10 million annually in 10 years.

As a boy, he had hunted rabbits, deer and pheasants in the San Joaquin Valley and Sierra Nevada. As his business grew, his hunting trips extended into New Mexico, Colorado, Montana and Idaho, where, in 1956, Bud met Quinton Marquiss, who owned a herd of 250 buffaloes on a Wyoming ranch.

Quinton's father, who considered buffaloes romantic, had established the herd in 1915. But Quinton didn't share the old man's enthusiasm for the creatures. They ate up his good cattle range, and he could find no market for their meat. He invited Basolo to a buffalo hunt.

After eating one bison steak, Basolo assured Marquiss that by giving samples to the right people, he could find a quick market for all the buffalo meat he might want to sell. Actually, it took Bud 2½ years to get his first order. Although chain store officials lavishly praised the bison steaks he gave them, Bud thinks they probably fed them to the cat.

In January, 1959, a Los Angeles restaurant bought some buffalo steaks from Basolo as the exotic main course for a dinner, given by Robert McGowan, president of Safeway Stores. Next day, McGowan instructed his buyers to stock some buffalo meat immediately.

It took the Safeway officials hours to convince Bud that they actually wanted to buy 1,000 carcasses of the buffaloes they had been spurning. When he saw they were serious, Basolo replied:

"Gentlemen, I don't own any such number. You are only asking for 1/5 of the buffalo population of the U.S.A."

The chain had to be satisfied with steaks and roasts from 101 buffaloes that Basolo bought (from Marquiss) and slaughtered. A dozen of its Los Angeles stores sold them out in less than four hours. The next year, San Francisco Safeway stores sold steaks cut from 225 buffaloes—in two days.

This convinced Basolo that buffalo meat was a sound business, and he began buying all the buffaloes for sale in the country—from over-stocked zoos, state and national parks, and from cattlemen who had tired of seeing their fences battered down by buffaloes they'd kept for "local color."

The prices he paid ranged from $125 a head for 150 buffaloes running wild on the Reynolds Ranch south of El Paso, up to $401.50 each for 80 cows, rounded up for delivery from the Custer State Park herd. His smallest purchase was a lone buffalo from the zoo at Garden City, Kansas. Basolo's largest purchase was 500 head from the government herd in over-grazed Yellowstone National Park. A wild bunch, these buffaloes refused to cooperate with B-B cowboys, balking at being rounded up into a log corral. Riders on horseback did not scare the buffs a bit. Basolo had to rent two helicopters. They flew low over the herd, propellers tilted to make popping noises like machine-gun fire. The animals ran blindly into the corral before they knew it.

Basolo began operations on a leased 11,000-acre ranch in Wyoming. He bought his present huge ranch in 1961 for $1 million. Besides that, he has spent some $700,000 buying buffaloes, building special fences, erecting his processing plant and buying equipment. But with the initial outlay out of the way, he expects buffalo raising to be more profitable than cattle.

It costs a rancher 32 to 36 cents a pound these days to market dressed beef, and 40 to 44 cents is considered a good price. Safeway pays Basolo 70 cents a pound for all the buffalo meat he can supply. And that can be marketed for 60 percent the cost of beef.

Like deer or elk, buffaloes browse when feeding, swallowing twigs that help digest their food. A buffalo eats only half as much as a beef of similar size, but drinks three times as much water. Off the Wyoming range, yearling buffaloes average 525 pounds and 2-year-olds 650, compared with range yearling beef averaging 450 and 2-year-olds 525-to-550 pounds. When fed for fattening, a buffalo gains an average of 4½ pounds a day, compared with 2 to 2½ pounds for beef.

A buffalo will eat grass, sage, even cactus. Cattle will not touch cactus and merely pick at sage. Thus, 10 acres in the B-B area of Wyoming will sustain one buffalo in a normal year. It takes 20 acres for a beef. In three or four years, Basolo expects to have 6,000 buffaloes on his present ranch. He can slaughter 2,500 to 2,800 excess bulls a year from a 6,000-head herd, and it will grow faster than if he kept all his animals.

As many male as female buffalo calves are born, but if this ratio is not cut to one bull to 10 cows, the males fight and gore each other so savagely they neglect fatherhood. During mating season a buffalo bull will charge anything

[*Continued on page 68*]

COMING . . .

The full, factual story of Korean War defector Scott Rush, told in his own words. Read I CHOSE RED CHINA FOR TEN YEARS, an exclusive first-person account of life behind the Bamboo Curtain . . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

7up

the man's mixer

FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY THE TASTE OF GOOD WHISKEY

In a 7-Up highball, whiskey doesn't become a hidden ingredient! You taste it—as you should. Instead of bullying whiskey, 7-Up actually gives it a gentle assist, mellows, rounds out flavor. You get a robust, 100% great drink. And 7-Up sparkle means "don't stir." Pour gently; 7-Up stirs itself. It's the man's mixer.

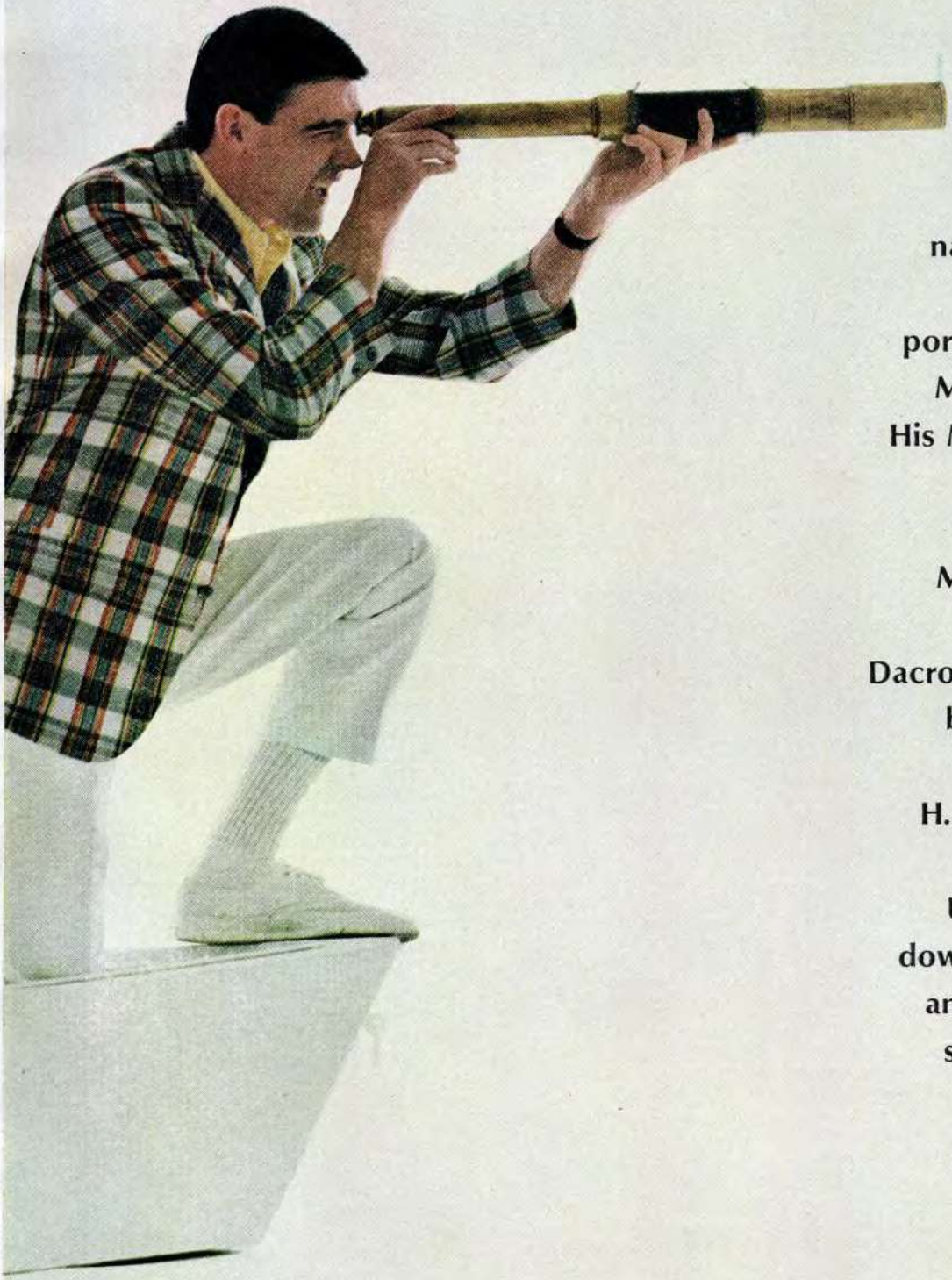
Copyright 1964 by The Seven-Up Company

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER

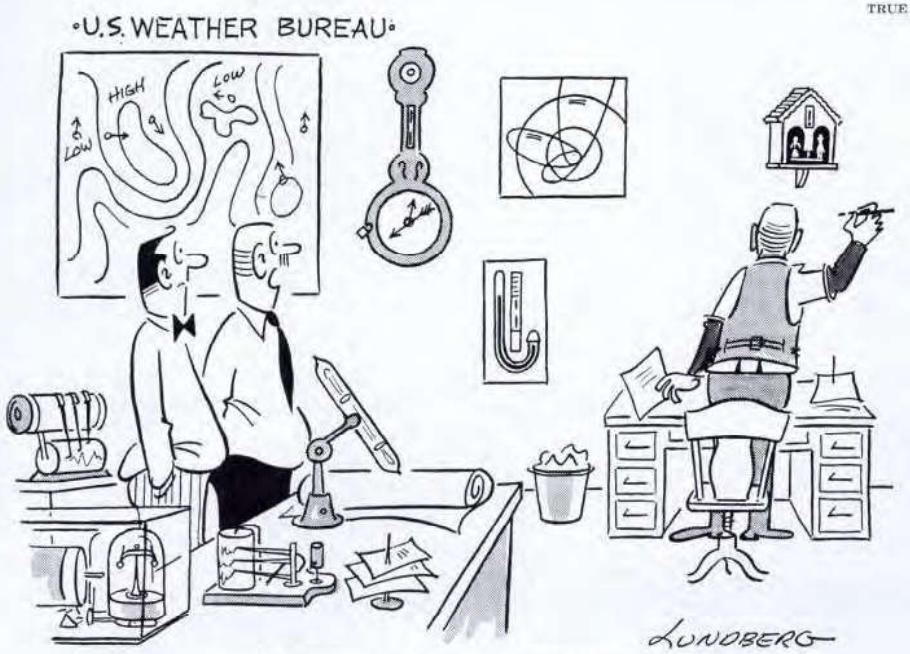
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD NONES

SPRING'S COLORFUL CARGO:

stripes swirls and plaids



It's full steam ahead for spring with a natural shoulder Squiretown, far left, of imported, hand woven India Madras, by Mavest, $40. His Majesty, the Admiral, is wearing a Guttenberg Scroll sports coat by McGregor, $29.95. Boatswain at left models a Dacron and worsted Madras bearing the Botany 500 label, tailored by H. Daroff & Sons, $42.95. Shirts left to right are: University Row button-down by Manhattan; wash and wear Decton batiste short sleeve, tab collar, by Arrow; and a short sleeve Oxaire by Van Heusen, all $5. (Boat, needless to say, operates smoothly on one girl-power.)



"Oddly enough, he's generally right!"

[*Continued from page 64*]
he thinks looks like a rival. A horny male once chose one of Basolo's pick-up trucks, and did $426 worth of damage.

With all that fighting, a bull has relatively little time for romance. Since a buffalo cow is in heat only 15 days a year, she often goes through her season unsatisfied. Along with being psychologically frustrating, this factor discourages motherhood, and wrecks calf production.

Since 1940, officials of Custer State Park have been slaughtering excess bulls from its buffalo herd, and selling their steaks for annual dinners of sporting clubs, Boy Scouts, and other groups. Before that, the 190 breed bulls in the 600-head herd fought so bitterly that only two percent of the potential mothers calved each year. Now, 75 percent calve annually.

The government does not slaughter excess bulls systematically from its Yellowstone Park herd. The calf drop there is only 25 percent. Bud Basolo's herd does better than either.

"We raised 225 calves our first year," he reports. "Next year it was 300, last year 400, and 900 were born this spring. We are starting to reap compound interest as the herd builds. This year, 85 percent of our eligible cows calved. We hope for a 90 percent average in time."

Buffalo cows start calving at age 2 and continue indefinitely. A venerable female from Basolo's herd, named "Grandma," reproduced each year until she died recently (at age 46) from falling into a sinkhole.

Buffalo meat is tender up to an animal's eighth year, Basolo says. The Indians like it even older. The government has agreements to supply the Sioux with a few butchered buffaloes now and then for ceremonial feasts. The Indians always pick the biggest, oldest bulls. As one chief explained: "The older the meat, the longer the taste."

Twenty years ago, a dozen Indian braves would be present to catch the blood from their government-slaughtered buffaloes, and drink it hot. They would slice the liver and serve it, warm from the body and accompanied by the gall bag, to their oldest chief. He would squeeze the gall over the liver, like mustard on a hot dog, and eat it with apparent enjoyment.

Bud Basolo and his B-B ranch and packing house represent a transition—from days of buffalo consumption according to these ancient rituals, to the present-day era of the station wagon and frozen food locker.

The center of B-B activities these days is a big lodge, built in a cottonwood draw. It contains half a dozen bedrooms, several baths, a laundry room, storerooms of supplies and ammunition and a great clubroom. Its walls are adorned with heads and horns of buffaloes, elk and antelope, mounted golden eagles and cases of high-powered rifles.

An immense lava-rock fireplace occupies half of one long wall. At one end is a kitchen area, with restaurant-size ranges and refrigerator, where Basolo, an expert amateur chef, dishes out fork-tender buffalo **and** beef steaks, spaghetti, ravioli and salads for his gorging guests.

But the physical and social changes in the old ranch are not as striking as the transitions the ranch has made upon the personality and appearance of the erstwhile soft-spoken San Francisco meat dealer. Basolo wears cowboy boots and a dove-colored rancher's Stetson everywhere he goes nowadays. At the ranch, he dons a fringed leather shirt and packs an automatic pistol in a holster (he's a deputy sheriff in Wyoming).

Basolo says he carries this weapon because rustlers are in the area. Rustlers go for buffaloes, which carry no brand, and no bill of sale is required in disposing of them or their meat. B-B lost 300 to 400 head to rustlers during its first two years. Then, Bud organized a protection force under Bill Estes, former FBI agent, and Glenn Wilkinson, a former State Fish and Game enforcement officer. They and their men patrol the ranch night and day, and no buffaloes have been lost to rustlers since.

Bud Basolo, it turns out, does have a very active partner in his booming buffalo business: his wife, Mrs. Basolo (the former Georgia Jones of Indianapolis, Indiana) is credited with making a discovery that the American plains Indians made uncountable centuries ago. One night Georgia was combing the shaggy, rough hair out of a buffalo robe and found soft, thick fur underneath. This was the beginning of the B-B buffalo fur coat business.

After some research, the Basolos learned that early Plainsmen regarded buffalo hides as "pelts" rather than leather. Old-time cowboys curry-combed the shaggy wool away, and used the undercoat to make winter garments, which shed cold like a duck's down does water.

After working three years with furriers, perfecting machinery and techniques to handle this unusual fur, the Basolos this year are putting on the market some 300 buffalo coats, the first ever produced commercially. They will retail at around $800 each.

Thus has begun the first large-scale commercial project concerning buffaloes since destruction, in the last century, of the great wild herds. The systematic destruction of the 40 to 60 million buffaloes, which inhabited North America as far east as New York State and Florida, began around 1835. By 1883, buffaloes were hard to find, even on the Great Plains, where most of them had roamed.

By 1900, less than 300 wild buffaloes were at large on the entire North American Continent. Fortunately, a few small captive herds remained. The present U.S. buffalo population, of some 6,500, developed mainly from these. (So did Canada's buffalo herds, now numbering about 15,000.)

The U.S. Government owns about 2,800 bison on eight refuges and national parks. Custer State Park has about 1,000, and there are perhaps 700 others in various state-owned refuges, municipal zoos and in small private herds.

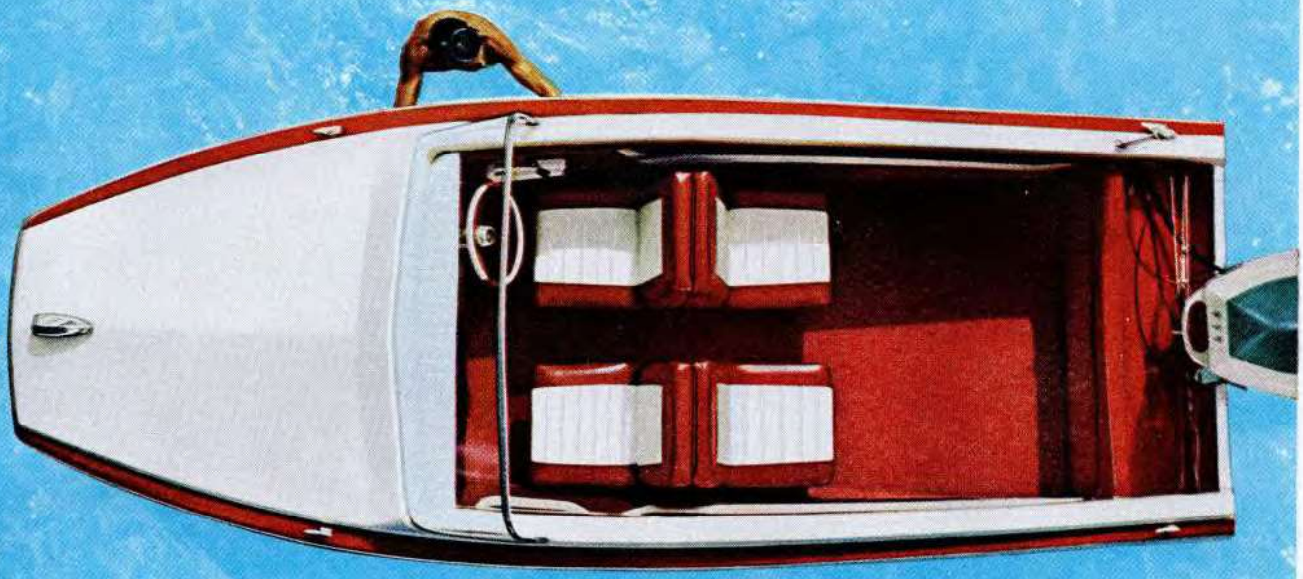
But the most interesting, fastest-increasing, best-blooded and probably the most significant are the 2,000 buffaloes of Bud Basolo. In a reflective mood beneath the Wyoming stars—as his beasts grunt and blow in a nearby pasture—Bud sometimes gets the feeling that he was put on this earth especially to restore the bison.

"When I set my eyes on my first buffalo," he says, "I felt that I had been taken back many years. It gave me a pioneering feeling. I felt almost that I might be an old-time buffalo hunter or herdsman, reincarnated. I got a deep sense of the majesty of our country.

"But it was not until after I got into the buffalo business that I fully realized what a strong hold this great beast has on the imaginations of millions of Americans. Now that I've lived with these animals through the years, I've come to appreciate why. Mr. Bison is just about *the* original American. And his unpredictable disposition and unconquerable soul typifies the old-time, wild, wild West, in a way to make a Mountain Man's heart glad."

—Rufus Jarman

Guaranteed shipshape two full years!



More fun...less fixin'...because it's handcrafted!

Guaranteed shipshape 2 full years!
Every Traveler fiber glass and aluminum boat is guaranteed to be shipshape and free from defects in materials and workmanship for a period of TWO FULL YEARS from date of purchase from an authorized Traveler dealer. Under the provisions of this guarantee, all necessary repairs (with the exception of windshield and glass breakage) will be made free of charge for parts and labor. This guarantee does not apply to boats improperly handled or to boats which have been altered without factory supervision. Ask your Traveler dealer for full guarantee details.

Only Traveler boats are guaranteed shipshape after critical 19-point inspection!

See how carefree boating can be . . . in a Handcrafted Traveler. Have all the fun you want and forget about problems and repairs. Every Traveler is so perfectly constructed it's guaranteed to stay shipshape TWO FULL YEARS . . . or Traveler will make it shipshape at no charge to you for parts and labor.

This is possible because Traveler boats are patiently Handcrafted in the finest shipbuilding tradition by skilled, experienced marine craftsmen.

Don't let your boat own you. Own a Traveler! Choose from 33 Traveler models in easy-to-maintain fiber glass or aluminum . . . including utilities, runabouts, convertibles and luxurious cabin cruisers . . . at your authorized Traveler dealer, your local boating expert!

TRAVELER

TRAVELER BOAT DIVISION
STANRAY CORPORATION

75th Anniversary

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE CATALOG!

TRAVELER BOAT DIVISION, Stanray Corporation
Dept. TR-44
200 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60604

Please rush my FREE copy of your colorful catalog showing the complete line of Handcrafted Traveler boats for 1964.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

RINGTHEBELL77
on
Archive.org

The Peace-Loving Pirates of the Potomac

[*Continued from page 57*]

creaked swinging wetly away and plunged into the black water.

They balanced on the shifting load, shivering in their bulky clothes, feeling the jolt of the dredge on the oyster bed below. There were few lumps in the Potomac as heavy with shell, and it had been good luck to find this one as quickly as they had, running out from the Virginia side by guess and memory in the dark. It was much too close to the Maryland shore, but it was too good a lump to leave, and oysters were $4 a bushel.

Still, they knew it was past time to leave. They listened to the night.

"Ain't anybody out here tonight," one of them said.

"Here she come," the man in the wheelhouse called.

They reached in the dark to guide the bucket in and sink it on the pile in the open waist, but the bucket did not lift away.

"We're goin' home," the man in the wheelhouse called.

"Jes' one more time, Otis."

"All right, one more time."

As the bucket started to lift, a searchlight jabbed across the black night, caught them; held them. The bucket came smashing down; two of the three crewmen dived for the scuppers while the third skittered over the oyster shells and into the wheelhouse as the two big Hall Scott engines opened wide and the first bullet came SMACK-CRACK into the turning hull. They could all hear the bullet hit, and then the flat splitting crack of the rifle, and that made them think they had a chance. It meant there was still some distance between the two boats.

"Damn," one of the men in the scuppers said. "We just done patched her."

The crewman who plunged into the wheelhouse was one of those lean, tan-cheeked, pale-lipped Southerners who could be anywhere from 20 to 40 years old; the kind you so often see in the paratroops, and he drew a rifle from its nest of oiled rags.

"What are you goin' to do with that?" Otis Lee demanded.

"Ah reckon Ah'm gone see if it shoots worth a damn."

"You crazy?" Lee asked seriously.

"No. Ah reckon Ah'm jes' inter-ested."

Lee glanced without expression at his crewman. He watched him jack a cartridge into the chamber. The pilothouse was drenched in light, and the crewman, steadying himself, fired into the light.

"Damn," he told Lee without complaint. "Can't you hold her steady?"

He fired again, and cursed.

The two crewmen lying in the scuppers against the protection of the gunwale could feel the boat, the *Flirt*, lifting to the thrust of her 1,200 horsepower. They lay head to head on the wet deck against the gunwale and heard the rifles cracking and felt the *Flirt* skipping across the flat water.

"They catch us, it won't be the first time Ah missed an oyster season," one said. "But Ah don't want no *Maryland* jail this time."

"They catch us," the other said, "you don't want no jail. Ah don't want no jail. But old Otis, he don't want to lose his *boat*."

"Man," the first said, "if they catch us, that old Otis, he's going to lose that tin badge of his'n, too."

It made them laugh. It wasn't much of a joke, but they badly needed to laugh at something, and the fact that their skipper was a Virginia town policeman seemed funny enough to laugh at.

In the wheelhouse, Otis Lee was thinking as rapidly as he could. He was a big man in his 40's; tough-muscled but with a belly that fell over his tight belt. He wore hunting boots, a watch cap, corduroy trousers, a pea jacket hanging open, and a dark, day-old stubble. He held the throttles jammed open with one hand, and the wheel in the other, and he kept the *Flirt* straight for the dark low mass of the Virginia shore while he sorted it all out in his mind.

"Damn, hold her steady," the rifleman said.

Lee said nothing. It wouldn't do any good, shooting out that light. It would help, but not much. He shouldn't have pushed his luck, staying on that lump so long. Since it did no good to think of what he should not have done, he concentrated on what he would have to do now. The Maryland boat was close enough to follow them by the gleam of their wake, even if the light was hit. The *Flirt* was fast, but not fast enough. The Maryland patrols were using those surplus air-sea rescue craft with the airplane engines in them. If he had a mile start, that was one thing, but he had no mile start. He would have to beach her and run.

"We gone lose the boat," he said aloud, simply stating a fact.

"You give me a good shot and we don't lose no boat," the rifleman said. He jacked another round into the chamber and fired.

"Ah'm gone beach her," Lee told him. "You jes' hold her still."

"Ah'm gone run her up on that soft marl," Lee said.

There was mud and yellow marl bottom in a narrow inlet between George Washington's birthplace and Colonial Beach, and Lee headed for it. There was nothing to hit until she took the mud. She'd hurt herself some, but he'd skid her in, and there wouldn't be any hurt to her that he couldn't fix. He concentrated on his problem and ignored the bullets that glanced up from the water and keyholed through the night.

As the dark mass of the shore flew toward him, Lee told the rifleman: "You squat down and put your back on that bulkhead. She gone stop sudden."

He cut the ignitions the instant before the *Flirt* struck.

They were all out of her by the time the following wash rolled in.

They hurdled the *Flirt's* low rail, dropping over the side into the cold, knee-deep water, falling, scrabbling for a footing, and clawing into the winter-dry bushes that grew thick to the water's edge. The searchlight and bullets followed them blindly into the trees.

It was growing light when the four watermen worked out of the brush to strike a sandy road. They walked down this road in silence because there was nothing to say. When they came to a fork, Lee paused to shake hands all around.

"They'll be warrants out," he said.

"Ain't nobody in Virginia is going to say we were anywhere but right to home all night long," the rifleman said.

"No," Lee agreed. "That's true."

TRUE

"I don't care if you *were* big in vaudeville. No more steak knives!"

You meet the nicest people on a Honda

How about practicing a little step-upmanship?

In this case, a Honda Super Sports. Something a bit more assertive, yet well mannered.

Never gulps gas. Just sips it: 185 miles to the gallon. The 50cc, 4-stroke engine handles 50 mph with quiet assurance. Other manly assets include: 4-speed shift, manual clutch, cam-type brakes on both wheels. And it sells for $285, plus a modest set-up charge.

You might as well move up in the world. Ride the remarkable Honda Super Sports.

For address of your nearest dealer or other information, write: American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. AW, 100 W. Alondra, Gardena, Calif.

HONDA

world's biggest seller!

© 1964 AMERICAN HONDA MOTOR CO., INC.

Fashions created for Honda by C. Capriotti

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Paul Weissman

STAKES RACE IN LARCENY TIME

George Edward Arcaro was accused of many crimes during his racing career but the one that made him proudest was grand larceny. This is the only way to describe The Master's ride in the 1944 Manhattan Handicap at Belmont. It was a coup and Arcaro pulled it off with pure guile. It was one of the slowest races he ever won.

His horse was a front runner named Devil Diver, which is the kind of animal you tell your Aunt Nellie to bet if you want her to have the thrill of running out in front for a half a mile. In the Manhattan that year, Devil Diver was the only one in the four-horse field with early speed. It was obvious he would make the pace. The favorite, Bolingbroke, was a stretch runner and figured to knock over all the opposition in the last quarter. The other two horses, Caribou and Alex Barth, were running strictly for the exercise.

You could have run this one on paper the night before which is exactly what Arcaro did. He figured out a little game he was going to play with Bobby Permane, the jock on Bolingbroke.

On the day of the Manhattan, clear weather made the track lightning fast. Arcaro started his working day by winning the $10,000 added Matron Stakes with a hot favorite named Busher. When he got back to the tack room, Permane gave him the needle. "You like the easy ones," the kid said.

"You'll swallow some dust this afternoon," was what Arcaro answered without smiling and walked away.

"For how long? Seven furlongs?" Permane laughed and poked the jock at the next locker to show him Arcaro was sore.

When they broke from the gate, Arcaro lunged forward on Devil Diver's neck and held on like he was the Boston strangler. He looked as though he was whipping furiously left-handed but the bat never touched the horse. Alex Barth wound up in front on the turn. Caribou chugged along like a locomotive and looked as if he were actually smiling. Here for the first time in his career was a field he could keep up with.

Racing alongside Devil Diver, Permane figured Arcaro couldn't shake the horse up and was content to keep The Master boxed on the rail. Arcaro wasn't doing a thing but acting. The first quarter was awful. The Master's waltz-time strategy produced a second quarter that went in 28 4/5 and there were old-timers in the crowd who thought the Belmont timer was out of whack. By the time they reached the ¾ pole, Permane decided Devil Diver had no run at all that day and held on to Bolingbroke for a galloping finish.

With a half-mile to go, Arcaro hit his horse for the first time that day. Devil Diver took off like a rocket. By the time Permane, who had been having a sleepy sort of race, realized what was happening the race was just about over. He got Bolingbroke going in time to make a fast-charging finish only seven lengths behind. Devil Diver's winning time was 2:36 3/5—a full nine seconds slower than the track record, set, incidentally, by Bolingbroke.

At the jockey scales Arcaro said to Permane: "I guess I like the real easy ones. How come you made my horse run only a half-mile today?" The Master picked up $1,250 as his share of the purse and laughed all the way to the bank.

"What you aim to do about the boat, Otis?"

"Ah reckon Ah'll study it some," Lee said.

They shook hands again, and Lee scuffed down the fork of the frozen, rutted, sand road that led to his unpainted clapboard house. The two dogs yelled around him as he crossed the bare dirt yard, but when he got into the house, his woman took one look at him and knew enough to say nothing.

"Ah lost the boat," Lee explained. . . .

"Damn, but they're good shots," one of the boys said. "They don't never try to hit nobody, jes' scare him, is all. They know exactly where they're shooting. One old bullet come along through my boot and never did hit my laig! My old buddy, he got one that made two buttonholes in his coat and never scratched his belly at all!"

He was a gangly, wild-looking boy, dark-skinned and sharp-featured, and he grinned without the slightest humor. His eyes were dark with hate.

"And they come right into town?"

"They damn sure did, Otis," the boy said. "They was four boats of them. They chased us, and we come a-hellin' around the point and up the creek and into the bay, and they come right in after us, shootin' all the time."

As he spoke, the boy swept his arm in gesture, and Lee's eyes followed. He could see it all from where they squatted on their heels, leaning against the back wall of the shanty labeled BAR, BAIT, GLOVES & SHELLS. He could see the point, the creek, the harbor, and the piers. The boy's boat, *Gay Lady*, lay along one of the splintery pine piers, and even at some distance, Lee could see the bullet marks.

"Well, they had they selves a night," Lee said.

"Otis, they was bullets goin' all over town."

Four more watermen came around the corner of the building, looking for a sunny lee, and everyone said "How do," and they all talked about the night's shooting. Maryland patrols had not only pursued *Gay Lady* into her harbor, sending wild shots howling through the little oyster port, but they had also caught Garney Temple and his crew on the water, and they had towed Otis Lee's *Flirt* across to the Maryland side.

"You see that newspaper fellow that's lookin' for you, Otis?" one of the watermen asked. "A young boy is what he is."

"No," Lee said. "He come from around here, or from the city?"

"He come down from Washington, is what he did."

"Ah suppose they gone call it the Oyster War again," Lee said.

One of the watermen laughed.

"War," Lee said. "It sure is a hell of a war. They ain't no goddam war to it. They is only a damn-fool law that says a man can't hardly make a living if he got his self a woman, and two dawgs, and five head of chillun to feed.

"Now Ah'll tell you what every man knows is so," Lee continued, his voice deep and slow. "The law, it's made by lawyers. Now a lawyer is jes' a man that

Too high.

You tell us. How much for this black slipon? With uppers of "Living (Formula X-1000)"® Leather that stay newer-looking longer than ordinary leather? We're betting that you guess too high. And here's why. All our Johnsonian shoes cost between $8.95 and $12.95. Did you guess too high? So did millions of others. Perhaps that's why Johnsonian is fast-becoming America's best-selling popular price shoe. See Johnsonian at these and other fine stores.

Johnsonian

a quality product of Endicott Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.

FEATURED AT THE 1964/1965 WORLD'S FAIR

NEW YORK
Astoria, Dave's Shoes
Attica, Super Duper Shopping Center
Bronx, Joe's Fordham
Brooklyn, Arrow Shoes
Carl's Men's & Boys' Wear
A. Frankel
Jerry Katz
Shoeland
Buffalo, S & W Shoe Co.
Sommenstein's Shoes
Yoder's Shoes
Corning, Van Slyke Shoes
Elmira Heights, Heights Family Shoes
Far Rockaway, Ray Mariano
Franklinville, Family Shoe Box
Goshen, Harace C. Sawyer
Hamburg, Poleo, Inc.
Jamestown, Arcade Shoe Store
Carnahan & Shearer
New York, S & M Shoes
Shoeland
Niagara Falls, White's Shoe Store
N. Tonawanda, Payne Plaza Shoes
Olean, Lester Shoe Store
Salamanaca, Mason's Shoes
Silver Creek, Erbine Surprise Store
Syracuse, Rochester Shoe Store
Warsaw, Van Slyke Shoe Store
Watkins Glen, Van Slyke Shoes
Westfield, Beckwith's Shoes
Wolcott, Edward's Shoe Store
PENNSYLVANIA
Brownsville, M & S Shoes
Chester, Grand Shoes
Easton, Wilbur Shoes
Erie, Kaystone of Erie
Gettysburg, Mares Sherman
Glen Rock, Wherley's
Greensburg, Ronald Shoe Store
Luzerne, Buddies Men's Shop
New Freedom, New Freedom Dept. Store
Parkesburg, Altman's
Philadelphia, Family Shoe Store
Gimbels
Tyrone, Lester's Workmen's Store
Warren, Lester Shoe Store
RHODE ISLAND
Providence, Sams Clothes Shop
Warren, Warren Shoe Store

takes all that you have. So a waterman, he's got to look out for his self."

"What do you call it when they come in here and shoot in the town?" the boy from the *Gay Lady* demanded. "They don't have no call to do that."

"Them Maryland boats, they chase Maryland watermen, too," Lee said reasonably. "They caught the Beall brothers down below. They don't care where you from; all they care is if you try to make a livin'."

He rose, stretched, and stepped out onto the plank that crossed a narrow ditch dug close by the shanty wall. It was the male latrine of the establishment. He stood on the plank and looked at the *Gay Lady* until he was through. Then he rejoined the men who lazed against the wall. No one minded the smell of the ditch because the wall was in the sun and out of the wind.

The newspaperman found them there. He was a slight, blond man in brown tweeds and polished pigskin shoes, but he was at least a Southerner who knew to say "How do" before asking questions.

"Ah'm lookin' for Otis Lee," he said. "Lawyer Mason told me Ah might find him heah."

There was an absolute silence.

"Maybe you might tell me where Ah can find him," the reporter suggested.

"Cap'n," Lee said at last, "that man you're looking for is a man Ah know. Ah know jes' *exactly* where he is, but Ah'll be damn if Ah can remember the way how you get there, and it can't hardly be a mile from here. There ain't no telling *when* he'll be back—while you're still here."

They all looked carefully past the young man into the middle distance, waiting for him to leave. When he did not leave, one of the watermen said:

"Cap'n, there's no use knocking on this door. There's nobody here that wants nothing written up in no paper about them."

"All Ah want to do is tell your side of it," the reporter said. "Do you jes' want the paper to say their side of it?"

Silence closed around them all again, and the reporter waited. He shrugged, and said "Thank you kindly," and turned to go.

"Now, jes' a minute, Cap'n," Lee said, unable to accept courtesy from a man he had treated badly. "Let me ask you a question. Why do they shoot at a man if he is tonging? That's what you want to know, and what Ah want to know.

"Well, now, Ah reckon those Maryland fellows is often a mite confused. They might could think the man was drudging.

"But damn it, Cap'n," Lee continued, "now Ah'm a tonger. Hell, we all are tongers. We're honest. Now you see that pier over yonder, Cap'n? Those fellows over there, they're drudgers, every damn one of them. You jes' go over to that pier and say we told you they was drudgers, and to tell you what you want to know. You jes' remember, Cap'n, that a man who drudges, he's jes' a no-count kind of man who'd rather steal than work. It ain't hardly no work, drudgin' out there on a cold night, with your goddam hands froze off, tryin' to make wages for yourself and your goddam family. Hell, no, Cap'n, it's jes' broad-daylight stealin'. Now, you jes' run along over there and tell those fellows all that we told you."

The reporter did not know what to say, and no one helped him. He knew that the troubles stemmed from the fact that some watermen illegally dredged for oysters instead of obeying the conservation law that says oysters may be taken from the Potomac only by means of 18-foot tongs, held in the hands, but he did not know that a waterman could not make a living if he tonged. Instead, he looked for evidence of what the press kept calling the Oyster War between Maryland and Virginia, but so far, he could find none. He tried again.

"What Ah want to know," he said, "is how you-all feel about Maryland boats shootin' at people."

"There ain't what you could rightly call bad feelin's," Lee said.

"Hell no!" the boy interrupted. "Nobody feels a bit badly at all about them goddamed, half-assed Maryland bastards that come right in here where we are at, four boats of them, shootin' at fellows and sendin' shots all over town. How in hell can you feel badly about people like that? They ain't hardly any count at all, Cap'n, jes' no count at all."

"You hush up, Glover," Lee said.

"Jes' a minute," the boy said. "Before Ah hush up, Ah want to get this straight. You know what kind of fellows we are, Cap'n? We're jes' a bunch of damn thieves, is all. Now you go put that in the paper.

"Now let me say somethin' more," the boy said. "You got to catch us, you know what Ah mean, Cap'n? Well, Ah get 25 knots out of my little old boat, and you got to catch me on the water, you know what Ah mean? If you come in here, and my little old boat is tied up to the pier, you can't tell Ah was out there an hour ago, drudgin', and nobody in this town's goin' to say Ah was."

He spat toward the ditch.

"You jes' come in here, shootin' again," he said. "You jes' try that again, Cap'n."

"Are you through, Glover?" Lee asked.

"Ah reckon Ah am."

"Well," Lee said, "Ah take him for a man his own. Ah say he comes from the newspaper. But let's say he's a Maryland spy. It don't make no mind. Hell, they'll be drudgers as long as the world stands, so Ah reckon it hardly makes no mind at all."

The reporter looked from one to the other. He seemed about to say something, but one of the watermen who had been squatting on his heels, whittling a stick, suddenly tossed the stick away, jabbed the knife into the muddy sand, and very flatly said:

"You best go 'long, now, Cap'n."

Their eyes followed the reporter as he turned the corner of the shanty, and no one spoke until they all heard a motor start, and the man who had been whittling stood up and looked around the corner to see the reporter drive slowly away down the dirt lane that led to the highway that would take him back to Washington.

Otis Lee squatted on his heels and leaned against the wall in the noon sun and put the reporter out of his mind in order to think about the law. That morning, he had sold the *Flirt* to one of his wife's brothers, dating the sale a week back. That is, he had written out a bill of sale and dated it a week back and had taken the paper to the notary and the notary had stamped it and Lee had given the notary a dollar. So now, when the warrant came for him, the law couldn't prove he owned the boat, and nobody would say he had been aboard of her, and his wife's brother had been down to Norfolk all that week and was still there. So much for the law. When he got the *Flirt* back, he'd go over to his wife's brother's house and take that paper back and tear it up. The law was no problem.

"You hear where they took your boat Otis?" the boy, Glover, asked.

"No," Lee said, "but Ah reckon Ah will. Then Ah'll have to go fetch her back."

"They'll try to hide her," the man who had been whittling said. "We gone have to find out where it is they have put her."

"It ain't hardly none of your business, Dempsey," Lee said.

"Now, don't you fret, Otis, we'll he'p you get her back."

"Ah'm not gone to fret," Lee said firmly. "Ah thank you right kindly, Dempsey, but don't you fret yourself about me."

"You might need some he'p," Dempsey said. "That's all Ah meant, Otis."

"Ah know what you mean, and Ah thank you," Lee said.

But he also knew it was his business, alone. The only business a man had was looking out for his self and his family, the only way he knew how to do it, and the way he knew was taking oysters and crabs with his boat, and since any damn fool knew a man couldn't feed his self, hardly, taking oysters with a pair of damn tongs, a man went drudging and to go drudging a man had to have his boat. A waterman without his boat wasn't hardly a man.

It would take maybe a week to find her, and some time then to figure out how they had her guarded. The store would let him have food until he had his boat back. He would take two new distributors with him in case they had took the distributors out of her, and he'd take gas with him in case they had drained the tanks. He knew where he could get the gas, the distributors and the tools. He'd take them in case she hadn't taken hurt when she took the mud and he could get her started. If she had took hurt, he would figure a way to tow her out of where they had her tied up. He would row over to see about her, the next black night. There wasn't anything in this that hadn't been done before; it just took time, and figuring, was all there was to it, and now that he didn't have his boat, he sure as God had the time.

He leaned against the building wall in the sunlight, beginning to figure it out.

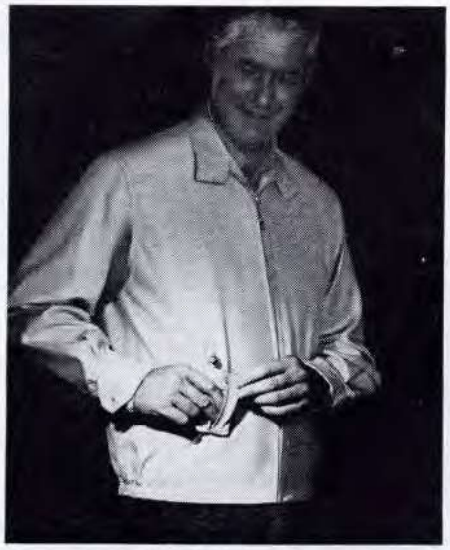
—John Keats

Knowledgeable people buy Imperial

They have a taste for Hiram Walker quality.

Whiskey by Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKEY · 86 PROOF · 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS · 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.



Abditory

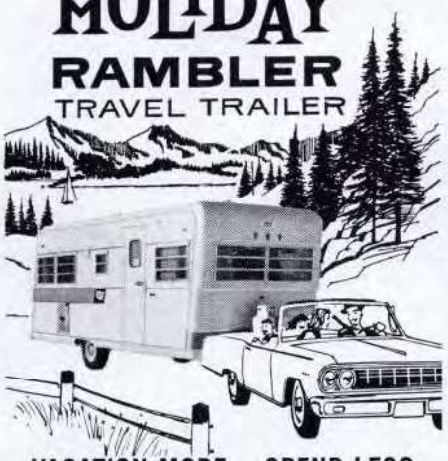
So you won't lose keys or cash, there's a patented Abditory (Webster: place for preserving articles) in every RUGBY SPORTCRAFTER® Jacket. Indispensable for golfing, fishing, or loafing, the SPORTCRAFTER fits perfectly; is completely washable. Du Pont's ZE PEL® Fabric Fluoridizer repels rain and stain, helps keep that brand-new look. In 24 colors, 56 sizes for Dad, Mom, kids. $7.95 For a 10% Discount Coupon, mail this ad to:

RUGBY SPORTCRAFTER

Buffalo, New York 14208

Travel in style and enjoy every mile with a

HOLIDAY RAMBLER
TRAVEL TRAILER



VACATION MORE... SPEND LESS

Take the conveniences and comforts of home with you when your family vacations. Park overnight anywhere, camp for a week anywhere, your HOLIDAY RAMBLER has its own power supply for lights, heat and cooking, hot and cold water supply, self-contained bath. It's ruggedly built with new sculptured aluminum exterior. Twelve models to choose from . . . most sleeping up to eight persons.

For color literature and dealers name near you, write:

HOLIDAY RAMBLER Corp.
Dept. T-4,
Wakarusa, Ind.

HOLIDAY RAMBLER
TRAVEL TRAILERS

man to man ANSWERS

from the staff of TRUE

Fla. State News Bureau

Now you see it, now you don't. Floating like giant sponges, islands drift from view.

The fishing was so good near a brush-covered island on Orange Lake in central Florida, that Chicago fisherman Joe Cantor decided he'd return to the same spot. To make sure he'd find it, he carefully sighted on several large shore landmarks, including a tree and a waterside fishing camp.

When he came back the next day, he did a startled double take. The tree and the fishing camp were there, but the island was gone!

He had a hard time believing the explanation he got from local residents. The 16-mile length of Orange Lake is dotted with scores of islands that float. As big as an acre, they sometimes travel a mile or more in a day.

Joe went back to Chicago with quite a fish story to tell—and now he'd like us to supply him with a little scientific stuff to back up this odd business of floating islands. Are they found anywhere else? And what makes them float, anyway?

Orange Lake has more of the islands than any other one lake but it's not the only place where these curiosities are found. There are quite a few on the St. John's River in Florida, and many in the bayous of Louisiana. Some have been found in northern lakes—in Vermont, Minnesota and Ontario. In other parts of the world, they're commonplace on the Amazon, Congo and Ganges rivers.

The islands get their start when aquatic plants form into a mass. In northern lakes, sphagnum moss is often the starter. In tropical waters, it's generally spatterdock or water lilies that get the process going. Joined by other flotsam, and falling leaves, the mass builds up.

When seeds alight on it, they may take root. Decaying vegetation makes soil. Generally such islands are broken up by wind or storm long before they reach this stage, but favorable conditions, such as those on Orange Lake, enable them to grow and survive, sometimes long enough for trees on them to reach 25-foot heights.

But what keeps them afloat? Dr. George Reed of Florida Presbyterian College, who has made a special study of them, tells us that the current theory is that they're held up by gas—chiefly CH_4, methane—coming from the decomposing roots and other vegetation. Some of the plants, like sawgrass, have roots filled with air pockets, which add to the buoyancy.

Whatever its size, a floating island has beneath it a tangle of roots that makes a fine abode for fish. Some fishermen tie up beside the islands, others climb aboard. Some of the natives around Orange Lake go about it in ice-fishing fashion, sawing a hole in the spongy soil with a cross-cut saw and dropping a line down through. [*Continued on page 78*]

Is it worth $10 to cut 4, 5, even 6 strokes off your golf game?

A small price, if it can be done. Can it? □ Read what Gene Sarazen* has to say: "The power, accuracy and consistency you want—body, arms and hands working together in fluid motion —can be delivered only by a *perfect grip*." □ And PGA Champion Olin Dutra** adds: "The *grip* is the single most important factor in getting the ball to go where you want it to. If you start your swing with the proper grip, and maintain that grip to the completion of your follow-through, hooks and slices become a thing of the past." □ In fact, distance and complete control of distance are the result of a champion's grip. So by now you know the only way to cut 4, 5, even 6 strokes off your game, permanently, is to develop a perfect golf grip. □ And that's where the $10 comes in. It will buy you a scientifically designed grip formulating device called simply, *Grip Groover*. □ At first glance the Grip Groover looks like the handle of a golf club. Examine it closely and you'll see it has engineered finger tabs and thumb guide ridges. These will educate your fingers and hands into the muscle mechanics of a perfect golf grip. □ A perfect golf grip cannot come naturally. A pro can show it to you. But making it a permanent part of your game is a self teaching process. And that's where Grip Groover is unique. Grip Groover assures you that your grip is right because you can feel when it's wrong. Regardless of the size of your hands, holding the Grip Groover correctly locks them into the perfect golf grip. □ The Grip Groover has an invisible, hard rubber core. The core is adjustable to three different degrees of resistance. Constant pressure of the finger tabs against this core will not only solidify the perfect grip, but such practice will also strengthen finger, hand and forearm muscles. Much the way a pianist or baseball pitcher develops strength by squeezing a hard rubber ball. And, of course, the convenience of Grip Groover permits you to practice anywhere: at home, in the office, even between shots on the course. □ If you're a beginner, you'll move out of the duffer class, fast! If you shoot in the high eighties, you should cut at least 4 strokes from your game, permanently. □ How sure are we that Grip Groover will give you the perfect golf grip? How can you be sure that practice with your Grip Groover will cut 4, 5, 6, even more strokes from your game? We guarantee that within 10 days Grip Groover will convince you of its value, or mail it back to us and we'll refund your money, no questions asked. The important thing for you to consider is that so far we've never had a Grip Groover returned. □ What have you got to lose? Only 4, 5, 6 strokes or more from your score, permanently. □ Is a Grip Groover worth $10?

*PGA HALL OF FAME, GOLF ADVISORY STAFF, WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO.
**PGA HALL OF FAME, ADVISORY STAFF, GOLFCRAFT

Mail coupon today—for the "Grip of Champions"

Money-back Guarantee

ELDORADO PRODUCTS, INC.
P.O. Box 956, Costa Mesa, California

Please send me_____Grip Groover(s) at $10 each. I'm so magnanimous I want my golf buddies to have one, too.

Enclosed is a check, money order, or cash to cover the order.

$10 covers the cost of handling, mailing and tax.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ZONE____STATE_____

TM-1

Choice of the Smart Set—New TAYLOR Vermouths

Premium quality WITHOUT the premium price. Sweet or Dry with just the right verve to give a cocktail the "master mixer's" touch. Try them and see.

©The Taylor Wine Company, Inc., Hammondsport, New York — producers of Wines, Champagnes, Vermouths

get plenty of sock for your money!

It's easy. Just make sure the label says GUARDSMAN.®
Then you'll know you're getting top value, top quality.
Choose from a wide variety of styles, blends, and colors.
From crews to over-the-calf dress socks.
They're priced from 79¢—at stores everywhere.

Guardsman Hosiery, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York 19.

[*Continued from page 76*]

Q: What is the largest bobcat ever taken in New York state and where in that state are bobcats generally found? *William Ryan, Bronx, N. Y.*

A: Frank Webb of New York Mills, N. Y., holds the record with a 46 pound, 10 ounce bobcat taken on January 21, 1962, in Hamilton County. Bobcats are found in all hilly, heavily wooded sections of New York. Average weight of a bobcat is 20 pounds.

Q: How are the numbers on a baseball player's uniform determined? *Mary H. Chapman, Brisbane, Calif.*

A: There is no definite pattern, however many clubs follow the procedure whereby catchers are issued numbers below 10, infielders 10 to 19, outfielders 20 to 29, and pitchers 30 to 40. This system was suggested by National League President Warren Giles several years ago but is by no means a hard and fast rule.

Q: Does the size of a body of water affect the growth of a fish? *Robert B. Newly, Whitesboro, N. Y.*

A: Yes. The size of the body of water in which a fish is living very definitely controls its size. If the body of water is small the fish will be limited in size. If the body of water is large the fish will continue to grow as long as it lives, slowing down, of course, as it ages.

Q: What ever happened to the unfortunate GI who was driving the truck which collided with Gen. George Patton's staff car, causing Patton's untimely death? *L. J. Buyse, Anoka, Minn.*

A: The driver of the truck involved in the collision with the staff car in which General Patton was riding was T/5 Robert L. Thompson. Apparently the investigation into the incident absolved Thompson of blame as there is no record of charges ever being filed against him. The accident took place on the outskirts of Mannheim, Germany, on December 8, 1945. The general was taken to the 130th Station hospital in Heidelberg where examination disclosed that he had suffered a simple fracture of the third cervical vertebra and a dislocation of the fourth cervical vertebra, causing a complete paralysis from the neck down. By the end of the week Gen. Patton had improved and it was announced that he was out of danger. On December 20, however, he contracted a respiratory infection and died the next day. He was 60 years old.

Q: Do ships flying the American flag, or those ships based in the United States, have to pay to pass through the Panama Canal? *Ronald B. Stickley, Parkersburg, Iowa.*

A: Yes. All commercial vessels are treated the same, regardless of registry. Even vessels of the United States Government are assessed tolls on the same basis as any other vessels. In such cases, however, transaction is on paper between two agencies of the U.S. Government and there is no immediate transfer of cash.

Q: Could the X-15 go to the moon? ***J. L. Valentine, Panama City, Fla.***

A: No. It can escape from 99 percent of the earth's atmosphere but for only a few minutes at a time. The plane's ammonia-burning rocket engine can produce as much as 57,000 pounds of thrust but at full throttle its fuel is consumed in about one and a half minutes. This has been enough to send the X-15 to an altitude of 67 miles and a speed of 4,104 mph.

Q: In chapter 13 of *Casino Royale* by Ian Fleming, Mathis tells Bond that the nose of the bullet in question had been cut with a dumdum cross. What did he mean? ***Don Wingate, Sylvester, Ga.***

A: A dumdum bullet is a soft nosed or standard bullet with vertical cuts made in its point so that it expands upon hitting a subject, making it that much more lethal.

Q: Is there any such thing as a perfect blue-white diamond? ***Edward Adquistapace, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: There are perfect blue-white diamonds although they are rare. Among jewelers the term "perfect," or "flawless," refers primarily to the gem's clarity and not to its color, weight or cut. A perfect diamond has no flaws, cracks, carbon spots, clouds or other blemishes that are visible under 10-power magnification.

Q: What was the first American-made car to go over 100 mph? ***Larry A. Cook, Jr., Albuquerque, N. M.***

A: In the early days of auto racing in this country few records were kept and many of those were sketchy and incomplete. As a result it is not possible to say definitely which car first hit 100 mph. One candidate is the Stanley Steamer. In 1906 in a race in Florida, F. H. Marriott drove one of these cars at a speed of over 127 mph.

Q: Has anyone ever crossed the Atlantic using outboard motors for power? ***Roger J. Gores, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: Yes. In 1958 three men, Ole Botved of Denmark, Sven Erik Orjangaard of Sweden and Jim Wynne of Miami, crossed the Atlantic from Copenhagen to New York in 10 days and 17 hours. They used a 22-foot Danish boat and twin Johnson V-50 hp motors. They covered 3,433 statute miles at an average speed of 16.3 mph. They were taken aboard their refueling ship for a total of 56 hours during the trip because of frequent storm conditions.

MISS KOWA (VERNICE HOUK, MARTINS FERRY, OHIO)

jealousy

Even the sophisticates feel a twinge of envy as the proud Kowa-H owner performs photographic wonders with this fully automatic 35mm single lens reflex camera. And no wonder. It's so simple, the results so amazing.

Kowa's secret for better color or black-and-white picture taking is the built-in coupled exposure meter which automatically selects the right lens opening and shutter speed. All you do is aim and shoot.

Whatever the scene, your Kowa-H is always ready for *instant action.* It's ready for instant buying, too, as the first fully automatic 35mm SLR under $100. You can take close-up, wide-angle or telephoto shots . . . all with one camera.

We like to call it "the camera that teaches you photography." That's our Kowa-H. Make it yours today. You'll love it!

Kowa

PROMINAR INTERNATIONAL CORP.
1150 Broadway • New York, N. Y. 10001

Kowa-H . . . available at photo stores throughout the country.

Put some **FUN** *into your lawn and garden chores*
WITH A
PENNSYLVANIA PANZER GARDEN TRACTOR

Mowing, cultivating, snow removal, all the hard jobs become a lark with this rugged, nimble tractor. Sturdy and powerful —but safe and simple for the whole family. No-Shift Glidematic Drive—no gears to strip. Hugs ground—weighs over 500 lbs., far more than other garden tractors. Famous Pennsylvania quality construction means long, hard use without repairs. 35 attachments. Easy-start 6 or electric-starter 8 H.P. engines.

Since 1877

See your dealer for a demonstration or write us for literature:

PENNSYLVANIA LAWN PRODUCTS, INC.
A Division of Virginia Metalcrafters,
Dept. 154, Waynesboro, Virginia 22980

Smoke van Rossem's Royal Mixture. It's the best Dutch your pipe can get into.

J. & A. C. VAN ROSSEM—ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND

Q: What planet has the shortest day? ***Adam Bailey, Albany, N. Y.***

A: Probably Jupiter which completes a rotation in nine hours and 50 minutes. On Jupiter the year, or length of time required to make a full revolution around the sun, is 4,332½ days. The length of the day on Venus and Pluto has not been measured, Venus because it is hidden behind clouds and Pluto because it is too far away.

Q: What are horse brasses used for? ***Philip Cowan, Buffalo, N. Y.***

A: They are amulets for horses which are supposed to protect the animals against evil influences. Usually they are round brass discs, about three inches in diameter, and are fastened to the horse's head strap. Their designs vary and include wheels, the sun, crescents, eight-pointed stars, crosses, hearts and many others.

Q: Is it possible to order peyote in the United States? ***Charles D. Wagley, Lakehurst, N. J.***

A: If intended for human consumption without medical authority, the shipment of peyote is illegal. When used for medical or related scientific purposes, peyote may be shipped, but Federal law requires all drugs to bear labeling that contains the name and address of the manufacturer, packer or distributor; an adequate statement of quantity, and, in the case of peyote, the following designation: "Warning—May be Habit Forming," and the prescription legend, "Caution—Federal law prohibits dispensing without prescription." These regulations do not apply if an individual wishes to order peyote plants for ornamental use, but large shipments allegedly ordered for plant use would be viewed with suspicion. The use of peyote by certain American Indian tribes in their religious ceremonies has been permitted.

Q: Why is that in the international alphabet and numerical flags, all are square except for A (Alfa) and B (Bravo) which are notched? ***J. P. Gray, Marietta, Ga.***

A: Variety in shape and color is to prevent mistaking one flag or pennant for another. Although A (Alfa) and B (Bravo) are the only alphabet flags which are not square, there are 32 special pennants used in international signaling which are not square.

WHEN CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS

please notify us 6 weeks in advance. Supply us with both your old and new address, including address label from current issue if possible. Copies we mail to your old address will not be delivered by the Post Office unless you pay them extra postage. **Mail address changes to TRUE, Subscription Dept., Greenwich, Conn. 06830. Be sure to include your zip code number.**

Q: Do they still hold steamboat races on the Ohio River? ***Leon Claflin, Cheverly, Md.***

A: Yes, but rarely. During Kentucky Derby week last year a steamboat race was held at Louisville but it was the first such race held there since 1928. In last year's contest *The Delta Queen* defeated *The Belle of Louisville* by a mile and a half in a 12-mile race. The winner completed the course in an hour and 20 minutes.

Q: What is considered the maximum population the earth is capable of feeding? ***Oscar M. Penning, Orange, Calif.***

A: The present world population, approximately 3.2 billion people, is not adequately nourished. It is estimated that well over half the present population is to a serious extent hungry. In addition, the number of hungry people is increasing because population is rising faster than food production. Of course, if all our technical knowledge regarding food production could be applied effectively, it would be possible to feed the present world population. But this would involve an enormous expenditure for fertilizer, machinery and education. In other words, how many people the world can feed depends a lot on the state of agricultural technology.

Q: Who was the last emperor of China? ***Adair Bowman, Westbury, N. Y.***

A: Henry Pu Yi became emperor at the age of three and reigned under the name of Hsuan T'ung from 1908 to 1912. A wave of revolution and reform in China then forced him to resign. Later, in 1934, he became a puppet ruler for the Japanese in their newly conquered state of Manchukuo.

HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE will answer any reasonable questions you ask, free of charge. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-4, 67 West 44 St., New York, N. Y. 10036

Presenting the new Remington Model 700

Custom quality and custom features from butt to muzzle

Chambered for the hot new Remington 7 mm Magnum and 12 other most-wanted calibers

The Remington 700 bolt-action is designed for the real rifleman. *The shooter* who wants the accuracy bonus of Remington's famous precision rifling and short, crisp trigger pull. *The hunter* who appreciates the comfort of a Monte Carlo comb and cheek piece on an all-purpose stock that gives superb balance, natural shouldering, perfect alignment with either 'scope or open sights. *The craftsman* who loves the traditional beauty of fine checkering.

The 700 owner also gets a butter-smooth bolt action—the world's strongest. The bolt head completely encloses the cartridge case in a ring of steel. Double locking lugs provide extra strength for modern, high-velocity loads.

This is the finest rifle Remington has ever made. We think it will become one of the finest rifles of all time. Here is true custom quality. Priced from $119.95. At your Remington dealer's now.

Specifications: **MODEL 700 ADL**—*Calibers:* 222, 222 Mag., 6 mm Rem., 243, 264, 7 mm Rem. Mag., 270, 280, 308, 30/06. *Receiver:* Drilled and tapped for 'scope mounts. Fixed box magazine. *Sights:* Flat-faced gold head with ramp front sight. Step-adjustable rear sight with windage-adjustment screw. **From $119.95*.**

MODEL 700 BDL—offers these additional features: *Calibers:* All of above plus 300 Mag., 375 H&H Mag. and 458 Mag. Matted top on receiver, hinged floor plate, fully checkered fore-end with black fore-end tip, hooded ramp front sight, leather shooting sling. **From $144.95*.**

*Fair Trade retail price in states having Fair Trade laws. Prices subject to change without notice.

Remington DU PONT

Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn. In Canada: Remington Arms of Canada Limited, 36 Queen Elizabeth Blvd., Toronto, Ont.

The Lake That Turns Fish Stories Into Fact

[*Continued from page 63*]

out in the lake and jumping wildly, Trueblood came running. I guess I must have yelled.

"What's he feel like?"

"Like a runaway bus."

This trout was a gentleman. He didn't dive to the bottom and ram his head into the weeds; he didn't dash through the shoreline brush; he didn't roll up on the leader or indulge in any of the crudities of desperate big trout. He ran and leaped and ran in the open lake till drugged with fatigue. Finally I was able to draw him alongside the dock.

There, while fooling around with pictures, the hook suddenly came out and he sank slowly in the clear water.

"Probably just as well," I said a bit shakily. We still had an overstuffed icebox but I'd like to have hefted him just once.

"Looked like an eight-pounder," Ted guessed. "What did you catch him on?"

Here is a sweet moment for any angler. You've been thwarted by trout you could almost kick out onto the bank all morning and your partner has to ask what finally worked.

"The same fly you used last night," I said. "He mouthed it like a guy chewing on an old cigar."

Back at the camper for lunch a bit later, we watched the spectacle of the horde of rainbows through the picture window. It still amazed us—those trout within walking distance of the camp site.

"The poor devils," Ted remarked. . . .

To explain that, I must give the background of Stump Lake. I first heard about this fabulous spot from Mike Cramond of Vancouver when he visited New York last April. What he told me seemed impossible, but careful checking proved him right point by point.

The B. C. Fish & Game Branch of the Department of Recreation & Conservation wanted a showplace lake with terrific fishing on a main highway. Who wouldn't? They selected Stump after a careful study and poisoned it on September 9, 1957, to kill off its entire fish population. (The population was mostly "coarse" fish such as carp, suckers, squawfish and—this name kills *me*—peamouth chub.)

The poison was Toxaphene, actually a cattle spray. Rachel Carson would call Toxaphene a "bad" poison because in strong concentration it is a total eradicator of life. But Stump, comparatively shallow, was ideally suited for a mild dose of Toxaphene which at the rate of only one to 100 million parts of water knocked out the fish and the shrimp (a small crustacean quite different from the ocean variety) but not the insect life.

Besides, the price of the Toxaphene job was only $900. To have used the older, more conventional rotenone would have cost $72,000. The Fish & Game Branch, alas, is not sole master of its own income, chunks of which wind up in the province's general fund. Anyhow, it stretches its dollars.

The lake was allowed to clear for two years, then plantings of young rainbows began late in September of 1959. Some of the fry were incredibly small: 630 to the pound. That fall 201,000 trout went into Stump, and it was also restocked with shrimp. Because of the great amount of other feed in the lake besides the shrimp —snails, leeches, May flies and other insects—the trout gorged and grew prodigeously.

A 14-pounder was caught in Stump in October, 1962, on a trolled Doc Spratley fly; and an 18-pounder last April. My friend Doug Robertson of Kamloops caught a 14-pounder last spring. These and other huge trout have been in the lake only since September, 1959, remember.

Their growth is almost unparalleled.

Big plantings of tiny rainbows continued each year until the total approached the three-quarter-million mark in 1963.

And now we come to Trueblood's remark, "The poor devils."

Those big trout crowding the shoreline wore the gaudy pink stripe and golden sides of spawning rainbows . . . only rainbows cannot spawn in a lake; they *must* have running water and Stump has neither inlet nor outlet. Nevertheless they tried, and dug "beds" in the gravel and among the rocks.

There was something pathetic about these big fish trying unsuccessfully to spawn. But soon they would give up and disappear into the depths to join the host of rainbows not yet mature. Meanwhile they provided visiting anglers with a temporary bonanza.

Or did they?

Those trout nearly drove us nuts. It was like fishing in a hatchery of whoppers with lockjaw. We worked on them for 13 hours that first day. I'll bet I cast 10,000 times without another strike. Finally in late afternoon Ted caught and released a six-pounder.

He mopped his brow. "All day for one trout, but it was worth it."

A few hours later, with no more successes than a fish each for the day, we walked wearily to the camper in the twilight, washed up outside and stepped inside to deluxe quarters. Or so it seemed to me for till then I'd always camped under canvas. But here were a stove, refrigerator and overhead lights all operating on bottled gas from an outside tank. There was a sink with its own water supply. Bunk beds. Cupboards. A dining table with banquettes. It was neat.

We now fell into a ritual that has evolved from long association, for our

TRUE

"Why, this is unbelievable! You're positive? A *pro*-American mob?"

AMAZING "LAND AND SEA" LANTERN GIVES A POWERHOUSE OF LIGHT. DROP IT ON CONCRETE— IT WON'T BREAK! DROP IT IN THE WATER— IT FLOATS.

Now, for the first time, a lantern has been constructed to take the roughest kind of treatment that can be dished out. It will withstand the most ferocious impact you can deliver and never be damaged. Drop it overboard and it will float. Take it out of the water, flick the switch and it will light every single time. Completely impervious to rust, fungus, battery acid, etc.

IT WILL NOT CRACK! Time and time again, we tested it in rain, sleet, snow, mud. We subjected it to the impact of 360°F. and to minus 40°F. and it never cracked or chipped.

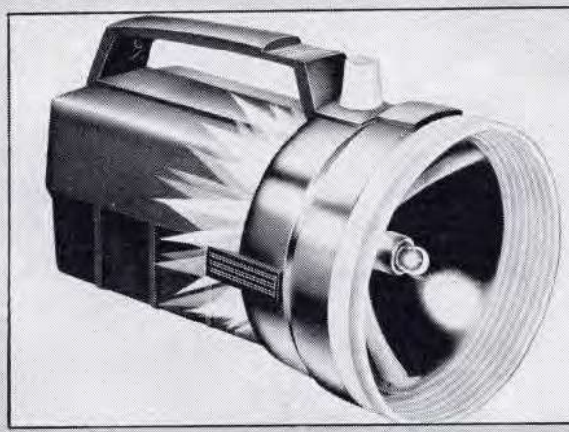
The **"LAND AND SEA"** Lantern is designed for the outdoors and for the home. It throws a powerful, powerful beam as far as one quarter of a mile and the **SAFETY FLASHING RED LIGHT** can be seen from more than 500 feet away. Use the Safety Light to warn oncoming motorists or as a signal announcing your location.

FREE TRIAL OFFER. If the **"LAND AND SEA"** case ever breaks, corrodes or does not perform in the manner described, HAMILTON HOUSE will make a complete refund to you. Order now. Try it. You have nothing to lose.

Here are some more exciting features:

- Cannot corrode or rust.
- Weighs less than 12 ounces.
- White rim around the lens extend beyond the lens for added protection and also gives effective side light.
- Replacement cost of sealed light unit as inexpensive as the cost of a bulb.
- Four position switch. One for power light. One for safety blinker. One for blinker and light combined. One for "off."
- Sit the lantern on the ground, the light points up so that beam hits the car wheel permitting safe repairs. You have free use of both hands.

Keep one in your car and another in your home. Choice of red or yellow case. The price, without the battery, is a surprisingly low $6.95 or 2 for $13. Standard size 6 volt batteries are available at all hardware stores.



HAMILTON HOUSE, Dept. CT-4, Cos Cob, Conn.

Yes, I want to take advantage of the trial offer. I enclose $_____ for which you are to send me _____ cases ($6.95 or 2 for $13). My choice of color is RED ☐ YELLOW ☐

(Sorry, no COD's or Canadian orders)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

RINGTHEBELL on Archive.org

"Your wife might be a pain in the neck, Jones, but you can't claim her as a medical deduction!"

camping trips in the West together now total up to many months. I uncorked a bottle of whisky and threw the cork over my shoulder, paying no attention to where it landed. Done outside, Trueblood calls the act of refreshment "looking at the stars."

We looked at the stars a few times in the camper.

"What's for supper?" I said presently. It is Barrett's Law that Ted is cook and I am dishwasher, wood hustler and water carrier.

"A damn big porterhouse. Salad. Bread and butter. I dare you to ask for dessert."

Trueblood is a superb camp cook. His blueberry pancakes would make a French chef cry with envy. Once he prepared some neck meat from an old bull elk I'd shot only three hours earlier—still so fresh I doubt it had cooled—and it was so tender you could have cut it with a stick.

Presently pipe smoke and the aroma of the cooking steak blended in the cabin. I laid aside my fly-tying stuff after turning out several fat-bodied nymphs that I hoped would prove chewy to the trout.

The steak was delicious. As for the nymphs, they were to bring some pleasant surprises.

Stump Lake gave up its secrets slowly. Though we'd fished hard but as unobtrusively as possible for its trout, we didn't realize how touchy the rainbows at the south campsite were until a young couple set up camp nearby. The fellow saw the trout and immediately went after them with a spinning outfit and a big yellow lure called a Flatfish. He soon hooked a big trout that got off after one leap.

A few desperate hours later, still fishless, he launched a small cartop boat and with his girl trolling rowed back and forth over the fish. On the third pass I remarked that he'd soon drive the trout away and he quit immediately. But the damage was done—the fish left and never returned during the rest of our week's stay.

That afternoon Ray McPherson and Joe McKinnon met us and showed us new waters at the far end of the lake where there's a small island. Signs proclaimed that the tip of the lake was temporarily closed to fishing.

"They've been netting trout here and taking their eggs," Joe explained. "Got a million or so last year but only about 60 percent hatched. I hear it was the same this spring."

The Fish & Game Branch had also tried two schemes here to create moving water in the lake. The year before, a huge pumping arrangement created an artificial stream effect. This spring, paddlewheels in two large enclosures were tried. But neither procedure prompted natural spawning.

We saw no trout at the island shoals and decided to try what local Canadians call "mooching"—drifting in a boat while trailing a fly with a sinking line like a WetCel or, when becalmed, casting the fly and retrieving it slowly close to the bottom. Either way, you fish blind.

Just as we were about to quit—bingo! An unseen trout seized Ted's trailing nymph, jumped magnificently once near the boat, then lunged down the open lake. The wonderful sirening of that reel was the first we'd heard all day and it went on and on.

"He's as strong as a bull," Ted said presently, "and he's going to break off if I don't follow him right now."

He yanked the outboard into life and took off in pursuit, reeling for broke. That rainbow was all heart. Twenty minutes later when Ted tried to net it—the trout was so big he had to make four attempts before he crammed it into the net—the fish was nearly dead.

And what a trout! Silver bright on the sides, all muscle.

"If you throw that back—no more whisky," I said. "What's he weigh?"

"Ten and three quarters!"

"Did you ever catch a bigger trout in a lake on a fly?"

"Never. And I've seldom fished so long in a lake for one trout."

This was the mystery of Stump—how a lake so filled with trout could give up so few. Ted's fish, some of whose steaks —as pink as any salmon's—we enjoyed at dinner, was what Joe and Ray called "bright" as opposed to the more colorful "dark" rainbows we'd seen trying to spawn near shore.

"We're trying to line up a good skin diver to go down and find out where the devil the fish are," Joe said morosely. "Except for a short time after ice-out in April, and again in late September and October when most of us are hunting, you seldom see a trout. Or catch one."

The talk turned to other lakes and places. And as these two Scotch-descended Canadians talked I began to get a picture of two guys living in a fish-and-game paradise so bounteous it was driving them slightly nuts.

McKinnon, who is in the plumbing and heating business, keeps a boat atop his truck all the time, and tackle inside it. "When I leave the house in the morning," he said with a sly grin, "there's no telling whether I'm going to check out a job or a lake. But somehow we get the work done."

McPherson, who has a tackle store in Kamloops, said frankly, "I went broke once because of the fishing. Couldn't leave it alone and my business went to hell. But I've got it under control now —I think."

We never did solve the mystery of how to catch Stump Lake's bright rainbows, partly because of the wind. I have never seen such a blowy place; Stump could become unsafe for a small boat in a matter of minutes and remain so for hours. When it was just windy enough to navigate we tried trolling flies, and when the wind dropped to a mere breeze, we mooched. But not another bright trout struck.

However, we did put to rest a notion of our Canadian friends that dark fish were hardly worth fishing for. Perhaps they unconsciously associated Stump's trying-to-spawn trout with Pacific salmon, all of which die after spawning and in their final highly colored stages are eaten only by bears, eagles and other scavengers. But rainbows seldom die after spawning and in the U.S. their spring spawning run is *the* event of many a river, especially in the East.

I remember a morning when we discovered a bonanza of dark rainbows snug against a fir-hung bank. For once it was perfectly calm as we eased along about 40 feet offshore in the boat. I stood in the bow and soon saw a light-colored area about six feet across where rainbows had scoured the rocky bottom clean—another fruitless spawning bed. And then I saw the fish—five of them!

Excitedly we anchored in water so clear you could see the color of the trout

25 or 30 feet away. You could actually follow your nymph as it sank slowly, then came to life in little pulsating darts as a huge trout passed nearby.

"He's turning! He's following! He's—"

Ted's suddenly taut rod caused a watery explosion as a big rainbow leaped violently a yard from shore. The trout jumped cleanly three more times, then took off in a sizzling run.

"Nothing sick about that trout."

"No, sir! Color him lively."

In the next hour or so we took four trout in that one spot and released them, for if we'd kept them we'd have been finished for the day (the limit is two a day when they're 20 inches or bigger, as these were). We guessed their total weight at 30 pounds.

We decided later that the campsite fish that gave us such a hard time were unusually spooky because of the number of people who immediately saw them and went to work on them. Elsewhere, though the trout were seldom pushovers, they would take a properly presented nymph —almost *any* nymph, even an orange one I made up so I could see it on dark days.

And we had some dark days; one so windy it was too dangerous to use the boat. Low clouds raced past just above the treetops, followed by a veil of sand being whipped off the beach into the trees. We decided to explore the west shore on foot in case we'd see a trout to cast to in a calm spot.

So far as fishing went, it was a wasted morning. But hiking through the firs put into focus a thought about Stump that had been tugging for recognition: the lake is wild and waiting to be discovered. One thinks of a lake beside a highway as a place whose shores have been trod by countless people, yet we found a primitiveness that only accompanies isolation.

Once we surprised a pine squirrel chasing the bejesus out of a chipmunk. For fun, I think. They stopped like people caught in an act of foolishness and regarded us gravely. The chipmunk advanced tamely till he was only a yard from my boot. Then with a flirt of his tail he was gone in a whirl of leaves, the squirrel hard after him and scolding like a housewife.

We found a tremendous beaver house maybe 15 feet across and almost as high above the water, deserted now and no wonder—the small supply of aspens had given out and the beavers had taken to cutting down firs and stripping their bark.

"I never heard of beavers eating evergreens before," Ted remarked. "Do you suppose they had a halfwit leader who brought them here?"

Later we climbed straight up the hillside and came upon a group of abandoned plank buildings that probably housed the men who worked the old copper mine not far beyond. Two fat rock chucks sat on the steps of the weathered cookhouse in the day's first sunlight, unafraid. A crow cocked its head at us from atop a barn. There was a haunting, wild flavor about the place that bespeaks the odd seclusion of Stump Lake. . . .

Just what is it really like to catch the big rainbows of Stump? I found it a lot

How come fishermen are paying more to get this 3.9 hp Merc?

Merc 39 costs a little more than other outboard motors in its power class because it has features which other small motors don't have.

This 3.9 hp Merc has a twist-grip throttle on the steering handle to give you one-hand control of steering and speed. It has full gearshift (forward, neutral and reverse)... just like all the more powerful Mercs.

Instead of a single clamp bracket, Merc 39 has dual brackets for additional strength and added safety. Jet-Prop exhaust, through the hub of the propeller, buries the sound deep underwater, reduces drag and gives smooth trolling.

Merc 39 has no shear pins to fail at critical moments. Its multiple-splined propeller hub has a live-rubber safety clutch that absorbs impact. The sturdy one-piece gearcase gives permanent, positive alignment of shafts, bearings and gears. There's no protruding nose to hook logs and rocks or gather weeds.

Merc 39 has a remote 3¼ gallon fuel tank

included in the price ... instead of the integral tank found on most small outboards.

These are just a few of the reasons why the 3.9 hp Merc is worth more than other small motors. Besides these, you get the durability, lightweight, and remarkable fuel economy that is built into all the 1964 Mercurys ... 100, 85, 65, 50, 35, 20, 9.8, 6 and 3.9 hp outboards and MerCruiser Stern Drives... 110 to 310 hp gasoline and 60 and 100 hp diesel.

MERCURY

KIEKHAEFER MERCURY

SILVER ANNIVERSARY FLEET

©1964, Kiekhaefer Corporation, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and Toronto. Subsidiary of Brunswick Corporation

like a big-game hunt where one sees so many animals you can pick and choose among them for a good trophy, and then stalk and eventually outwit it. I got the same tremendous lift from catching one of these dream-size trout as I have from shooting a buck—and the same lingering memories of the details.

We automatically thought of each trout as "he," though we actually caught far more females than males. If we saw half a dozen trout in one spot, we'd always try for the largest even if he seemed uninterested in the fly.

A "he" fish that really made the trip for me was a hulking rainbow I hooked in a bay about 300 yards wide. I was casting from shore.

"He's as long as your leg!" Ted said from behind me when the fish swam past only a few yards away. (Ted was watching, since we fished this little bay alternately so the supply of trout would last longer.)

When the rainbow felt the hook he took off with driving power. You can only let such a fish go where he will. You hold the rod high with the reel free to run and wait for the trout to stop its first panicky dash. But this one never stopped and finally I ran for the boat at the other end of the beach.

"How far has he gone?" Ted asked as he shoved us off and hastily cranked the motor.

"Nearly 300 yards. I'm about out of line."

We soon found that the rainbow had gone around every prominent snag in the bay. But miraculously the line kept coming clear, even when we came to a sunken tree.

"He'd have broken you for sure if you hadn't run for the boat," Ted said. "Is he still on?"

"Stop the boat and let's see."

The line kept going out inexorably and away we went again in pursuit. Now we found he'd traveled the entire length of a reed bed only a yard from shore. Then around a stump and back the way we'd just come.

Twenty minutes later we suddenly found ourselves in the open bay with the fish only 50 feet away yet still powerful. But now it would just take time and a bit later I had him.

He was gulp-sized.

"Hurry to shore so we can get some pictures, then I'll turn him loose," I said, keeping the trout in the net and in the water.

But he'd fought his strength out and couldn't revive in the shallow water by the shore so we had no choice but to keep him. I got out tape measure and scale—at 29 inches he *was* as long as my leg, and weighed 12½ pounds.

I was as excited as if I'd just shot an elk, and as pleased. Well, there are picnic tables at this little bay. We went over to one and opened a couple of beers. It was a lovely day in early June and for a wonder wasn't windy. We just sat there, sipping beer and talking about my trout and looking at it glistening in the shade.

Across the lake, sunlight glinted on the chrome of a passing car.

"They ought to put sedges in Stump so the trout would have an annual feeding spree on top." I said. "Then almost anyone could harvest these whoppers."

A sedge is a winged aquatic insect missing from Stump, though it's present in nearby lakes. They hatch locally in early June and in such quantity they drift in fluttering windrows on the surface. Trout gorging on them are easy to catch then.

"It would be too dangerous," Ted said. "Think of the car crashes as guys on the road saw 15-pounders wallowing about like hogs!"

He picked up his rod and walked to the shore, then eased forward in a half crouch, his eyes on a big rainbow finning in only two feet of water. We were to catch and turn loose over 30 of these great fish before we just plain lost track of the count.

Trueblood made a cast.

The trout in this bay were scarcer than when we first found them: gone back to the depths probably, where they'd become "brights" again. Meanwhile, from early spring through mid-June, the dark rainbows await anglers in this amazing, passed-by public trout hole.

Trueblood struck a fish and the lake exploded.

I thought, *It's an impossible dream come true. And pretty soon it'll be my turn again!*

—Peter Barrett

How You're Doubling Your Money in Space

[*Continued from page* 42]

be counted on to yield them in an increasing torrent as we move toward 1970 and beyond.

The benefits can be grouped broadly into two great classes: economic and scientific. Consider the economic benefits. The space program is like a thousand-armed octopus that reaches into every corner of U.S. business life. It involves not only science and technology but also ordinary business activity: transportation, accounting, construction. It has created hundreds of thousands of high-paying jobs. In the manned space project alone some 4,000 companies were directly involved in building the Mercury capsules, and another 5,000 were linked in tracking operations. Among these were many that couldn't have existed were it not for the space program. They were working in areas of technology that came into being only as a result of the drive to explore space. Untold thousands of other companies in turn were selling goods and services to the space-program companies, and thousands more were selling to people whose paychecks came from those companies. Everybody was making money. The likelihood is high that you wouldn't have got your last raise if there were no space program.

The scientific benefits are even more exciting. Whenever a lab develops a scientific concept or a piece of fancy hardware for space purposes, the probability is that the development will turn out to be useful somewhere in earthbound life. Over the next decade you're going to see a fantastic parade of startling new products, improvements on old ones and price cuts on expensive ones. Said an official of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration: "It wouldn't be an exaggeration in my opinion to say that the space program could change our whole way of living here on earth."

For example, take the concept of no-wire electronics. Up till now a spacecraft has been a jumble of electronic gadgetry. Just because there are so many parts and wired interconnections, the chances of breakdown have been higher than space engineers like to think about. It is obvious, then, that the fewer parts a device has, the smaller is the mathematical likelihood of trouble. Thus space engineers have begun to concentrate on the idea of making electronic gadgetry simpler. And one concept they're using is a fantastic development called the "molecular block."

Essentially, a molecular block is a solid lump of material—germanium, silicon or some other substance with the right properties—whose molecules are arranged in such a way that they do the work of a whole assembly of components, wires and connections. Such blocks are being used in the Apollo program, the Titan Mark III rocket, the Minute Man ICBM guidance system and several secret space projects.

Westinghouse Electric Corporation is deep in research on the idea—and not only for space. A Westinghouse executive told me that the company is also studying the earthbound possibilities of this no-wire-electronics device. "Using this concept," he said, "we can put together a radio or TV set with perhaps one-tenth the number of parts and connections now required. This should mean a much longer trouble-free life for the average piece of electronic equipment in the home. And in time, as we learn more efficient ways of making molecular blocks, the cost of this equipment may drop far below what we're used to today." Already Westinghouse engineers have been able to construct a radio receiver which uses only six molecular blocks instead of the usual tangle of parts and wires. And the company has built a molecular-block TV camera, for satellites, that measures 7½ inches long and weighs only 27 ounces. According to one estimate, this kind of drastically simplified, slimmed-down electronic equipment will begin to show up in your appliance store about a year and a half from now.

The space effort has not only spurred the development of ideas like these, it has also forced down to the practical level some discoveries that were hanging around uselessly in laboratories—ideas that nobody knew what to do with. The silicone-phosphorus solar cell is an example. This is a device that converts sunlight into electricity. It has been a

laboratory curiosity for some time. I remember seeing a demonstration of one about 10 years ago. It was a large cumbersome outdoor rig, built at a cost of several hundred dollars. The scientist who was escorting me opened the gadget up and switched it on. The fierce energy of the sun poured in. After a while, at the bottom of the device, a flashlight bulb lit up.

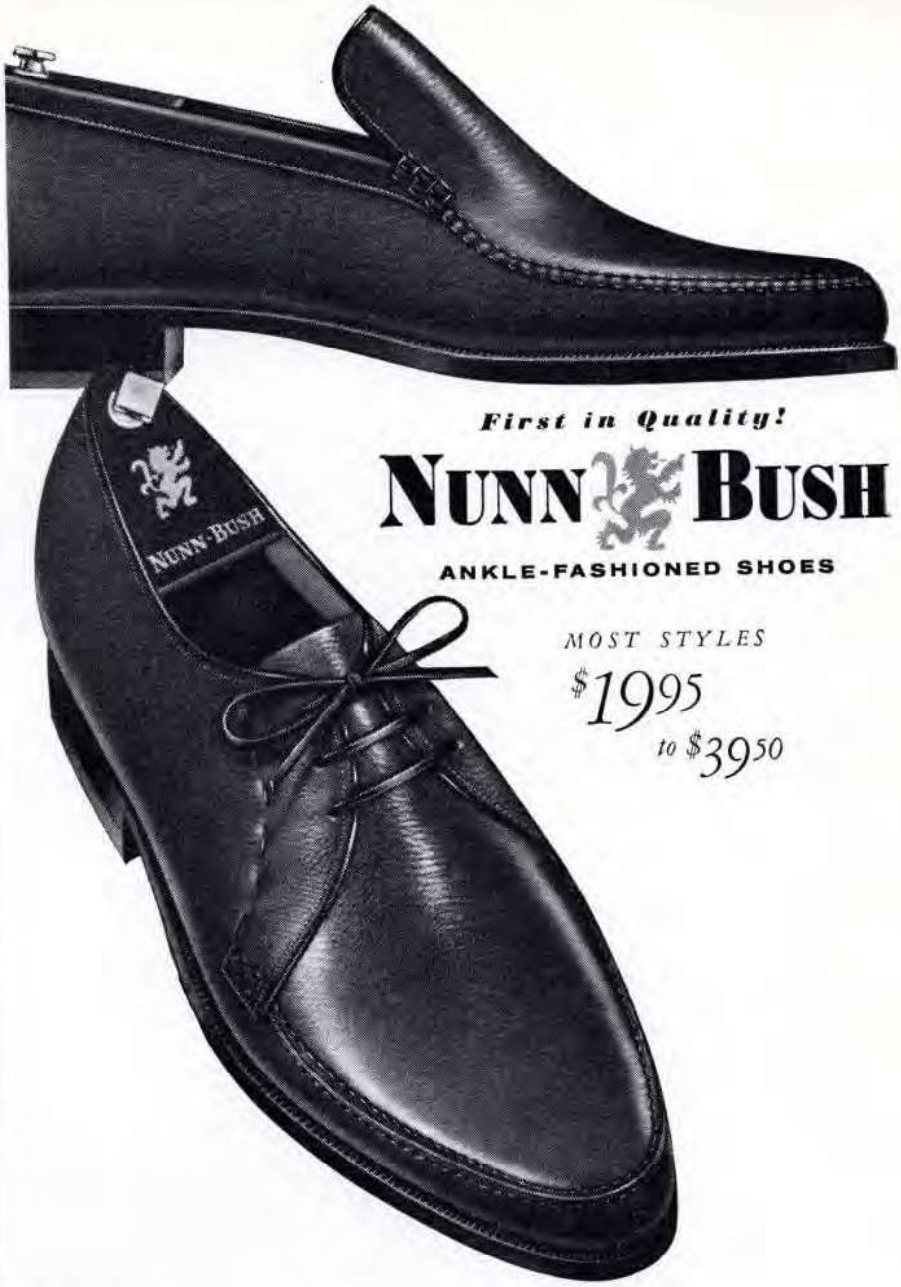
"See?" the scientist said. "Electric current from light." I remarked that this seemed like a complicated way to light a flashlight bulb, in view of the fact that one can buy a dry cell battery for 20 cents. The scientist sadly agreed. "It's just a kind of toy," he said. "There's probably no practical use for it."

But a few years later the goverment sent word to electronics companies that a workable solar cell had to be built, whether it was possible or not. Space vehicles were going to need a light, compact source of power that would last an unlimited time. Among companies that tackled the problem was Hoffman Electronics of California. With the government's huge space budget backing up the research, Hoffman was able to work on the idea of solar power intensively instead of just tinkering with it as scientists had done in the past. Eventually the company came up with a sun-powered unit that delivered about 20 times the amount of electric power per ounce of weight as the gadget I'd seen only a few years before. As solar cells, these went into the long-distance space roamer *Mariner II*, which was launched in August, 1962, and was still transmitting steadily when it flew past Venus in December.

During the development of the cells it soon became apparent that their new efficiency might make them useful on earth. Early in the 1960's, Hoffman had a visit from a group of California highway planners. They were up against a dilemma that seemed almost insoluble. The state was building highways at a tremendous rate to accommodate its fast-growing population. There was enough money available for the roadbuilding itself. But the actual laying-down of highway pavement is only the beginning of highway expenses. For every 100 miles of new road built, a corresponding increase in police patrols and communications lines is needed. Otherwise the road will get clogged up almost daily by accidents, vehicle breakdowns, foolish parking and other problems—in which case it might just as well not have been built. The California planners didn't know how state and county police forces could keep pace with the roadbuilding program.

That's why they called on Hoffman. They had an idea for a system of call stations to be spaced along major highways. Motorists in trouble could use these stations to call in to a central police monitoring post. This way, fewer police patrols would be necessary. Yet the system had to be cheap since it would cover thousands of miles. An ordinary telephone network would cost too much. But sunlight is free, the planners reasoned. Could Hoffman devise a sun-powered call system?

Hoffman could indeed. Its system is now being tried out along California



First in Quality!

NUNN BUSH

ANKLE-FASHIONED SHOES

MOST STYLES

$19.95 *to* $39.50

It's time to
Break with Tradition

Some men choose their shoes because their fathers and grandfathers wore the same make before them . . . not realizing that the wand of progress long since has passed to other brands. Such men owe themselves the Nunn-Bush experience . . . of discovering how the Nunn-Bush development, Ankle-Fashioning, provides superior, tensile, coddling fit . . . with style that lasts through many extra, satisfying miles . . .

UPPER: Style 2198 — Hemlock Brown Monona Grain Calf. Flexible Fetherwate Slip-on. Cobble Stitched. Also in Black. *LOWER: Style 2837* — Brown Amall Grain Calf. Flexible Fetherwate. Cobble Stitched. Also in Black.

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53201

Also made at: 430 McGill St., Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Progreso 172, Mexico City 18, D.F. Mexico

freeways. The motorist in trouble walks to the nearest call box and punches a button. The box sends a signal to police headquarters over Citizens Band radio frequencies. The signal tells the police which box the call came from, and help is dispatched there on the double. For nights and overcast days the Hoffman system uses another space-derived idea: rechargeable nickel-cadmium storage batteries.

Several other states, notably Kansas and Pennsylvania, are studying the solar call-box idea. From your point of view all this could have a lot of worthwhile results. If the idea spreads, you won't be taxed so hard to pay for highway police, patrol cars and equipment. Traffic jams will be far less frequent. And when your fan belt snaps or your generator breaks down, you won't have to sit and wait till the next patrol car comes by. Farther off in the future is the distinct possibility of using the sun to provide electric current for your house.

Another intriguing idea that got a push from the space program is the Rogallo wing. Scientists in NASA's Gemini and man-on-the-moon programs wanted a better way of getting a spacecraft back to earth than parachuting. They wanted wings of some kind—some means of giving the space pilot control over where he landed in case his plunge into the atmosphere wasn't aimed quite accurately enough. Ordinary glider wings would break up under the tremendous speed of re-entry. Small, thick wings of the jet-aircraft type were too "hot." They wouldn't hold a craft up unless it was traveling at 200 mph, and that was too fast for a spacecraft landing. What was needed was a wing that would conform itself to existing aerodynamic conditions and that could handle 1,000 mph, but from that speed could waft a space capsule down to a featherlight landing.

An inventor named Francis I. Rogallo had designed such a wing in the early 1950's. It was shaped something like an arrowhead, with flexible halves attached to a central spine. Unable to get aircraft companies interested, Rogallo patented the design and applied it to kites. The Rogallo kite had lift enough to rise in the lightest breezes, yet it remained stable even when flown in a gale. It automatically changed its flexible shape to handle whatever airstream it found itself in.

Rogallo had small hope his idea would get much beyond kites, at least in the foreseeable future. But then NASA heard about the Rogallo wing and commissioned the Ryan Aeronautical Co. to experiment with it. Wind-tunnel tests have shown it to be exactly what NASA wanted. It will be used not only to glide manned capsules back to earth, but also to glide down booster rockets and other costly equipment that now gets lost in every space shot.

Meanwhile, Ryan has been thinking about other possibilities. Jet-airliner safety, for instance. When a big jet's engines fail, the plane drops like a stone. Its aerodynamic design is such that it can't glide. In recent years this fact has caused a number of airline tragedies, as on October 4, 1960 at Boston, when a huge plane sucked starlings into its air intakes. The engines died and the airliner plummeted into Boston Harbor, killing 61. Ryan's idea is to have Rogallo wings folded into a slot on top of an airliner. If the engines fail, the plane will have a chance of unfurling these auxiliary wings and gliding to safety. Tests of this idea are under way now at Ryan.

A North Carolina firm, Flight Dynamics, has put the Rogallo wing to another use. For about $150 you can buy from Flight Dynamics a kit to build yourself a Rogallo-wing sports glider. Since the wings can be furled, it's as portable as a canoe. One design is a seagoing glider in which you're towed behind a boat, like flying water skis.

The U.S. government itself is solidly behind this transfer of ideas from space to earth. In fact the government has set up a group whose specific assignment is to make it happen. Tucked into a corner of NASA's big modern building in Washington, D.C., the active little Office of Technology Utilization sees to it that space-science developments become known to businessmen who might be interested in making earthbound use of them.

TRUE

"You know, I think this is the push I need to quit smoking."

One of OTU's key men, Jerome Teplitz, talked about its efforts to this TRUE reporter. "What we're doing here," he said, "is trying to speed up a process that would happen anyway, but would happen too slowly. If we left the whole thing alone, space technology would eventually filter down to the consumer. But the lag would be 10 years in some cases, maybe a hundred in others. The classic instance of this kind of lag is the steam engine. It was invented somewhere around 500 B.C., but it wasn't used until the 18th century, more than 2,000 years later.

As an example of OTU's work, Teplitz told about anti-glue. Certain types of solid-fueled rocket motors require a star-shaped open space in the middle of the wad of fuel, for reasons of firing efficiency. The fuel is cast into the motor case in much the same way as your wife makes Jello. The open space is created by means of a star-shaped aluminum insert which is pulled out of the fuel after the mass has hardened. The trouble is, most solid fuels developed to date are extremely sticky. They aren't solid like concrete, but are more like chewing gum. Space scientists hunted for something with which to coat the insert so it would slide out easily. Waxes and oils were out because they'd contaminate the fuel. Finally the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at Pasadena, California, tried a remarkable group of substances called F.E.P. (fluoro-ethylene-propylene) release coatings. These are the opposite of glue. Applied to an object, they dry to a hard film something like varnish. No known substance will stick to the film—not chewing gum, not even epoxy resin.

While the F.E.P. coatings were getting the green light at Pasadena, OTU hired the Midwest Research Institute to make a pilot study of the ways in which space science could be made available to ordinary businesses. One method Midwest Research tried was a series of seminars in which groups of industrial leaders listened to space people explain what they were working on. At one seminar a banker heard about the F.E.P. coatings. He relayed the information to a client of his, a hat manufacturer.

The hat man had been having trouble. When he blocked hats, felt stuck to his molds. This slowed down his production line, required extra labor and added to his costs, which he had to pass along to you and me, his customers. The F.E.P. coatings solved his problem.

NASA people point out that anti-glue can be used in many other earthbound applications. For example, it could be used to prevent glue from sticking to furniture gluing clamps. One appliance manufacturer is reportedly thinking of using it on ice-cube trays.

"There is hardly any field of technology or science that isn't in some way involved in the space program," says Howard Gadberry, Midwest Research executive. He is particularly intrigued by the space scientists' habit of latching onto old, forgotten ideas, applying modern knowledge to them and making them

useful. One such idea is the so-called Stirling engine. You'll probably hear a lot more about this engine in the next 10 years. In fact you may one day find a Stirling under the hood of your car.

The engine was invented by Robert Stirling, a Scottish clergymen, in 1816, and patented in 1827. Basically it works by rapidly heating and cooling a suitable gas (such as air) so that the resulting expansion and contraction drive power pistons. In a sense it is comparable to a steam-engine system: the gas, operating in a closed cycle, is heated in a drum, or "boiler," and its consequent expansion forces out a working piston. The gas is then chilled, or "condensed," and goes back to be heated again. The engine is more complicated than this, of course, because, for one thing, it includes a regenerator to salvage the heat of the gas. Your car has an internal-combustion engine; the Stirling could be called an *external*-combustion engine (although, unlike your car's power plant, combustion itself is not required—only a heat source). The Stirling engine has several virtues: it is quiet-running, has no poisonous exhaust, requires no complex timing gears and no injection or ignition system.

GIVE
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

Stirling's engine competed with steam engines for a while, but faded from view when internal-combustion engines came on the scene. There was nothing wrong with Stirling's theoretical concept. The problem was that the technology of his day wasn't advanced enough to make his engine efficient. Theoretically, the engine should have had an efficiency rating of 45 percent in relation to fuel consumed; actually the efficiency in the few models produced was only seven percent. The early Stirling engineers simply couldn't get the operating gas to expand and contract fast enough. Robert Stirling's engine was forgotten.

More than a century passed. Then space scientists began looking for a rugged, simple engine—one with so few working parts that it could be counted on to run for years without needing attention. General Motors' Allison Division looked into the Stirling concept and found that modern technology could lick the heating-cooling problem that baffled

Guy Weeks shown on a working Texas ranch. H. D. Lee Company, Inc., Kansas City 41, Mo.

Out west these pants brand the man

Lee Riders were made especially for the West. In fact, working cowboys wear them like a second skin. Cut lean and rawboned, they make a man feel taller, walk prouder. Their special U-shaped crotch was built to take miles in a saddle without a hitch. And then there's Lee's tight-twisted Sanforized denim. Toughest in the world. Doesn't give a hang about wear. Put on the only real western pants. Look for Lee, with the authentic branded label.

Lee RIDERS®
the brand working cowboys wear

"I guess we should be thankful she's only entitled to make *one* phone call!"

the old-time engineers. The Air Force awarded GM a contract to develop a small Stirling engine for use on satellites. The Allison Stirling will use the sun as its source of heat and will be designed to keep cranking for two years on an orbiting satellite.

At present, a GM Research engineer told TRUE, the Stirling costs more than gasoline or diesel engines of like horsepower. But in time mass-production techniques could bring these costs down. Then the engine's simplicity, quietness, cleanness and freedom from maintenance problems could put it into competition with the diesels and gasoline burners we know today.

Another remarkable new source of power to come out of space research is the fuel cell. This is a device that converts a fuel directly into electric current, without machinery or moving parts. Unlike an ordinary dry- or wet-cell battery, it doesn't deteriorate steadily as you draw on it. You feed fuel into it as you would into a gasoline engine, and it keeps running as long as it is fed.

Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Co. has been working on fuel cells for both space and earthbound use. NASA is interested in them particularly for long-distance manned space flights. The manned orbital flights so far have employed batteries for electric power. But in the moon shots scheduled for later in this decade, batteries won't last long enough. Solar cells, as used in the Mariner Venus probe and the Telstar communications satellite, are long-lived, but don't deliver enough power for manned flights. Fuel cells offer both long life and power in the 1,000-watt range. That's why NASA has Allis-Chalmers under contract.

But Allis-Chalmers is equally fascinated by the earth possibilities of fuel cells. The company thinks the fuel cell will prove to be an efficient source of power for vehicles, perhaps automobiles. Already Allis-Chalmers has used the concept to power a tractor with a 3,000-pound drawbar pull, a forklift truck with a two-ton lifting capacity, and a golf cart. A fuel-cell system is almost silent, generates no exhaust and has few moving parts. Says Will Mitchell, Jr., director of the Allis-Chalmers Research Division: "We could mount fuel-cell powered electric motors in the wheels of vehicles and completely eliminate the complicated drive mechanisms now being used."

The cell can use a number of fuels. Most fuel cells to date have operated on hydrogen and oxygen. These are obtained from water, but the process is still costly. Allis-Chalmers thinks the cost will fall if the demand rises and mass-production techniques are worked out—as happened with gasoline in the early automobile days. Allis-Chalmers also has an Army contract to develop a fuel cell that gets its hydrogen from cheap fuels such as kerosene and its oxygen directly from the air.

Nobody really knows how many earthbound applications are or will be coming out of the space program. There's no doubt the number is huge. NASA a couple of years ago asked the University of Denver Research Institute to survey the nation's business and find out how many had thought of earth uses for space ideas. The Institute contacted some 3,700 companies, universities and parties interested in the space program. Almost 200 could give specific examples of earth applications. These applications span the whole length and breadth of American life. Samples:

Medicine: Scientists at Massachusetts Institute of Technology invented a device for measuring torques (twisting forces) so sensitive that it could gauge the force exerted by a small wheel turning once a day. The device was designed for the testing of super-delicate gyroscopes in the Polaris missile guidance system. Medical researchers are now using it to measure the thickness of blood with extreme accuracy—important in certain diseases that affect the blood. The device rotates a small paddlewheel in blood (only a teaspoonful is needed) and gauges the blood's resistance.

Douglas Aircraft Co. developed miniature electronic thermometers for measuring extreme cold in outer space and in liquid-gas rocket-fuel systems. Doctors are now using these thermometers in cryogenic therapy, in which cancers are killed by freezing with liquid nitrogen. During the treatment it's essential to know the precise temperatures of surrounding flesh areas. Douglas's thermometers have their sensing probes encased in needles which are pushed into the flesh where needed.

Surveying: The Cubic Corporation of California, maker of dead-accurate satellite tracking equipment, has used its space-gained know-how to develop a new surveying instrument called the Electrotape. This device will measure any line-of-sight distance from 250 feet to 50 miles with an error of no more than one centimeter. It works by sending radar-like signals between instruments at each end of the distance, and measuring the time it takes the signals to jump the space.

Portable radios: Hoffman Electronics, the maker of solar cells for spacecraft, has put on the market a portable radio that will run whenever the sun shines. Its source of power is free: the sun. Price: about $50.

Vehicle bodies: Lamtex Industries of Long Island, New York, tackled the problem of making light but extremely strong rocket cases and spacecraft pressure vessels. For this purpose the company used a filament-wound material (something like Fiberglas-reinforced plastic), and with the same material it has made an 8,000-gallon railroad tank car that weighs five tons less than a standard steel car. Lamtex also hopes to sell the material for use in auto bodies and home construction. Not only is it light, but it's fireproof, won't rot and never needs painting.

A report by the Denver Research Institute points out that more than half the nation's research forces are working in the military and space programs. It would be surprising if so vast an effort didn't at least sometimes, if only by accident, produce something useful for us Earthmen. **—Max Gunther**

There's a Monster in the Bullpen

[Continued from page 59]

three singles. Against Baltimore he was brought on in the ninth and was still in there, pumping fast balls, when the 14th rolled around. If anything he was faster and more effective at the end, finishing with 10 strikeouts and a 3-2 win.

"The guy ain't human," remarked fellow pitcher Bob Heffner in the locker room.

"Of course he is," somebody corrected.

"Go look for yourself," blurted Heffner. "I just saw him in the showers and he's using steel wool for soap."

Human he is. Ordinary he is not. Radatz stands 6 feet 6 inches and weighs 245 pounds when thirsty, 250 afterward. He wears size 48 extra long suits, 15 shoes, and his white shirts (38½ inch sleeves and 17½ collar) are specially made at three for $40. When a virus knocked him out of action for nearly a week a club official announced that Radatz had lost 11 pounds. A press box skeptic snorted loudly. "How can you tell?" he wanted to know.

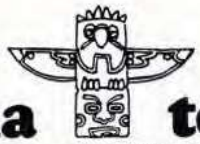
Nor is Radatz ordinary in any other way you can name.

In the long, agonizing 162-game baseball season, nobody is exposed to such constant pressure as good relief pitchers. They will be called on to pitch in 60 or more games. When they are called it's because a crisis has developed and now it's up to them to set things right. If they allow even one run it usually is a catastrophe. The cumulative tension wears them out quickly, and explains why no player is in greater demand—or shorter supply. Most of the time a successful relief pitcher has a good year followed by a bad year. Frequently, one great season is followed by complete oblivion. Nervous systems weren't made to stand up to this kind of gaff. But Richard Raymond Radatz has won his war of nerves. And he has done it largely by being different.

Some reliefers lie awake at night and worry about their arms going dead; Radatz sleeps 10 hours and has slept 14. Some hunger eagerly to become starting pitchers; Radatz couldn't care less about it. On the mound, others perform like automatons. But Radatz is a showman, center-ringer, cut-up—and a success.

Last season, pitching entirely in relief, Radatz appeared in 66 games. He won 15 and lost only six. He struck out 162 batters in 132 innings. His earned run average was a dinky 1.98 and at one point in the season he strung together 33 consecutive scoreless innings. Mostly, he did all this with a sweeping sidearm fast ball that caused batters to perspire with alarm. Being full of both muscles and mayhem, he openly bullies, badgers and browbeats hitters into submission and around the league the general urge is to use the bat on him instead of the ball. "I'd rather be in a cobra pit than hitting against The Monster," moaned one victim.

This is the kind of compliment Dick



From Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico, from Hawaii to the Great Lakes, JIM BEAM is Number One . . . the favorite Kentucky Straight Bourbon.*

We appreciate this preference. We also pledge to keep on making your favorite bourbon with the care and quality enjoyed by Americans for six generations (169 years.)

JIM BEAM

The World's Finest Bourbon Since 1795

*Jim Beam is available and enjoyed in 67 foreign lands the world over.

86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO. · CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY

wants. Maybe someplace on the wall of a manager's office or in a record book there are charts and figures which show better the difference between a reliefer who comes in when the game is out of control and another who comes in to control the game but Radatz hasn't seen them yet.

"If they hung a mirror in the dugout," he says, "I probably couldn't pass it without taking a swing at myself. Some guys get mean when they're drinking. I get mean when I'm pitching. Let me tell you, in this business you have to. Nobody comes up to home plate alone. They come with a bat in their hands, and all they're thinking about is knocking your brains out. So I laugh at them, intimidate them, even jump up and down on them if I have to, but I get them out of there. Then I go home and play with my kids (he has three) and my wife says, 'How'd you do today, honey?' And I say, 'Not bad. Six guys called me an s.o.b.' "

There you have the philosophy of a warm, likable, easy-going Jekyll and Hyde in spikes. Improbable as he is big, he can be so many things you wouldn't expect that it's sometimes demoralizing to his own teammates.

In his first year with the Red Sox, Radatz roomed with Galen Cisco, who had been a skull-cracking linebacker at Ohio State. When Cisco found out Dick had graduated from Michigan State he asked why it was he couldn't recall playing against him in any of the Big Ten gridiron hair-pulls.

Dick was incredulous. "Are you kidding? Football is too rugged for me."

Then Cisco was incredulous. "If it's too rugged for you," he crackled, "what the hell was I doing in the Rose Bowl?"

When he's working, Dick has the showmanship instincts of a Belasco. Peering for the catcher's sign, he leans forward in a bellyache crouch, gloved hand on his knee, right fist tucked back on the rumble seat. He stretches impressively, kicks and pours. If he ends the game with a strikeout he tosses his arms in the air wildly and emits a Tarzanian yell not unlike Johnny Weismuller giving the elephants holy hell. Even his walk—a prancing combination of the Twist, the Turkey Trot and the changing of the guard at Buckingham palace—is the walk of a free-spirit with a reckless zest for fun.

But he knows how to torture the hitters. If you have ever seen Cary Middlecoff play golf, driving people berserk with his deliberations before each shot, you know he must be imitating Radatz on the mound. In the time it takes for Dick's ritual of resin-dusting, cap-adjusting, spike-cleaning and deep-scowling, the Senate could hold a filibuster.

One night with the tying run on third Radatz was going through this maddening routine and Kansas City coach Jimmy Dykes was giving it to him good. "That's right, Alice, dust off your little hands. . . . Go ahead, Doris, straighten your bloomers. . . . Oh, girls, he's ready to throw now."

Dick cut loose a screeching third-strike fast ball at free-swinging Ed Charles. Charles missed it by a foot, spun around like a barber pole and went tail-over-teakettle in a cloud of dust.

"Well, Jimmy," boomed Radatz. "It was worth waiting for, eh, baby?"

But the laughing boy phase of Dick's makeup is witnessed only occasionally by the people in the stands or the men he plays against. What they see, and rightly so, is The Monster, complete with fanged teeth and a castle in Transylvania. In ball parks from New York to Los Angeles, the name Radatz is the one that gets the nod, and the shudder.

One morning last summer I was standing just inside the service gate at Boston's Fenway Park, which is the entrance the players use. It was 10:30, three hours before game time, but already autograph hounds were gathering. One, a man in his 30's, shoved a pencil and book at me. "I'm a sports writer," I said, "not a ball player. You don't want my autograph."

"You must know all the players," he said. "Look, do me a favor. Get Dick Radatz's autograph for me."

I told him I was waiting for Dick. "When he comes you can ask him."

The man showed no interest in that. "You know him. You could ask him, couldn't you? I mean, you knowing him and all, it would be easier if you did it."

Now it was suddenly clear what he meant by "easier." The man honestly was struggling against the thought of having to look Radatz in the eye and say, "May I have your autograph, please?" And it wasn't hard to figure out why.

Only a few days earlier the Tigers had beaten Radatz in the ninth inning with a lazy fly ball that dropped for a single. Watching in disbelief as the winning run jogged home, Dick erupted in a fit of self-incrimination. He took off his glove and heaved it toward the dugout. For an ordinary pitcher with an ordinary arm the glove never would have gotten there. It would have fallen short and scudded along, kicking up dust. Dick's glove took off low and screaming, like an Arnold Palmer tee shot, climbed quickly, sailed majestically over the dugout and landed high up in the reserved seat section. In the locker room nobody said a word. Nobody dared. "What could you say?" observed outfielder Carl Yastrzemski. "Nice throw, Dick?" Obviously, the guy with the autograph book was taking no chance on having to retrieve it from Boston's Charles River.

Dick has been doing things out of the ordinary ever since the days when he scuffled about the sandlots of Royal Oak,

TRUE

Michigan, a Detroit suburb. When he was 16 he got a summer job in a factory. The foreman, a big man, took one look and howled. "Now what in blazes did the personnel department send me? How old are you, kid?"

"Sixteen," Dick said.

"Well, sonny," the foreman said, "you can just turn right around and ask the personnel department for something easier. Like changing light bulbs. We do men's work around here."

"I can do anything anybody else around here can," Dick said and, drawing himself up to his then 6-2 and 195 pounds, but still having to look up to the boss, added, "including you."

"Oh, I'll just bet you can," the foreman said, and he gave Dick the toughest job in the place. He had to carry cement forms around all day. It's man-killing work. At night he would drag himself home, pick at his supper, and head slowly for the ball park. One night he got knocked out of the box early and his father Norman Radatz, a successful automotive engineer, said, "That wasn't your fault. You were tired. Quit the job, Dick. I'll get you something at my plant."

"Thanks, dad," Dick said, plopping exhausted onto the sofa. "But not a chance."

COMING . . .

Robert Ruark substitutes reason for panic in the great debate over YOUR RIGHT TO OWN A GUN. Join the controversy . . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

By the end of the summer Dick was pitching in the championship game and at work he was carrying the cement forms like they were lamp shades. The foreman was going around telling everybody, "I got me one hell of a horse. The rest of you bums should work half as hard."

This is the kind of attitude that has helped bring Radatz to the top in one of sport's toughest jobs. He has the stability of a die-hard. He's a bitter-ender who doesn't run from trouble but at it. Maybe it's fashionable to sneer at Horatio Alger's will-to-win philosophy because nowadays the angle is the thing and without it you're dead. But when the going gets tough it isn't the angler or fast-talker you want beside you, it's the guy who came along the hard way. He's the one who'll stick it out.

You can see this in Dick when he talks about the kind of work he does for a living in the off-season. He is—the Gas House Gang would have banned him from the clubhouse for this—a school teacher. He has an off-season teaching job in the Boston area.

"There were always cheaters," he says, "but today you prepare for a high school test in history or civics and maybe five kids *won't* cheat. It's very depressing. Everyone is looking for the easy way out. I don't think it occurs to a lot of them until they're out of school that standing

If you won't buy a good drill—borrow one!

"A ten-dollar drill makes the same size holes as a better drill—why should I pay more?"

That notion has cost a lot of men a good deal of disappointment. If the truth be told, it's wiser to rent a quality drill—or even borrow one from a neighbor—than gamble good money on a "bargain" drill that comes apart at the seams under rough service.

If you're seriously considering buying a drill, it's worth taking the next few minutes to know what makes a good drill worth a few dollars more. For comparison's sake, we'll use the Skil Model 503 quarter-inch drill.

Most Important: The Motor

More than any other single feature, the motor is the key to the quality of a drill . . . determines whether it will stand up when the going gets stubborn. Working with soft wood isn't much of a problem, even for cheap drills. But in dense woods or materials like steel or masonry, a cheap drill will tend to peter out—and perhaps *burn* out.

To prevent any such misfortune, the Skil Model 503 is equipped with what is termed a "Super Burnout Protected Motor." That means its windings are coated with a special high heat resistant resin that prevents overheating. It's an extra production step that costs more to perform—but the life of your drill could depend on it.

Industrial-Quality Parts

Inside the Skil 503 drill are parts—shafts, gears, bearings—made to the same standards—in fact, on the same equipment—as Skil professional drills. Assembly and quality control, too, are every bit as exact as for Skil industrial ¼" models costing $65. The Skil 503 is a precision tool, not a stripped-down version made to meet minimum standards.

Even the housing on a Skil Model 503 is something special. It's made of a costly lightweight aluminum alloy that makes the drill easy to work with, but ready for more abuse than you'll ever give it.

Don't Slight Service

When a Skil ¼" drill leaves our plant it carries a *lifetime* guarantee against defects in material or workmanship. And we back up this guarantee with one of the most extensive nationwide networks of factory authorized service centers in the field. Unlike most cheap drills, a Model 503 can be serviced anywhere in a matter of hours or a couple of days. (We know of instances—not too rare—where owners of other makes have waited a month or more while the tool is in repair.)

Think About This

Those are the facts—the rest is up to you. You can buy a cheap drill for something like five or six bucks less than a Skil Model 503. The question is, are you saving five dollars or throwing away ten?

Skil drills are sold by prestige department stores, hardware and lumber dealers everywhere. Skil Corp. 5033 Elston Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60630

SKIL POWER TOOLS

on your own two feet is the biggest thrill you can get out of life."

He has a special little commodity to him, this Radatz. Some people call it a competitive attitude. Others, guts. It means the same.

Being the second biggest man in baseball—Frank Howard, a colossal Los Angeles Dodgers outfielder, stands one inch taller and weighs a pound or two more—and being a Pier 6 anything-goes pitcher, Dick often is set apart and classified as a lummox by people getting a first look at him. *Brontosaurus* became extinct because his body was too big and his brain too small. People forever are trying to shuffle off Dick to the same graveyard and for the same reasons. But Dick is shrewd, imaginative and quick-thinking. He knows how to keep his muscles below his neck.

Last mid-season a Washington sports writer was talking to Dick before a game, asking him about the way he pitches. "Why is it," he was saying, "that you throw sidearm half the time and overhand the other half?"

"I only throw overhand to left-handed hitters," Dick explained. "And I throw sidearm to right-handed hitters. Sidearm is poison to a right-hander. He can't pick up the flight of the ball until it's right on top of him. When he does see it, it looks like it's coming at him from third base."

The writer was interested. "But Jimmy Piersall is right-handed and he told me the only time he has a chance with you is when you throw sidearm."

Now Dick was interested. "When did he say that?"

"On the plane coming up. Said he was looking forward to this series. Guess he figured you'd be throwing sidearm to him."

In the game Dick was brought on to protect a two-run lead in the late innings. He had to face Piersall and struck out the outfielder with three smoking fast balls—all thrown sidearm. Walking from the mound Dick was beaming like a lighthouse. In the press box a light was going on in the sports writer's head, too. "Well I'll be damned," he said softly. "Piersall wanted me to say that. He was trying to con Radatz."

The effect on batters and managers who can't cope with Dick physically or psychologically is awesome. Sam Mele, the Minnesota manager, says. "The guy doesn't scare. He just stands there and dares you to hit him. Believe me, if I had that mountain to go with my hitting last year the Twins, not the Yankees, would have won the pennant." Yankee leader Houk, now the team's general manager, chimes in with, "I'd rather have Radatz than a 20-game winner."

Years ago this kind of acclaim for a relief pitcher was extremely rare. In the days when you didn't need a supermarket checkout to keep track of the score by innings, pitching relief was strictly a fourth-rate job entrusted to creaky veterans and fresh-off-the-farm rookies incapable of a starter's role but O.K. with a mop in their hands.

Then came the fence-wreckers and window-breakers. Today batters swing slim-handled clubs with all the wood in the end and they swing violently, aiming for the street outside. Aside from the change in the bat, there's been a change in the ball, too. It's become a hand grenade with stitches and the man who throws it must bear down on every pitch, trusting to his bullpen to protect him when he wears out.

Ever since Jim Konstanty of the Phillies developed a tricky palm ball and pitched the 1950 Whiz Kids to the National League pennant, relief pitching has been valuable merchandise. Before Konstanty there was Joe Page and Hugh Casey and one or two others who made their mark by lugging in the water hose to douse late inning fires, but it was Konstanty who made baseball conscious of reliefers. It also was Konstanty who pointed the way to the gimmick pitch. His palm ball devastated batters in that one spectacular year when the Phillies went all the way. Gimmick pitches are great equalizers. Hardly a good reliefer alive doesn't rely on one. Elroy Face of Pittsburgh has a tantalizing fork ball. Hoyt Wilhelm of the White Sox throws a knuckle ball that turns its back on the law of gravity. Jack Baldschun of the Phillies uses a bewildering screwball. Stu Miller of Baltimore has four pitches: slow, slower, slowest, and to-hell-with-it. Others have been accused of anointing the ball with drool before sticking it in the batter's ear.

But there are no tricks hanging from the big side of beef that Radatz calls an arm. Dick just throws a fast ball. If that doesn't work he throws a faster one. He has a fair slider, no curve ball worthy of the name, and no change of pace. But he has a sharp sense of showmanship and he brings it to bear at Fenway Park, where a call for Radatz is a ceremony attended with more dramatics than the signing of the Japanese surrender.

Pitching coaches have a different sign for each pitcher in the bullpen. Maybe it's motioning with the left hand to show they want a left-hander. Or pointing to the eyes to show the guy wears glasses. For Radatz the pitching coach emerges from the dugout and raises an arm far over his head, signifying that, "the man I want is th-iiiiiiii-sssss big." A flat-top pickup rolls in with Dick jouncing on the back. The implication is clear. No mere automobile would be sufficient.

Size, strength, and appearance do not account for Dick's ability, though. If they did he would be out of a job and Smokey the Bear would be wearing his uniform. At Fenway Park relief pitching can be as delicate and complicated as brain surgery. Maybe tougher. No surgeon ever had to look at anything as formidable as The Wall.

The Wall is the one in left field, a green, bilious, immense bull's-eye for right-handed hitters. It stands a mere 315 feet down the foul line and rises 37 feet, two inches. In every game fly balls that an outfielder in another park could catch in his back pocket rattle off the wall for singles and doubles. The great Satchel Paige took one look at Fenway Park and clawed at his throat like a claustrophobic who'd wandered into a broom closet. "Huuuueeeee," he suffered. "This is a pitcher's cemetery." Dick gets to pitch in that cemetery whenever trouble crops up. Since the day they opened the ancient park pitchers have tossed restlessly on their pillows, minds twanging like guitar strings at the thought of what can happen to them with The Wall. But Dick's antidote is sleep.

"Sometimes," says his wife Sharon, a handsome blonde who was some pumpkins of a cheerleader at Michigan State, "I feel like getting a stick of dynamite and lighting it under him. He'd sleep right through it, probably."

TRUE

"We just can't seem to agree. I want a big, elaborate wedding, and he doesn't want to get married."

After a game Dick goes to bed about midnight. If there's an afternoon game the next day he sleeps until 10 a.m., and if there's a night game the next day he gets up at 11 and often takes an extra nap in the afternoon. Nothing worries him—except the wall.

One afternoon he was sitting in the kitchen of the house he rents in the 1200 block of Canton Avenue in the historic Milton section of Boston, and talking about his job.

"A lot of things you do mechanically," he said. "For the first five innings I sit in the bullpen and tell jokes and kid around. You can't be too concerned about what's going on in the game. You'd drive yourself crazy if you watched and worried over every play. Around the fifth I start figuring who's likely to come up in the seventh. If there are a lot of right-handers coming up I throw sidearm while I warm up. If it's lefties I throw overhand.

"In the game you do a lot of things mechanically. Maybe there's a man on first and it looks like a bunt situation. You throw high and tight because the guy at the plate can't handle it too well. Mostly he will pop it up. Or maybe there's a runner on third and one out. Now you worry about the fly ball scoring him. You throw low. Don't let him get under the ball. Make him hit on top of it, because that's how you get ground balls and a man on third can't score on a ground ball that's hit at an infielder. These are mechanical things. A schoolboy knows this.

"But The Wall is something else. You have to be precise with your pitches. Almost isn't good enough. You try to make the guy hit it to center or right, where there's room to hold it. An outfielder can go eight miles in right center to catch one, but a simple fly ball to left can reach the wall."

"You know," he added, "you get used to pitching and thinking this way at Fenway Park but when you're on the road it's the other way around. Ball parks are tailored for left-handed hitters. So you have to think differently. You make them hit to left and left center."

A little later Dick was driving to the ball park in a new Ford Galaxie. He had bought it the day before and the happy light of the new car owner was shining in his face. "I love cars," he said. "If I could afford it I'd buy a new Continental or maybe a Cadillac."

"If you were a starting pitcher you could afford it," his companion said. "A good starter like Whitey Ford or Sandy Koufax makes $50,000."

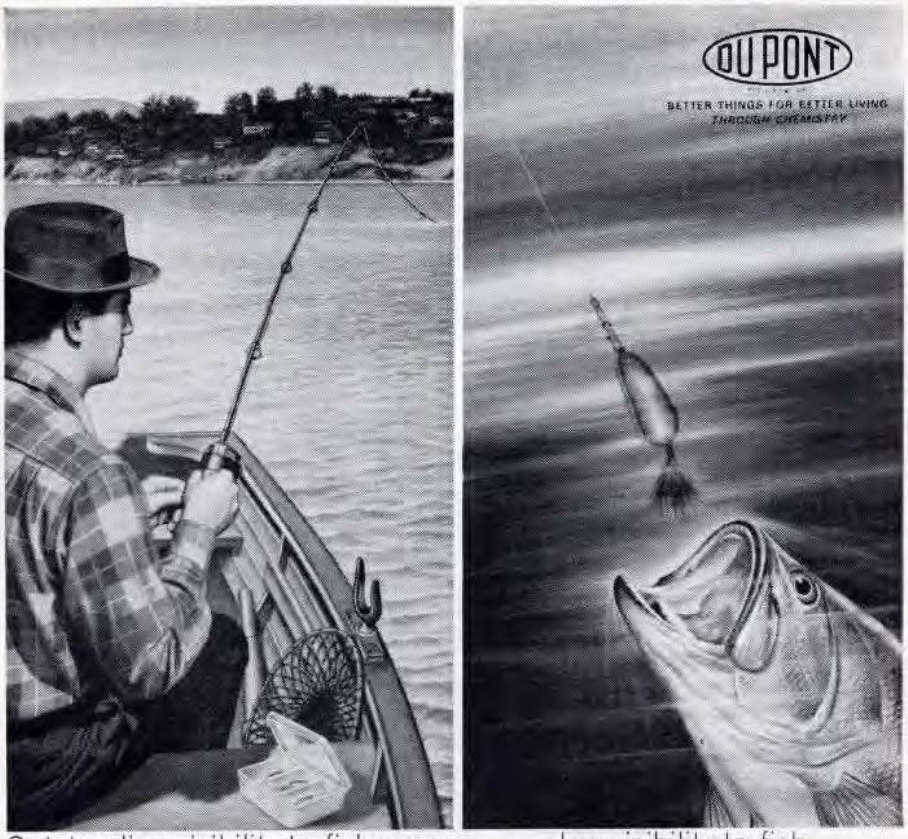
"Elroy Face makes 50," he said. "And Hoyt Wilhelm must be close to that. If a reliefer hits it big he can make the money. But most of them don't hit it big except for one year. They just don't last in this business. They worry themselves into trouble. They worry about the hitters catching up to them or whether they'll burn out from overwork. They want to be starters. Then they'd only have to worry every fourth or fifth day. Not me. Thanks but no thanks. I like the idea of pitching a lot."

"And another thing," he said. "You stand there and look at the bases and maybe there's a runner everywhere you look. Maybe Mickey Mantle or Rocky Colavito is up at the plate. Brother, this is no time to worry. Make the other guy worry. Throw the sidearmer, come in close, back him off. Make him know it's not going to be easy. The guy can be a $100,000 ballplayer but he's still got doubts about himself. You look the guy in the eye and turn up your nose at him. You laugh at him when he misses one by a foot. Back him down. Don't give him a break. That's what this game is all about."

For backing down big money hitters Dick will earn just under $20,000 this summer. In a few years he will be matching Face and Wilhelm for paychecks. Yet he started the 1962 season as a rookie with a $7,500 contract.

At the ball park, manager Johnny Pesky was sitting in his cubbyhole office saying, "I get letters from fans all the time. People who can't throw a quarter into a toll booth hopper tell me all about pitching arms. They want me to make Radatz a starter. Hell, I'd be silly if I did it. I could only use him every fourth day. This way I can use him three and four times a week. Believe me, I like him just the way he is."

The first time Pesky saw him he didn't like him at all. Pesky was managing the Red Sox' Seattle farm club and had just opened spring training camp in Deland, Florida, under orders from the front office to look for a relief pitcher. "If you see anybody promising, let us know," they said.



Outstanding visibility to fishermen. low visibility to fish

NEW DU PONT STREN® FLUORESCENT
MONOFILAMENT SPINNING LINE

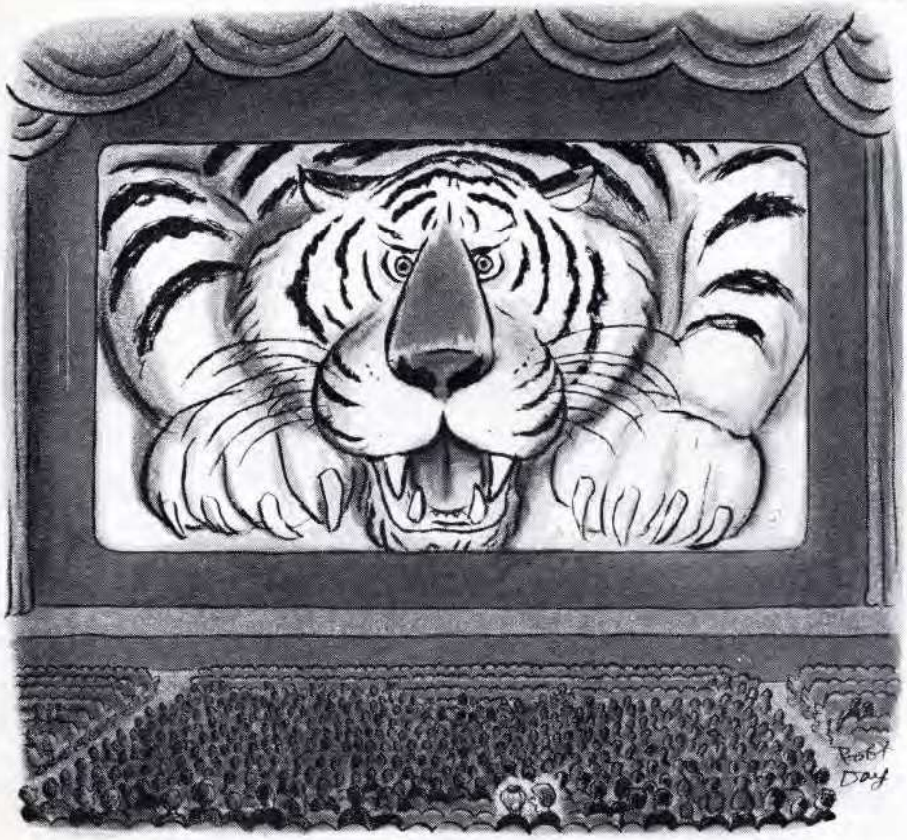
Du Pont STREN® Fluorescent is a unique spinning line. Above water, it glows—a brilliant blue that you see easily. (Helps you get more accuracy in your casts and makes it easier to control a hooked fish.) But from the fish's point of view, it blends into the light sky! The reason is that STREN has a built-in chemical which fluoresces in the ultraviolet rays of daylight.

Seeing is believing, and especially so with STREN. Ask your dealer for some soon. You will enjoy fishing more when your reel is filled with STREN Fluorescent . . . the remarkable new monofilament spinning line by DuPont. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington, Delaware 19898.

STREN® has the 7 requirements of an outstanding spinning line:

High strength • Limpness • Low stretch • Impact resistance • Abrasion resistance • Knot strength • High visibility to fishermen—low visibility to fish... in scientifically determined balance for overall performance.

U. S. PATENT NOS. 3057040, 3003189



"By the way, Mother, I questioned Walt about taking you to Miami on vacation with us."

"Radatz reported with a sore arm," Pesky said, enjoying the memory. "I thought he was dogging it. A big guy will do that, you know. They're the best goldbricks in the world. All that weight to carry around. So for two weeks I'm thinking he's a big lazy slob. Finally, he comes to me and says his arm is feeling better and he's ready to pitch. We were playing an exhibition game with Rochester and I thought, 'What the hell. Might as well use him if I get a chance.'

"In the fourth inning my starting pitcher gets cleaned and pressed. Radatz is warming up on the sidelines. I told him, 'All right, Moose. Now's your chance.' He goes the whole way, pitches five scoreless innings and strikes out 11 men. Ten minutes after the game I'm talking long distance to the front office and saying, 'Boys, you'd better get a carpenter out to the ball park and have the bullpen enlarged. I think I just found your relief pitcher.' "

Dick always has created memorable first impressions. When he was 17 the Detroit Tigers invited him for a tryout. "Cut loose with your best stuff," he was told. Twenty minutes later his uniform was soggy as a housewife's mop but he barely was aware he'd broken a sweat. "They were all standing around watching me," he said, "and I really was firing some hummers. I didn't know how much of a bonus it was going to be but I knew I had it made."

Afterward he was taken aside and informed, "Son, you just don't throw hard enough."

It was like telling A. J. Foyt he has no business driving racing cars. Dick can't rip off a fast ball like Foyt can't tool around a corner. Willie Mays struck out on a Radatz fast ball in the All-Star game and shuffled back to the bench mumbling, "Smoke, man. Just smoke."

At Michigan State, where the professors must pass out rubber arms along with the diplomas, Dick was assigned to share a room at Shaw Dormitory with Ron Perranoski, brilliant Los Angeles Dodgers reliefer who is the National League's top stopper.

"Shaw," says Perranoski devilishly, "is the only place they had that fit him. You can look it up. It's the country's biggest college dormitory. The first time I walked into the room I was ready to turn right around and go out. I only weighed 135 pounds then and was struggling with my suitcases. I look up and there's Radatz. All I could think of was, 15,000 male students at this school and I draw a guy who might pound me into the ground like a tent stake if I use his toothbrush by mistake. What a laugh. You could do anything and he wouldn't get mad."

Dormitory mates called them The Long and Short of It. One story is, they'd be walking down the hall and when somebody passed them Dick would tuck Perranoski under his arm and run after the guy shouting, "Hey, fella, you dropped something."

Even John Kobs, the Michigan State baseball coach, admitted, "Frankly I didn't have too much hope for Dick at first." But by his junior year, in 1958, Dick had made a believer of everybody. In his senior year he won 10 and lost one. Scouts were swarming over the MSU campus. One of them, Boston's Mauri DeLoof, couldn't seem to make up his mind. He was in Ontario once, beating the bushes for talent, and that night he couldn't sleep. "I tried counting sheep but kept seeing Radatz fast balls," he says. DeLoof jumped out of bed and hurriedly sent a telegram to Dick's father, asking him to hold off any signings. "Arriving first thing morning," it ended. "With check book."

Dick got a $20,000 bonus. Not all of the grubstake was pure cash. No bonus ever is. He got $5,000 for signing, $5,000 more if he should make Class AAA, and a final $10,000 if and when he made it to the Red Sox. Two years later he was collecting the second $5,000 by making Pesky's Seattle club, where he was turned into a reliefer and trained for the avowed purpose of trying out in the spring as a reliefer with the Red Sox. In the spring of 1962 he was handed a check for the last of it because everybody knew the big guy was here to stay.

The rest of the league knew it, too. In the first few weeks of the season fans roared merrily and wriggled in their slatted chairs as Dick—

Struck out the side in a ninth-inning and bases loaded rescue job. . . .

Pieced together 19⅔ scoreless innings. . . .

Struck out five of six men he faced in his first game at Washington. . . .

Struck out the side in the ninth inning of the first game of a doubleheader with Kansas City, then won the second game with four scoreless innings. . . .

Pitched nine innings of relief against the Yankees, allowing a single run and whiffing nine of the Bombers.

Statisticians poking through the wreckage discovered that Dick's rookie season resulted in nine wins, six losses, a total of 62 appearances, 144 strikeouts and a meager 40 walks.

In Boston, where small fry are taught how to restrain their enthusiasm about the same time they are learning to digest their pablum, people started talking about Dick with a marvel and acclaim usually reserved for Lizzie Borden, the Old North Church, and the Brink's Heist. But there were dissenting voices. Radatz was a one-shot guy. He won't do it again.

Radatz not only did it again, he did it better. His performance last year was so startling that one newspaper referred to it unashamedly as The Radatzian Age. No reliefer had ever put such great seasons back-to-back before and even now people are suggesting that despite his size, his strength, ability to dominate batters, and his booming, happy outlook on pressure and strain, Richard Raymond Radatz has burned himself out.

Burned out? Hell, he's just getting warmed up. **—Ron Smith**

COMING . . .

A 5-page exclusive picture story, with text by Ken Purdy, on race driver Stirling Moss's spectacular new London town house, THE MOSSY PAD

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

APRIL—TRUE—EASTERN

The Man Who Looted Life

[*Continued from page 33*]

disaster began. He started to forge his mother's signature on checks and once started he could not stop. He knew he had only a month's period of grace before the first bank statement arrived and then the game would be up, so he made the most of it, to the extent of several hundred pounds.

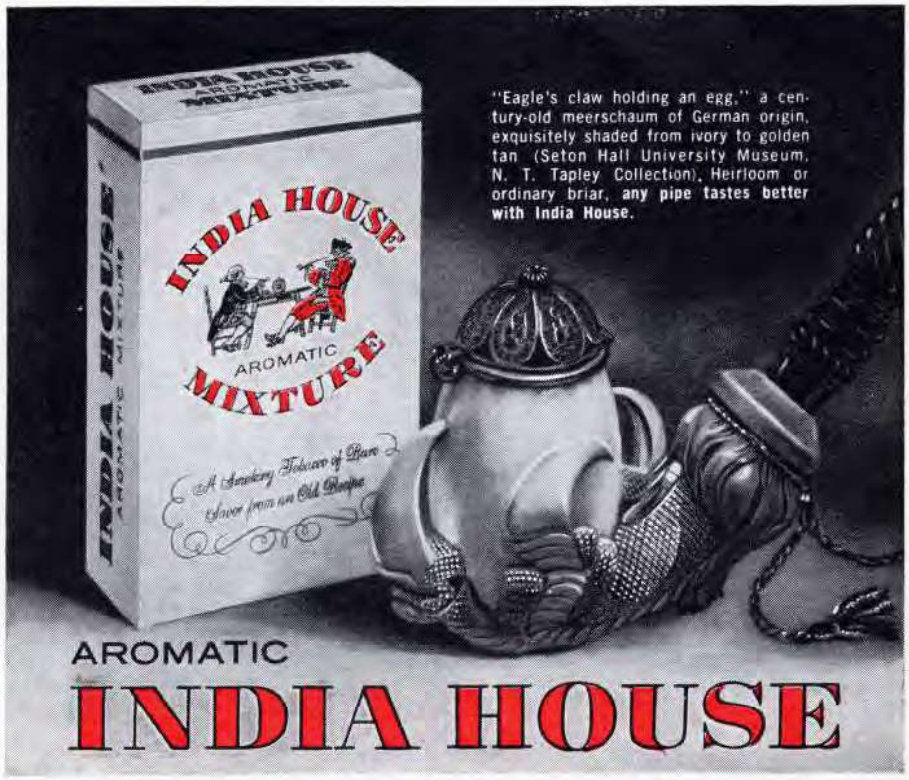
The day the statement arrived, Mrs. Merrett was fatally wounded. Down in the coal cellar the scrubwoman heard a shot and a scream. She rushed upstairs and found Merrett in the kitchen. "My mother has shot herself!" he cried. The police found Mrs. Merrett gravely injured with a bullet wound behind her left ear. The gun was on the bureau. Merrett explained that the pistol dropped from her hand as she fell, and, instinctively, not knowing what he was doing, he picked it up and put it there. Nobody thought that a boy of 17 could lie about so grave a matter.

Mrs. Merrett survived in the hospital for nearly two weeks, during which time Merrett visited her rarely, but continued to take his girls out on his motorcycle. When she died, the official verdict was suicide, and Merrett waited in eager anticipation of inheriting the thousands of pounds his mother had left.

But the Scotland Yard Fraud Squad was at work and was slowly picking up, stitch by stitch, the pattern of the boy's forgeries. It also discovered that he had bought the gun and ammunition only a couple of weeks before his mother died. In November, 1926, eight months after his mother's death, Merrett was arrested, charged with murder and secondarily with fraud.

Matricide is always sensational, and the trial of Merrett was one of the most celebrated cases of the 1920's. Scotland Yard's great battery of experts was assembled, Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the distinguished pathologist, and Robert Churchill, the incomparable ballistics expert. But circumstances were on Merrett's side. The time lag between the death and the arrest, confusion of testimony by the witnesses, and, not least, Merrett's own demeanor, worked in his favor. He was quiet, polite, convincing. He also wore glasses, to the surprise of those who knew him, for he was not in any way short-sighted, but it added to his air of sober gravity. The jury returned the Scottish verdict of "not proven," which means in effect, "We know damn well he did it, but the Crown did not establish its case." He went to prison for eight months for fraud.

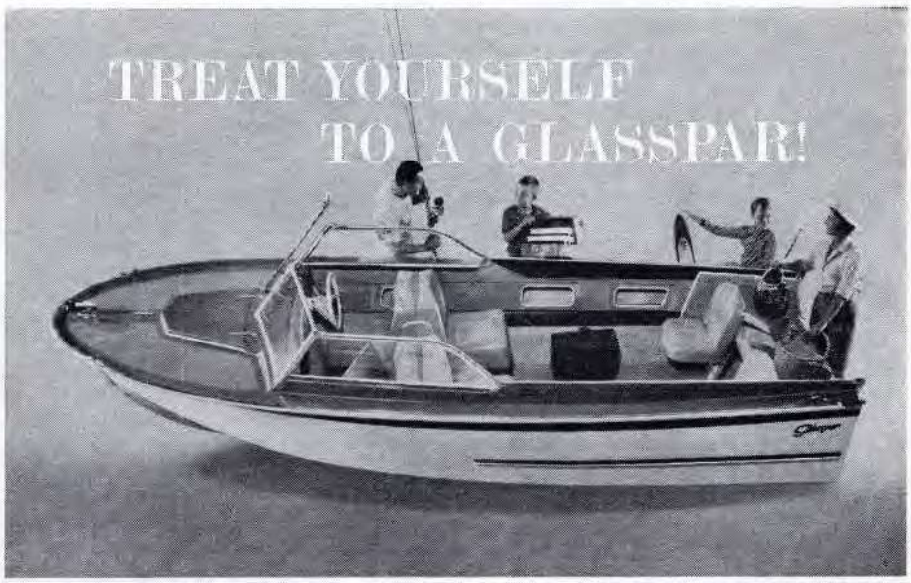
Merrett, or Chesney, as he chose to call himself thereafter, had gotten away with murder. He was ready now for the big time. He was no sooner out than he ran off with a beautiful girl called Vera, who was a Ward in Chancery. There was an immediate hue and cry, and once more the name of Merrett was on the front pages. The young couple were tracked down. Vera's mother, who, for no reason anybody could discern, referred to herself as "Lady Menzies,"


INDIA HOUSE
AROMATIC MIXTURE
"Eagle's claw holding an egg," a century-old meerschaum of German origin, exquisitely shaded from ivory to golden tan (Seton Hall University Museum, N. T. Tapley Collection). Heirloom or ordinary briar, any pipe tastes better with India House.
AROMATIC
INDIA HOUSE

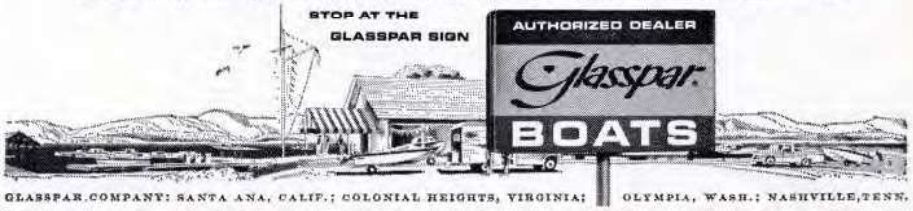
makes any pipe taste better!

An exclusive blend of choice Burleys and Brights, with a flavor accent from the Orient, India House produces extra-rich flavor and aroma! For a new smoking experience, try this premium mixture . . . a few cents more, and worth it.

© 1963 P. Lorillard Co.



Seafair Sunliner Handsome 17½ foot open cruiser. Both Sunliner versions, Custom and Deluxe, have six upholstered seats. In the Sunliner Custom (above) the four back-to-back seats convert to lounge seats. Here's all the room you need for family, friends and equipment. Features include safety glass windshield, sliding side windows, steering, double-bottom flotation, non-skid inserts on foredeck and navigational lights. Inboard-outboard drive is available. A range of optional equipment is offered. See your Glasspar Dealer for complete specifications.



GLASSPAR COMPANY: SANTA ANA, CALIF.; COLONIAL HEIGHTS, VIRGINIA; OLYMPIA, WASH.; NASHVILLE, TENN.

"How's the attic cleaning coming along?"

gave permission for the two to marry, Vera "Chesney" became irresistibly involved in Ronald Chesney's breakneck journey to self-destruction, and in time shared his destruction.

The fortune he inherited was considerable—50,000 pounds which in those days was worth a quarter of a million dollars. With it he bought a Bentley and a house in the country, and became a popular country squire. As Vera could not bear children, they adopted two whom he genuinely adored. They adored him, too. He told them adventure stories, bought them ponies, thrilled them with his physical prowess. Sometimes, just for sport, he even boxed professionally. Life for Chesney was agreeable but aimless. His career really began when he bought a fast pilot-cutter, the *Gladys May*, in 1935 and became a full-time smuggler, a profession to which he remained loyal for the rest of his life.

Chesney was no ordinary smuggler. He had style. He grew a fierce black beard which enhanced his great build and booming voice, and his left ear was pierced for a pirate earring which he always wore. He was a pirate who looked like a pirate. Aboard the *Gladys May* he gave big champagne parties. In naval ports he was a welcome guest at R. N. officers' messes. In London he lived at the Royal Automobile Club and he drove from the capital to his boat in his Bentley. Vera, beautifully dressed, was an excellent hostess, and even his crotchety mother-in-law with her phony title added to the general air of quality.

As a smuggler he was without scruple. Most freebooters stuck to cigarettes, coffee, perfume. Chesney did not hesitate to carry cargoes that others shrank from, either because of the danger or on moral grounds. He ran guns into Spain and narcotics into Morocco and Egypt. For Vera, life was not an unmixed delight. Apart from the anxiety in which she lived day and night, Chesney was a capricious man to live with. Amiable when sober, he was coarse and surly when drunk, and he could not keep his hands off other women. Vera wept, reproached him bitterly, but did not leave him.

Chesney made and got rid of money in the grand manner. His clothes came from Savile Row. His watch, cuff links and cigarette case were gold. He would blow the whole of his profit from a cargo in one night at Monte Carlo Casino, and leave the table smiling. At poker, *chemin de fer*, and rummy, however, he nearly always won.

By the time the war began in 1939, he knew every port on the Mediterranean, every gambling casino, every big-time smuggler, every gambling ringer. He was a good man to have on one's side in a tough man's war, and he was promptly commissioned in the Royal Naval Voluntary Reserve. Early in 1941 he was given command of a schooner on the dangerous mission of running through hostile waters carrying guns and supplies to guerrilla fighters on Crete and the beleaguered British garrison at Tobruk.

All this he did with his usual huge *panache*. Sometimes he stood on the bridge in top hat and tails, his dog, Jane, by his side, just to make his men laugh. Whenever he put into Tobruk he always wore the most beautifully laundered whites, a tonic for the unshaven, hard-pressed Tommies. To keep his hand in, he smuggled Scotch into the officers' mess in Tobruk, and S.S. daggers and other mementoes back to Alexandria.

Chesney was in Bengasi harbor when the full fury of a Rommel offensive struck the town. Chesney could have made off in his ship, but he refused to leave the wounded who were waiting to be loaded. His last grand act, before the Germans swarmed over the harbor, was to shoot his dog through the head. Then he swam to shore and surrendered.

He joined a column of morose prisoners, but the impact of capture to his soaring spirit was intolerable. Desperately he hid under a stalled truck until the column had passed, repaired it and headed for British lines, 300 miles away. After a month in the desert he was caught by the Italians. Twice he escaped, and twice he was recaptured, and finally taken to a prisoner-of-war camp in Modena, Italy.

Here he had a nasty shock. One of the books in the prison library was the *Notable British Trials* volume *The Trial of John Donald Merrett*. He managed to appropriate it without being seen by the librarian and destroyed it. Pre-occupation with escape still consumed him. He played sick to the Italian prison doctor, and to his astonishment and delight he was put on a repatriation list, and in early 1943 he was back in England in the arms of Vera and half a dozen assorted Wrens, tarts and chorus girls, splendid in a new uniform with the two-and-a-half rings of lieutenant commander.

At the end of the war he was posted to Hamburg. What an assignment! In a period when soldiers were looting and "liberating" across the whole face of Germany, the Royal Navy in its wisdom had given a command in Hamburg to one of Britain's greatest smugglers. Commander Chesney was in business. It was almost like an English comedy movie starring Peter Sellers.

He cornered a market in diamonds and shipped them off to Antwerp. He smuggled German watches and bicycles to the Russians and sold drugs at exorbitant prices to the hospitals. He needed a fleet of trucks and a staff of assistants, drivers and contact men. He rented a villa as headquarters. He also met a girl who, with Vera, was to play the most important role in his life. She was a lovely, 17-year-old East German refugee, Gerda Schaller, whom he installed in his home.

He made money in great hauls. He drove a fine Mercedes. He bought Gerda clothes in Paris and sent ample funds to Vera and the children in England.

Everything he did he did grandly, extravagantly. He would make love to Gerda while she was sitting in his lap and he was driving at 80 miles an hour. Twice ecstasy caused crackups, and they had to be repaired in a hospital. Gerda's face was scarred. Chesney was hopelessly in love with the girl, and wrote to Vera asking for a divorce.

Poor Vera! Anxiety, the pace of it all, had been too much for her. Her husband was either *there*, all over her, a giant consuming all the air, or else he was gone for months, or years, and always there was some girl with him. Never knowing whether she would be living in luxury or poverty, whether she would be buried in gifts or creditors' demands, she and her mother had opened a boarding house, for security's sake, at Ealing, on the outskirts of London. Her beauty beginning to fade, Vera had taken seriously to drink. She would drink gin each evening in the local "Bull and Bear," and at closing time would carry a bottle home with her. Sometimes men accom-

panied her and drifted out of her life as casually as they came. There was only one real man for Vera. She received his request for a divorce, and with tears of unhappiness, alcohol and hopeless love rolling down her cheeks she wrote back reminding him she was a Catholic and would never divorce him. He could always come back to her, she said. Chesney professed anger, yet one gets the impression he was almost relieved. The cord between them was tied at both ends.

Demobilized in 1946, Chesney stayed in Germany with Gerda and continued his illegal operations. To people who stood in his way he was completely ruthless. Gerda's sister tried to persuade her to leave Chesney. Furious, Chesney had the girl framed and arrested as a Nazi.

But all at once things ceased to go well. He was arrested for making unauthorized use of a car. It was not much but he went back to England and was sent to jail for two months. It was a blow to his pride more than anything. He felt he had lost face. But he still had a great deal of money. On his release he bought a new Rolls Royce, broke into Vera's boarding house at Ealing to steal some of the jewels he had given her some years before, and arrived in Hamburg looking like a millionaire.

But then, arriving in Paris with Gerda, he was met by officials of the Sûreté. He was charged with using a false name, entering France illegally, and carrying a firearm without license. Chesney, in the hated name of John Donald Merrett, was sentenced to four months and fined $450.

Emerging from prison he was given an assignment by a Paris gang syndicate to spread counterfeit francs around Switzerland. He and Gerda had hardly checked into their hotel in Lausanne when there was a knock on the door and two detectives from the Swiss Sûreté announced themselves. While Chesney tried to bluff, Gerda played *her* part. She had become used to her role as the mistress of a smuggler and appeared wearing a negligee over nothing at all. The detectives were impressed, but they did not forget their duty. They asked her to dress, and both she and Chesney were taken to police headquarters, photographed and fingerprinted. They were released and ordered to leave Switzerland in 24 hours.

Chesney, stewing like a maddened bull over his bad luck, decided Vera must be informing on him. What Vera had to gain does not seem to have occurred to him.

He moved his base of operations to Belgium which had no extradition treaties with France or Switzerland. For a while all went well. He smuggled narcotics to Germany in a station wagon with a false bottom. He smuggled perfume and lace to England in a converted torpedo boat. But in the summer of 1949, after a successful year of business, the police pounced again. This time they got Gerda, too, for traveling on a false passport and being in Belgium illegally. Chesney was given four months. Gerda, at the age of 22, now saw what the inside of a prison looked like. She was given six months.

On his release, Chesney padded himself with nylons which he smuggled past the English customs, and sold in London. But once again the stool pigeons were dogging him, and he was sentenced to 12 months in prison, his longest term yet.

Chesney was now in his 40's. Everything had turned sour on him. He realized with a despair he tried to conceal from himself that his time as a smuggler had run out. His fabulous capital of luck was spent. He was too hot for his colleagues to handle. He was wanted everywhere, *persona non grata* in Belgium, France and Switzerland. The Mediterranean was closed to him. Wherever he went the police followed, giving him no breathing space. The big syndicates, which used to greet him so rapturously, now pretended to be out of town when he called. But what else could he do? It was the only profession he knew.

In the long months he languished in Pentonville Jail, he began to think of a way out of his mess. In his early days of legal affluence when he was living off the inheritance of the mother he had murdered, he had settled on Vera a trust fund worth about $30,000. He had never regretted it before, but now. . . If Vera were to die before Chesney, the money would revert to him. One merely had to get rid of Vera.

With false casualness he approached a prisoner who had been convicted of robbery with violence, and suggested that, for $5,000, he might be persuaded, on his release, to organize a little "accident" for him.

The prisoner was startled. "You must be out of your mind, Ches," he said. "Take my advice. Forget it. You can get into trouble thinking thoughts like that."

Reluctantly Chesney agreed that he was probably right. The Chesney who came out of jail was vastly different from the old swashbuckler. He was pale and thin. His clothes were no longer worn with the old elegance and bravado. He was seedy and threadbare. The worst blow was still awaiting him. He flew to Cologne where Gerda was working as a night-club hostess, and she told him as firmly as she could that she was through with him.

Chesney did not argue. He shrugged and left. Gerda wanted to call to him to come back, but she did not, and she never saw him again. In Chesney's mind his decision hardened. He *had* to get rid of Vera. She was responsible for all his woes, and it was his only hope. But in the meantime he had to raise money. He was smuggling coffee and currency out of England, when he was caught, and sent down for another 12 months. Chesney, when he came out at the end of 1952, was a savage and desperate man. In prison, he had accomplished one important thing. He had worked out the perfect murder.

He set off on a pub-crawl of the more convivial bars of Chelsea and Kensing-

Citation's aroma? Masculine to the core. Lasting, yet subtle. The Secret? Rare, imported essences, selected for their discreet long life. Citation's soothing ingredients keep working hour after hour, too. New Citation, by Mennen, truly the all day after shave (also great for those evening assignments).

ton. He was looking for someone and he did not know who—yet. Patiently, looking from face to face, he found him, a man called Chown, who otherwise plays no part in this story. Chesney singled him out because it seemed to him that he and Chown looked reasonably alike. Chesney learned Chown's full name and date of birth, and he procured a copy of his birth certificate. With this he made an application for a passport in Chown's name. Everything was now in order.

He went to Ealing and saw Vera, as he had continued to do from time to time over the years. Vera was now a hopeless lush and, fool that she was, she still loved Chesney. They spent an evening in the local pub, Vera weepily nostalgic, Chesney happy in the reconciliation, hailing old acquaintances he recognized. He was establishing his alibi by making certain that everyone noticed him. Kissing Vera good-by, he set off for Holland. For once his luck was holding up. A customs officer recognized him.

"Hello, Ches," he said cheerfully. "Been running any good guns lately?"

Chesney beamed. "Not so much as a water pistol," he said.

It couldn't be better. His departure from England had been clearly recorded. He arrived in Amsterdam and checked in at a hotel. He removed his earring, and, taking his passport in the name of Chown, made his way to Amsterdam Airport, catching a KLM plane back to London. Chesney had been recognized leaving England. It was not Chesney but an unknown stranger who was returning. In the future his mother-in-law would be obliged, however reluctantly, to state that Vera was alive and happy when Chesney left.

Quietly, unseen, he returned by bus to Ealing. Vera was drunk as usual, but Chesney had brought a couple of bottles along to make sure. This would be a perfect murder, because it would not be murder at all, it would be an accident. Somewhere in the course of the evening Vera took off her clothes and put on her nightgown. Whether she drunkenly agreed to some crazy game with her husband or whether she passed out cold we do not know, because next moment she was in the bath. Chesney put his hand on her head and pushed her under. She made scarcely a struggle and died gently, from drowning.

The money, $30,000, belonged to Chesney! He was saved. It was enough to make his head spin. But the bad luck which had dogged him for so many years was still on his shoulder, like a vulture in a tree. He left Vera's room quietly—and bumped into his mother-in-law, the raucous, parrot-like "Lady Menzies."

"Back again begging for money, I've no doubt," she said querulously. "Where's your earring?"

"Let's go to your room," said Chesney quickly, smiling. "I've got something to tell your Ladyship." Once in her bedroom, he strangled her. But the old girl had surprising strength for one so old and frail. They struggled round the room, and he finally did her in by hitting her on the head with a coffee pot, making the blood fly. He stayed long enough to pull himself together and wipe away fingerprints. He then slipped out, took a subway to Kensington Air Terminal, and within a few hours was back in Amsterdam.

So Chesney, 27 years after killing his mother, killed his wife and mother-in-law. In spite of the unfortunate arrival of "Lady Menzies" it had been well done.

Scotland Yard, of course, was not convinced. The dossier on Chesney was a thick one. If you smell skunk, you look for a skunk, no matter what the evidence is that no skunk could possibly have been there. The murder smelled to high heaven of Chesney. Checking the records, Superintendent Barratt of the Yard came across the trust fund which Chesney had bestowed on Vera in 1929. It stated that, in the event of her death, it would revert to Chesney. That was motive indeed.

On the other hand it was quickly established that Chesney had left England by way of Harwich some days before and had not returned. Also, Vera had a fairly sordid reputation. She was a drunk, and she played around. As the wife of a smuggler she had mixed with dangerous men. Her mother was a fraud. Perhaps it *wasn't* Chesney.

In Amsterdam next day Chesney read the newspaper accounts of the murder. He should have been pleased, but he wasn't. The police wanted to see him, naturally, but his alibi was perfect. The hotel had not noticed that he had been gone for a few hours, and as far as they were concerned he had been there all the time. He had destroyed Chown's passport. But. . . .

Perhaps he was reading between the lines things that were not written there. At any rate, the events of his life over the past few years had made Chesney distrust those same stars which earlier had smiled on him so serenely. He had become what the Americans call a loser.

Characteristically, he needed the solace of a woman. Since his break-up with Gerda he had taken as an occasional mistress a girl called Sonia in Cologne. He took a train there and tried to get in touch with her, but she would not see him. That was the end of that. It was late in the evening. He made his way almost aimlessly to an all-night workmen's café, ordered coffee and cognac, made an automatic joke or two in his fluent German to the fat proprietress, and settled down at a corner table to write.

His first communication was to his lawyer, and it included his last will and testament. "Although I am innocent," he said, "I haven't the chance of the proverbial snowball in Hades of getting out of this mess. . . . The way I have taken to get out of it all may seem cowardly—but it nevertheless does require courage of

"Don't get overconfident. I've gone along this far before."

a sort. I know, too, it will probably be taken to indicate my guilt. . . ."

He directed that the trust fund and everything else should be left to Sonia.

He next wrote to Sonia herself. From his wallet he took all his money and put it in the envelope. "Here is all the money I have left, darling. In view of what lies behind me, I am ending everything. You will get my money, about 20,000 marks."

Even as he was writing, the remorselessly patient Scotland Yard machine was at work. It was now checking on every person who arrived in England since Chesney left. In due course it would reach an outraged gentleman in Kensington called Chown who would protest he had never been out of England in years. Also the forensic laboratory at the Yard reported strands of a man's hair and a man's clothing in "Lady Menzie's" fingernails.

Chesney paid his bill at dawn, walked to the post office where he took stamps from a stamp machine and mailed his letters. He began to walk. He walked through the streets of Cologne, streets still gaping

COMING . . .

SHC means Spontaneous Human Combustion, and it's one of the most incredible recurring phenomena in the annals of medical science. Read about THE BAFFLING BURNING DEATH . . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

and raw from the wartime bombing, until he left the streets behind and was out in the country. It was cold and there was frost on the ground. Who was he thinking about? Vera? Gerda? Sonia? He saw a little footpath which led to the heart of a dove-gray wood and followed it for about a kilometer. There was not a sound, not even a cricket chirping. He took out his .45 and blew his brains out, sending the crows flapping aloft in squawking outrage. It was February 17, 1953, and Chesney was 45 years old. He had cheated *Notable British Trials* of a second volume.

The inquest in England ruled that Chesney had killed himself after murdering his wife and mother-in-law.

Nobody wanted the body, and it was directed to a pauper's grave in Cologne. But at the last moment funds arrived to buy a private lot. And with the money came one solitary mourner. It was Gerda Schaller, in deep black, Gerda, the girl to whom he gave nothing, except prison, danger, a scarred face . . . and life in vivid colors of gold, like sand, and blue, like the Mediterranean, and green, like baize . . . noises like the pop of champagne corks and the hypnotic plop of chips on roulette tables . . . the insane seven-year roller-coaster ride of living with Ronald Chesney, the last swashbuckler.

—Geoffrey Bocca

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF THOROUGHBRED HANDICAPPING
122 SOUTH STATE STREET • CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS • DEPT. 471

Send me your FREE 1st lesson on Handicapping and FREE Racing facts. Absolutely no cost, no obligation. No calls by salesman.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

FREE FIRST LESSON

Learn HANDICAPPING (PICKING WINNERS) AT HOME IN 10 SHORT WEEKS

HERE IS THE COURSE FOR SELECTING WINNING HORSES . . . In only 10 short weeks or less . . . you can enjoy an exciting businesslike hobby as a Handicapper of thoroughbred horse races.

LEARN AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME . . . You'll find the lessons so interesting . . . they'll seem remarkably easy for you. Now, you can *really* enjoy horse racing.

BUT THE IMPORTANT THING is to get the FREE complete information right now. There is no cost or obligation and no salesman will call. This is the Home Study course to give you an avocation . . . which holds promise of PROFITS. We will send to you, (in a plain wrapper), without obligation, your FREE first lesson, and your FREE 'Racing Facts'.

Write for details or mail coupon today!

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF THOROUGHBRED HANDICAPPING
122 SOUTH STATE STREET • CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS • DEPT. 471

Get all your boating thrills in one superbly styled and stunningly outfitted fiberglass package— the Glastron Sportsman V-171 equipped with the incomparable Aqua-Lift® hull. A consistent competition winner, the V-171 provides all the thrills of a "hot boat" as well as the comfort, safety and feather-soft ride of the ideal family boat. For details on the complete line of 16 outstanding models — 14 to 23-footers, outboards, outdrives and inboards—mail coupon.

GLASTRON BOAT COMPANY
Dept. T44, P. O. Box 9447,
Austin, Texas

Please send free, full-color brochure.

Name.....

Address.....

City, State.....

Visit to a Dead Devil

[*Continued from page* 47]

more than an hour. He confirmed that the popular conception of the penal colony as a single island was false. Actually it covered three islands, Royale, St. Joseph and Devil, and spread to numerous work camps located on the mainland near coastal villages. The islands lay within a few hundred feet of each other in the ocean about 30 miles northwest of Cayenne. Devil had formed the smallest part of the great prison complex, but it was this island that gave the entire penal colony its infamous name. Here, Alfred Dreyfus, a French army captain convicted of treason, languished in solitary loneliness for nearly five years until he was exonerated. Through newspaper accounts of his exile, the world first learned of the human misery and despair that pervaded the penal settlement. Devil was reserved solely for political prisoners, and even during its peak days of notoriety there were never more than perhaps a dozen at any one time on the island. About 2,000 convicts were kept at the mainland camps, and the remainder of the prisoners—a few hundred incorrigibles in and out of solitary confinement—served out their sentences on Royale and St. Joseph.

When Nicol was finally satisfied that we were merely curiosity seekers, he agreed to have the port captain meet us at the hotel the next day. The port captain could arrange for the government launch to take us to the islands, possibly in a day or two. The trip would cost 30,000 francs (about $60) for the boat, another $30 for the crew. We agreed on the price and went to our room.

Despite its newness, the Hotel Montabo, like all else in Cayenne, was in a bad state of disrepair. Heat and humidity had already eaten away patches of paint. Vast armies of termites chewed relentlessly at the wooden framing. There were no elevators or air conditioning. The toilets were of the ancient pull-chain variety with waterbowls up near the ceiling, across which a parade of giant ants marched constantly. Built to accommodate a tourist trade which never developed, the building contains 30 rooms, mostly unoccupied. Except for an occasional Air France crew—and vampire bats and huge moths—we were the hotel's only guests during our two-week stay.

The afternoon after our chat with Nicol, we met the port captain in the hotel bar. M. Deluc, a fat Frenchman right out of a Humphrey Bogart thriller, sat at our table, downing rum like water while swabbing sweat from his forehead and jowls. A four-bladed fan on the ceiling churned air so hot that my skin felt as though it were coated with molasses. Sweat rolled down in salty droplets, but the iced rum soothed our throats.

"The launch leaves tomorrow at dawn," Deluc informed us. "You'll arrive at Royale about 9, spend three hours there, then visit St. Joseph until 2 in the afternoon."

"That's when we take a look at Devil," Degman said expectantly.

"No," said Deluc. "That's when you return to Cayenne."

He explained, with crude sketches on a paper napkin, that the swift currents flowing between Royale and Devil make a landing by boat extremely difficult. During the years the island was in use, a small dock provided a fairly safe landing, but the dock had since washed away.

"There's nothing to see there anyway," Deluc pointed out. "A few crumbling huts, nothing more."

Not being able to reach Devil's Island was disappointing. Degman sipped his rum moodily and studied Deluc's sketches. "How close to Devil's shore can you get the launch?" he asked finally.

"Perhaps 50 feet," Deluc said.

"Fine," said Degman. "We can swim."

The captain grinned, and he spewed drops of sweat from his lips. "I would not advise it. The waters around the island are filled with sharks."

Outside the door there was a crash of tin against stone. Through the open doorway I could see a man—a bundle of bones held together with taut skin clad in filthy rags. He had removed the lid from a garbage can and let it drop to the walk.

His hair hung in long, dirty strands almost to his shoulders, and a scraggly beard grew from his chin. Another man moved in beside him—equally dirty, equally gaunt. Together they bent over the can and rammed their hands and arms into its foul-smelling depths. Each man had a large cloth sack into which he now placed things of value—an empty bottle, a tin can containing bits of food, bread crusts, lemon peels, scraps of meat. Each item was examined carefully before it went into the sack. At times, both men were half-buried in the can, visible only from their waists down. Suddenly they came out of the can in a mutual convulsion, each with a determined grip on a huge meaty mutton bone. They swung wildly at each other with their free arms, then one of the men lost his footing and dragged the other to the ground. As they rolled down the walk, the bearded one's hand found a loose rock. He swung it high and caught the other with a sharp blow on the forehead. For a moment they both lay still. Slowly, exhausted from the brief struggle, the bearded man rose, threw down the bloody rock, and shoved the bone into his sack. He tossed the sack over his shoulder and staggered wearily down the hill toward Cayenne. The other man, blood streaming down his face, rolled over, lifted himself groggily, and picked up his own sack of treasures and wandered off.

I asked Deluc what kind of men were those who would fight so violently over a dirty bone. He explained that they were the remnants of the men who once inhabited the penal colony. More than 200 of those ex-convicts still reside in Cayenne. Most of them either had no one to return to at home after they were released or had been renounced by their families. Today, each is a human derelict whose bed is the nearest doorway, whose lavatory is the gutter, whose entire wardrobe is on his back, and whose kitchen is a rancid garbage can in the back streets of Cayenne. All of them are waiting to die—but with the stubbornness of mankind are living to a ripe old age in the process.

Degman went back to Devil's Island. "Supposing I swim to Devil myself," he suggested. "Smith can stay in the launch and keep the sharks away. We brought a high-powered rifle."

"Do what you wish," Deluc said. "But I cannot permit the launch to get too near the island."

"Okay," said Degman, wrapping his hand around a newly iced glass for the

TRUE

"It got the 'Good Homemaking Seal,' the reviews call it wholesome family entertainment, and the Legion of Decency gave it an 'A.' Gentlemen we're in trouble!"

feeling of coolness. "That settles that. Furthermore, I intend to spend a whole night out there."

Deluc threw up his hands in dismay. "But why?" he asked incredulously. "There's nothing there."

"Yes, there is," said Degman. "There's a state of mind. For one night I'll be a prisoner on Devil's Island. I'll know what it feels like to be cut off from the world, alone and with no chance of being rescued."

Deluc finished his drink, wiped his fat lips with the back of his hand and left the bar, shaking his head in amazement.

For the remainder of the day we wandered around the sprawling city of Cayenne and examined its steaming ugliness. If cartographers ever decided to designate a certain area of the world as its rectum, this would be a likely location. The city can best be described as a gigantic shanty town falling apart at the seams. Poverty is everywhere, and filth attracts swarms of black vultures in the streets and alleyways. The city smells, a peculiar musty smell like that of dirty bodies. Walking cadavers, once starved in their cells and overworked in the jungle heat, slouch in doorways or wander drunkenly about the dusty streets. In one doorway, three ex-convicts fought over a half-empty bottle of cheap rum. One had gnarled, shapeless fingers, crushed and rendered useless years ago by a guard's club. Another had an empty socket where his left eye had been. We were told he had torn it out with his own hands in a desperate attempt to be removed from solitary to the comparative comforts of the prison hospital. There was a man with one leg. The other had been severed by a shark in a futile attempt to swim away from Royale Island.

COMING . . .

The full, factual story of Korean War defector Scott Rush, told in his own words. Read I CHOSE RED CHINA FOR TEN YEARS, an exclusive first-person account of life behind the Bamboo Curtain . . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Near the waterfront, on a small quay overlooking the ocean, we found a little man sitting in a wheelbarrow. His vacant eyes stared endlessly out at the sea, northeast in the direction of France. I sat down in the wheelbarrow next to him, but he said nothing. Until I spoke, he gave no indication that he even knew I was there. His answers were short.

"Were you a *condamné* (convict)?"

"Yes."

"For what reason?"

"I was a thief."

"What did you steal?"

"A woman's purse."

"How long have you been in Guiana?"

"Forty-eight years."

"For stealing a *purse?*"

"No, only 37 years for stealing the purse."

"What do you do now?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you work?"

"There is no work."

"You must do *some*thing."

"I sit here."

"All day?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Why not?"

French justice has always been harsh, but it was particularly severe during the 100 years of the jungle penal colony. A monstrous system called *doublage* made any sentence, regardless of its length, a lifetime conviction. *Doublage* required that a convict, after his release, continue to reside in the penal settlement as many years as the length of his original sentence. Thus, a man with a 10-year hitch actually was forced to serve 20 years—10 as a convict and another 10 in Cayenne as a free man, or *libéré*. But for the convict, it was not this simple. To begin with, minor infractions of the prison rules could add years to his sentence. The original 10 years became 12. The 12 became 15. The 15 grew to 20. And finally, if a convict was fortunate enough to serve out his time, he often found that life as a *libéré* was worse than prison. As a result, not infrequently he committed a new crime in order to be returned to prison service.

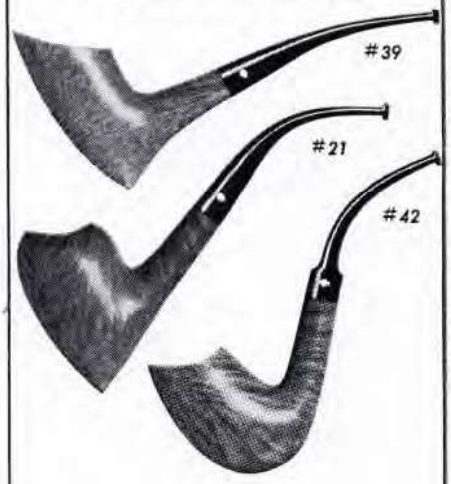
We learned of the case of M. Berthé. Original sentence, eight years. At the time, he was 35 years old. Before the end of his first year, Berthé made an abortive attempt to escape across the Maroni River in a dugout canoe from St. Laurent to Albina, Dutch Guiana. Recaptured the next day, he was placed before a tribunal where his sentence was increased to 10 years. Six months later he slammed his fist into the face of a brutal guard who was attempting to crush a convict's skull with a rifle butt. The punishment? Two years in solitary confinement in a tiny dungeon on St. Joseph, and five more years added to his original sentence. He now had 14 years to serve of an eight-year conviction. This was subsequently increased to 22 years after other unsuccessful escape attempts. Berthé finally resigned himself to his fate. Determined to gain his freedom, he became a model prisoner and gritted his teeth at the back-breaking labor and privations. Ultimately, he became a free man and was sent to Cayenne where, by the time he had served his *doublage*, he would have been 79 years old.

When Berthé reached the city, the air of freedom felt good in his lungs, even though he could not return to France for another 22 years. But after a few weeks the same air seared his empty stomach with the pangs of starvation. He found that there was no work for *libérés*. Why should anyone pay a libéré to work when convict labor could be had for nothing? Berthé begged in the streets and vied with vultures for access to the garbage cans. He lived in a dirty hut made of rusty tin and palm thatching on the outskirts of town. Meanwhile, his slender frame became thinner and his clothes were mere rags. He was an animal that barely existed. Life as a convict, he reasoned, was cer-

Dr. Grabow

The world's only pre-smoked pipe!

Needs No Breaking-In!



You enjoy a mild, satisfying smoke the very first time you light up. Choose from exciting Continental styles, traditional Classics and new non-tip Futuras. Whatever your choice, you know it's the finest if it's a Dr. Grabow Pre-Smoked Pipe. Available in four superb briars, $4.95 to $10.00.

For FREE Information Booklet, Write to:
DR. GRABOW Pre-Smoked Pipes, Greensboro, N.C.

SPRAY ON! WIPE OFF!

® MALCO

Leather & Plastic Spray Cleaner

- Quickly removes dirt, grease and grime
- Restores original appearance

At service stations everywhere! For name of dealer nearest you, write: **MALCO Products, Inc.**
Dept. T-4 Akron 4, Ohio

ANTIQUE WEAPONS—Fascinating background and 1498 photographic illustrations of authentic old guns, daggers, swords, and armor.
SEND $1 for your CATALOG #51:
ROBERT ABELS INC.
860-T Lexington Ave. New York 21, N. Y.

LEARN MEAT CUTTING

Train quickly in 8 short weeks at Toledo for a bright future with security in the vital meat business. Big pay, full-time jobs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN! Pay after graduation. Diploma given. Job help. Thousands of successful graduates. Our 41st year! Send now for big new illustrated FREE catalog. No obligation. G. I. Approved. **NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, Dept. T-52, Toledo 4, Ohio.**

"Underneath a thin veneer of civilization there's a savage killer—but he's too stupid to know it!"

tainly preferable to slow starvation.

There was only one thing for him to do. He became a thief again, breaking and entering a small grocery store. When the police arrived, he was sitting in the middle of the store surrounded by a mountain of empty food cans. He had eaten his fill and vomited and eaten his fill again. He was retching horribly for the third time when they found him, and made no attempt to get away. Sentence? Six years. For Berthé this was not a sentence at all, but an escape—an escape to prison. There, at least, he could eat.

In 1953, when the penal colony was liquidated, Berthé was still a convict, having served 37 years for an eight-year sentence. On this historic day, the commandant announced, "You are free, Berthé. You can return to France." Berthé was 72 years old. He was six feet tall and weighed 130 pounds. A tired, toothless old man, long since forgotten by friends and relatives, he declined the offer and died quietly in a Cayenne gutter a few months ago. Clutched in his hand was his only worldly possession, an empty cloth sack.

At dawn we were aboard the government launch, 40 feet of waterlogged wood and rusty bolts, as it churned out of Cayenne harbor. By 9 we were able to see the penal islands rising out of the sea mist with their towering palms. From a distance they look like tropical paradises, which they were until the French transformed them into a home for the damned. The entire island group, in fact, is still called *"Iles du Salut,"* or Islands of Health. This ironic misnomer was given to the insect-free islands by early colonists who fled from the mainland to escape a yellow-fever epidemic.

A small promontory on the south shore of Royale forms a sheltered bay. It was here that recalcitrant prisoners were landed from the steamer *Mana,* which made weekly trips from St. Laurent. In a two-story pink stuccoed building at the dock the men were assigned to quarters on either Royale or St. Joseph, the location depending upon the severity of their offenses at the mainland camps. On Royale, they were permitted to work outside their cells, tending small gardens or working at odd jobs for the prison guards. On St. Joseph, where the worst offenders were sent, there were two types of solitary confinement cells. One was a roofless enclosure in which offenders were held for eight days and nights under the watch of guards who paced a catwalk above the cells. When it rained, the convicts got wet, and on clear days they sweltered under the tropical sun. The other cell type was nothing more than a dark cubicle not much larger than a telephone booth. In cells of this kind the worst incorrigibles were shut up in total darkness for months, and sometimes years, at a time. They were fed through a small aperture in each door, and were permitted outside exercises for only one hour daily.

Men who went insane in these cells—and hundreds did—were transferred to a "crazyhouse" on the other side of the island, where their anguished screams were heard day and night.

We were guided around Royale and St. Joseph by Pierre Magnan, whose father was the last commandant of the island penal colony. One of the things he showed us on Royale was a large, flat stone stained red with blood. On this rock, in the center of a courtyard, stood the guillotine where thousands of convicts made their final escape.

High on a hill are the remains of the church, its walls festooned with religious paintings done by the art forger, Francis LaGrange. Near the church is the prison hospital, behind which we discovered the rotting remains of the "burial box." This three-sided coffin, open at one end, was used to transport dead convicts to the longboat and out to sea, where they were unceremoniously slid out into the jaws of waiting sharks. The box itself was only about five feet long, and Pierre explained the length by noting that most of the bodies were headless. Although there is a tiny cemetery on the north shore of Royale, it was reserved solely for officials and members of their families.

Except for a solitary lighthouse keeper whose night beam guides planes and ships into Cayenne, the three islands are now uninhabited—unless one counts the ghosts of the convicts. If they exist, they must derive considerable pleasure from the methodical crumbling of man's contribution to the land. The destruction is being performed by the vegetation of the tropics, springing up thickly where convicts once grew gardens. Jungle vines and creepers are reclaiming the earth, and it is virtually impossible to walk without first clearing a path with a machete. Tough, sinuous growths clutch at the dungeon walls until gaping cracks appear, and, as these spread, great chunks of concrete and plaster break off, fall to the ground and are swallowed up. In a few years all visible trace of the evil history of the islands will have vanished.

We climbed down a steep bank of black rocks to the shore of Royale nearest to Devil's Island. At this point stands a tower from which a cable once stretched to another tower on Devil. Twice daily a bucket of food was sent across the cable to the political prisoners. From our position on Royale, nothing could be seen on the island across the channel. If there were even "a few crumbling huts," as Deluc had said, they were certainly not visible. I asked Degman if he thought it was really worth the effort to swim out there through the swift currents. He glanced at his watch, noted it was 2 o'clock, and replied that it was high time we got started.

A half hour later, the launch lay off the shore of Devil's Island, and Degman, his clothing and equipment wrapped in a plastic bag, slipped over the side into the water. When he was halfway to the shore, a pair of triangular-shaped fins sliced through the water by the stern of the launch. Two seven-foot sharks were gliding swiftly after Degman. I grabbed up our .308 Winchester and began squeezing off lead at the dark shapes. Attracted by the sound of gunfire, Degman glanced back. He knew what I was firing at, and alarm showed in his face even before he saw the fins. The sharks, confused and wounded, dived. Blood spots appeared on the surface where they had been. Degman, meanwhile, had reached the shore and was clawing frantically at a rocky ledge. He gained a handhold and eased himself up slowly. At this instant the fins reappeared not more than three feet from him. With the convulsive strength of terror, Degman heaved himself from the water. The sharks, disappointed, loitered for a while, then swam away.

When Degman reached the top of the ledge, he sat down for a few minutes, puffing and wheezing. The launch started and headed off through the currents, and as I watched over the stern, Degman grabbed up his plastic bag and disappeared into the jungle.

A couple of hours later I was back in Cayenne, and that evening I spent pleasantly with Captain Nicol tossing off rum at the Montabo bar. The next morning at

dawn, after forking over another $90, I returned with launch and crew to the islands to pick up Degman. He was waiting for us on the same ledge, and while the boat hovered and I unlimbered the Winchester, he clambered down to the water's edge. He gave a last look for sharks, as I did, and plunged in. The swim back was no more than a morning dip—the sharks had gone. On the way back to Cayenne he described what it was like to spend a night on Devil's Island and what this tiny bit of by-gone evil looks like today.

The jungle, he said, has retaken Devil's Island even more thoroughly than it has the others. Goverment officials make periodic visits to St. Joseph and Royale and keep a few paths open from the docks to various buildings, but no one bothers to inspect Devil. As a result, it is an almost impenetrable maze of vines, bushes and towering palms. The palms, in fact, are so close together that they are incapable of yielding edible fruit. What few coconuts hang from the trees are no larger than golf balls.

After arduously hacking a path through the undergrowth, he came upon an old fortress tower on top of which, at one time, were four cannon, each loaded with grapeshot to repel would-be liberators of the political prisoners. Near the tower were the crumbling remains of several cell blocks, and a few yards away lay portions of the double wall, once eight feet in height, which had surrounded Dreyfus's hut. The wall had been constructed as a result of erroneous newspaper accounts telling of his rescue. Degman now began the task of clearing away the underbrush inside the wall in an effort to find some trace of the actual building in which Dreyfus had lived. In describing the place after his release, Dreyfus had written: "The hut designated for my use was built of stone and covered about 17 square yards. The windows were grated. The door was of latticework with simple iron bars. The door led to a little anteroom six feet square, at the other end of which was a solid wooden door. In this anteroom a guard was always on duty. He was relieved every two hours. The guard was not to lose sight of me day and night. Five men were detailed to this duty. At night the outer door was locked inside and out, so that every two hours when the guard was changed there was an infernal clatter of keys and iron bars and grates. At night I was fettered by both ankles to my cot. When my feet were inserted in the two bands, it was no longer possible for me to move about. I was fastened in an unchangeable position to my bed. The torture was hardly bearable during those tropical nights."

Degman chopped away the brush to its base, a thick layer of decayed vegetable matter. Probing into that with his machete, he found a stone floor. Without a shovel, it was impossible to uncover any appreciable area, but he was certain this was the floor of Dreyfus's hut. In the process of digging, he brought up a rusted T-shaped metal object about 12 inches long. On the lower part of the T was a U-like ring probably used for the insertion of a large padlock. This was un-

18 STARCRAFT runabouts put boating within your budget!

There's a popular-priced Starcraft runabout to fit your tastes, your needs, and your budget in '64! Fiberglass or aluminum! Trim, swift 14 ft. compacts to elegant 21 ft. sportsters! Clean, classically simple styling! New features include stern drive power (factory-installed MerCruiser or dealer-installed stern drive of your choice) and deep vee bottoms in larger models. *Write today for your free 1964 Starcraft catalog. Starcraft Boat Company, Dept. R-4, Goshen, Indiana.*

STARCRAFT

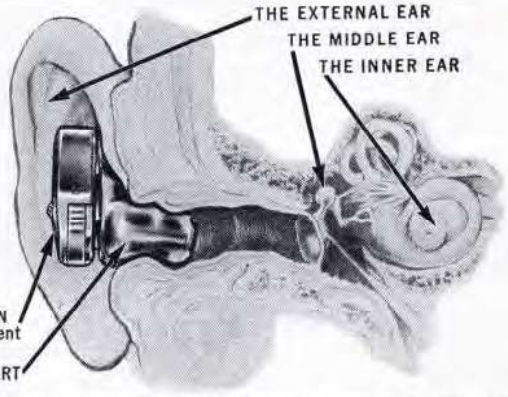
AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR BOATS

Jupiter 16 ft. lapstrake aluminum

Bit by bit . . . every litter bit hurts!

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL!

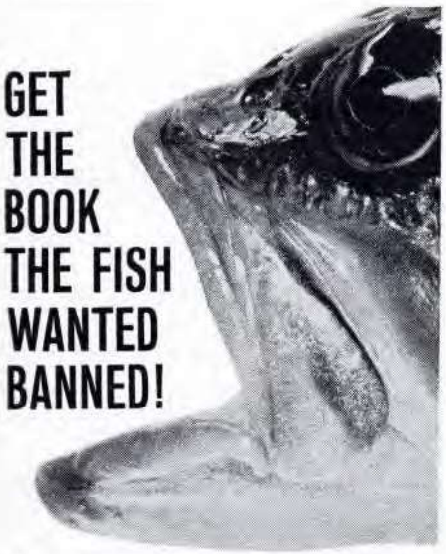
Does **HEARING LOSS** rob you of Togetherness with Family and Friends?



TEAR OUT THIS AD!

Discover how you may now hear clearly whenever you want to, with this amazing new electronic capsule. Look at the diagram above. See how naturally the capsule fits in the ear. It slips in and out of the ear as easily as snapping your fingers! NO cords, NO wires, NO plastic tubes. Tiny as a thimble, weighs 1/3 of an ounce. Yet amplifies sound 22 times. Provides higher fidelity hearing at natural ear-level.

It may end your fears that you'll miss out on what folks say. Discover how it may help you stay actively happy in family, social, church and community life. Write today for descriptive FREE book, sent in plain wrapper. Address: Dept. 4-658, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria St., Chicago 46.



If you were a fish, you'd *hate* Heddon's 1964 Catalog. If you're a fisherman, you'll love it. Here are 64 pages, with 265 color photos . . . all of Heddon's rods, reels, baits and line. Pick up a copy FREE at your dealer's or mail this coupon with 10¢ in coin.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
Box 464-M, Dowagiac, Michigan 49047
Here's my dime . . . rush 1964 Catalog
NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____
STATE_____

doubtedly one of the bolts which had kept Dreyfus fettered during the long nights.

As Degman examined the bolt, he recalled Dreyfus's story with a feeling of enormous admiration for the man's courage. Unlike the other convicts, who did the heaviest kind of labor, Dreyfus was not permitted to work. Nor was he allowed to talk to anyone, or even to look out at the sea. His isolation in his tiny quarters was complete. For five years he was a human vegetable, existing from day to day. His punishment, though primarily mental, was certainly more severe than the physical torture imposed upon the ordinary convict.

Venturing outside the walls of Dreyfus's hut, Degman found a few more cell blocks not far from the fortress tower. The island contained no more.

Just before dark, he climbed to the top of the tower, from which he had an excellent view of St. Joseph, Royale and the mainland. Near the shore he could see several shark fins. He could also make out the rusted tin roof of the "crazyhouse" on St. Joseph—and wondered if the screams of the mad were once heard on Devil's Island.

Looking out across the sea at the mainland, he thought of an old Clark Gable movie with wry amusement. Gable was supposed to have escaped from his cell on Devil's Island one night, run swiftly through the jungle to the sea, dived in, and swum all the way to the mainland without missing a stroke. Such a swim was impossible. The sharks would have made a meal of anyone trying it before he had got 100 feet from the island.

Degman's plastic bag contained sufficient equipment for one night—matches, a flashlight, some canned food, a can opener, a canteen of water and a blanket. When it began to get dark, he built a fire in the center of the Dreyfus compound and heated some food. Later he walked to the seashore and squatted in darkness for a while, spotting the few lights twinkling here and there on the mainland. When he returned to his campsite, the fire had gone out and he became possessed with loneliness. Rebuilding the fire, he sat up for several hours, wrapped in his blanket, watching the flames consume palm branches and chunks of rotted timbers.

He tried to sleep, but that was impossible. A cold wind whipped through the jungle, bending the treetops and penetrating his thin blanket. Finally he dozed, and when he awoke the fire was out again. He sat erect in the darkness. He could see nothing except the luminous dial on his watch, which told him it was 2 o'clock. Searching his pockets for matches, he remembered he had put them back in the plastic bag. His flashlight—where was it? He shook off the blanket and groped around the ground. His hands covered every inch in the vicinity, but he could find neither the bag nor the flashlight. Then he realized he had crawled away from his blanket. He forgot about the flashlight momentarily and began probing for the blanket. The darkness was overpowering, and he realized suddenly that he was lost.

"Nuts," he said, and sat down on the ground to relax.

The whole thing suddenly struck him as being very funny. You can't understand the humor of it until you know the size of Devil's Island. In describing its size, escapee Belbenoit wrote that if you lighted a cigarette at one end of the island and started walking around the shore, the cigarette would be just about ready to throw away by the time you returned to your starting point. For Degman, it was like being lost in a broom closet.

Sitting there in the murky jungle, he was taken with an ironic thought. The French had wasted a great deal of time, money and manpower in the construction of a cell for Dreyfus. The island was a cell in itself. Walls, iron bars, shackles and guards were all superfluous. What was the sense in locking a man up for the night? There was nowhere he could go. Degman reasoned that his present situation closely paralleled a fraction of the life Dreyfus lived for five years. Although Degman was not locked to a wooden bed, he couldn't escape from his spot in the jungle, at least until dawn. No guards were watching him, but who needed them? The trees, vines and undergrowth were guards enough. He was not forbidden to speak, but who was there to speak to, except himself? His vigil, however, was for less than a day, while Dreyfus had spent 1,825 days, or 43,800 hours, in solitude.

Although Degman was only a few hundred miles from the equator, the chill breeze prevented his sleeping any more that night, so he waited up for dawn. When the sun finally rose, he discovered he was less than 10 feet from his flashlight, matches and blanket.

When we fished him out of the sea at 10 a.m., and wanted his impression of a night on the island, he muttered only one word, "Lonely."

What happens to Devil's Island and her sister islands now? We asked this question of the French prefect in Cayenne. At one time, he said, the government had attempted to sell them, but no takers showed up. Then there were visions of building a resort on the islands, but they, too, fell through.

What would Frenchmen really like to do with the Devil's islands? From my talks with those in Cayenne, I became convinced they could hope for nothing better than that an underwater cataclysm swallow all three—and make a start toward erasing the memory of the official sadism in a corner of cultured France. No man likes to remember his country's shame.

—Richard S. Smith and John Degman

COMING . . .

Robert Ruark substitutes reason for panic in the great debate over YOUR RIGHT TO OWN A GUN. Join the controversy . . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

[*Continued from page 29*]

did so as bachelors. Wives and children were left behind. All lived in the same hotel and worked. From early morning till late at night they worked, then fell into bed and got up to do it again. One staffer tells this story of those early days: "About 10 p.m. I decided to call it a day. I'd been there since 7 that morning. I was groggy from work and wound up tight. I needed to relax and get away. As I started to get on the elevator, who steps off but Shriver? He's been out making a speech. Now he's back to do more work. I felt great guilt. If he could do it, so could I."

Said another, "I was with Sarge during a trip around the world. I thought there would be some unwinding amidst all the work. But there wasn't—not at all. It was meeting after meeting, work upon more work, then fall into bed or travel all night in a plane to tackle more of the same someplace else. There never was any relaxing. We never had beers together to talk over the day. There was never any rubbernecking. It was go, go, go all the time."

During my first interview, Shriver had described the early Peace Corps days. "In the beginning everything was new. Everything was a precedent. If we set policies that were wrong at the start, they'd always be wrong. Take the name. What were we to call it? Most of those concerned did not want to call it the Peace Corps. They felt it should have a descriptive name with initials, like the WPA, or some name which would say exactly what it was. It shouldn't be the Peace Corps because that didn't describe anything. Well, I felt it was damned important what it was named. I argued for the Peace Corps name because the phrase had the capacity to capture the public imagination. I felt the practical work of the Corps was contributing to the peace.

"Many persons felt the word 'peace' had been corrupted by the Communists, and 'corps' was too militaristic-sounding. I argued that our work and accomplishment would give new meanings to these words. Then there were those who didn't want our people called volunteers. They wanted to call them Peace Corpsmen. Again, it was felt the Reds had corrupted the word 'volunteer.' I don't give a damn what the Reds do to words. The world will see what a volunteer really is."

Said staffer Bill Delano: "Shriver had no reason to know volunteerism would work. Cynics thought it wouldn't, and that the idealism of the Peace Corps would be its great weakness. Shriver had faith in human beings to deliver as volunteers. The hardest, most pragmatic fact of the Peace Corps is that volunteers will go where you can't pay a person to go. It is the volunteer spirit which makes them go and stay there. The perception to know this was Shriver's greatest achievement."

Shriver's momentum sometimes makes him ruthless. "Shriver is a personality cultist," says a top aide. "He tends to equate his success in terms of his reactions on a personal basis. This has cost

TRUE

"You spelled 'nitroglycerin' wrong."

Worming helps keep your dog healthy and alert

Worm him at home now with
Sergeant's Sure Shot®
—trusted for 75 years

It takes only a minute to give him Sergeant's Sure Shot Worm Capsules —or Puppy Capsules for small dogs.

Safe and effective against large roundworms *and* hookworms. Only 88¢ at drugstores or pet counters. Sergeant's outsells other worming products 2 to 1.

Regular worming helps your dog keep his vitality and good spirits—at his best around the house and in the hunting field.

Keep in mind, too, that Sergeant's offers you a complete line of tested dog-care products.

FREE Dog-Care Book. Packed with facts on feeding, training, ailments. Send a postcard with your name and address to Sergeant's, Dept. T, Richmond, Va. 23230

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE ★ Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

Sergeant's® Worming Products

Automatic Savings is Sure Savings
U. S. Savings Bonds . . . .

NEW Transistorized Airguide
TACHOMETER

Accurate . . . easy to install. For 6 or 12 volt. 0-6000 or 0-8000 for 6 or 8 cylinder. 0-8000 for 4 cylinder. Illuminated chrome indicator, transmitter, accessories. At speed shops, automotive stores. Write for info. Jobbers, dealers, invited.

Mounts in any location

AIRGUIDE INSTRUMENT CO.
2210 Wabansia Avenue, Chicago 47, Illinois

"Never mind the compliments—just get that damn ping-pong ball out of there!"

us some good people. A man may be competent but lack the chemistry Shriver finds satisfactory. No man is infallible. How can you judge a man in a 30-minute interview? All you can do is form a good or bad impression."

The ruthlessness shows up again in Shriver's insatiable demand for performance. His own drive often spills over into an insistence that the impossible be done right now. The hell with delays. If he wants to hire someone, go somewhere, buy something, he cannot brook the procedural delays, the taking of bids, the civil service requirements, the prerogatives of other federal agencies. He feels that if a man is any good, he'll find a way around these things. When, sometimes, the man can't find a way, he sweats in anticipation of Shriver's wrath.

"I sometimes wonder if Shriver has any personal loyalties," said a staffer in a mood to bellyache. "He says he doesn't want anyone who wouldn't rather be here than somewhere else. That's crap. One shouldn't have to go all out all the time for the cause. It may be one way of excelling, but it makes you impersonal as hell. He's impersonal as hell."

The griper went on. "Everybody thinks he has a personal relationship with him. Actually no one does, unless he's involved in that day's work. Suppose Shriver's working on the budget. Everybody involved in that is important. Their relationship couldn't be more personal. Everyone else might as well not exist. You are either in the sun or the shade. In the shade he's cold. Then your turn in the sun arrives. It's absolutely brilliant. You forget yesterday's shade. Your work is perfect pleasure. I've seen guys so angry at his continuing demands they are ready to quit. Then they get a few minutes alone with him and they emerge glowing. He can ask them to do the most outrageous thing and they'll do it willingly, with a feeling of great joy."

Shriver's men point consistently to his use of personality as a method of administration. He'll play off one man against another, for instance. A man will be doing a job and suddenly another sits down beside him and starts doing it, too. "Sargent finds it exciting," said an aide, "to get people competing to do the same job, but it tends to cause frustration. It is not a desirable way to administer."

At least one division head fails to fall for this gambit. "I boot these guys the hell out and call up Shriver and tell him I'm not playing his little game. You should hear him laugh." Other men fret and sit on the edges of their chairs, which is just where Shriver wants them.

An assistant describes it with economy. "Shriver," he says, "knows how to use fear."

Why the ruthlessness to get a job done? What's his hurry? Some staffers dodged the question: others tried to answer. "I think he's competing with the Kennedy image." Or, "He knows that if he does a good job with the Peace Corps, it will be his recommendation for elective office." Or, "I think he sincerely wants to serve, but if in serving others he also serves himself, is that necessarily bad?"

This drive for the top occasionally spills over into self-aggrandizement. He is, for instance, insatiable about publicity. This has led him to hire four different public-information officers in two years. Shriver says his demand for more and more publicity is entirely for the Peace Corps and not for himself. This is not wholly true. An item in a Chicago society column describing how he changed into his tux in a cab on his way to a White House social event made him ecstatic. "This is the way to score," he said. "Let's have more like this."

The more I dug into Shriver, the more I got those who know him best to talk about him, the more I turned up conflicting facets. He may be ruthless and self-promoting at times, but he is also the guy who sends flowers to sick wives of his men and remembers their kids' birthdays. He is also the Shriver who sprawled face first on Pennsylvania Avenue while helping push an underling's car out of the snow.

The Shriver who finds time in the busiest day to read the Bible is the same one who routs his men out of bed at 2 a.m. to ask their opinions, or who greets them in the morning with a storm of memos penned as he poured over reports the night before. The Shriver who regrets not having time to go on Catholic retreats any more is the same man whose ideas well out so fast he can't get one carried out before it is replaced with a better one, and who carries this sign on the back of his office door. "Nice guys finish last."

The relentlessly driving Shriver is the same person who has a taste for beer and Chinese food and gales of laughter with trusted friends. And the Shriver who reads philosophy and collects Oriental art and works honestly and sincerely with the mentally retarded is also the one who hardly ever misses the Baltimore Colts in action. Yet hesitates to let his son go to a museum because he wants him to be a participant not just an observer.

Then there is the Shriver who never carries money and has to bum a dime for the phone or a quarter to tip the cab driver, loans which he pays back. This Shriver runs the Peace Corps as if it were a piggy bank. He won't spend a tax dollar if he can beg, borrow or scrounge what he needs. He insists on paying most of his own expenses and requires all Peace Corpsmen to travel third class, an order which has led to the paradox of State Department functionaries riding first class on the same plane in which a brother-in-law of the Kennedys is riding economy. Yet there is also a Shriver who spends money as if it were going out of

style and says, "I can't seem to realize money has value."

And so I went back to see Shriver again, only now I had a pretty good idea how he had won his place in the sons. We talked of many things—sports, for example. "I started skin diving after World War II," he said. "Mostly I go spear-fishing. I fish for three-quarters of an hour, then water ski home. Have I speared any big ones? Oh, I got a shark once. It was only a baby, perhaps six feet long, but still a shark. Mostly I catch yellowtails."

He talked on. "I like competitive sports. I like to swim against somebody. Just to go into a pool and fool around bores me. But swimming to spear a fish or to get to a boat for water skiing is something else. I have to compete. I have to accomplish something. I play baseball to get on a team or to score a run. And it isn't just the competition. It is reaching an objective."

In these words shines the unquenchable competitiveness of the man. Suddenly I felt I was right: Shriver earns his place in the sons by out-Kennedying the Kennedys. He gives no quarter in brains, energy, drive, competitiveness, physical attributes, and is probably their superior in creativity, imagination and salesmanship.

Oddly, his ability stems in large measure from the same source as that of the Kennedy sons, old Joe Kennedy.

"Mr. Kennedy," said Shriver, "is a very perceptive man. He has a capacity for analyzing and simplifying. He told me that so many people get so involved in problems they can't find the solution. He told me to try to solve a few of the essential ones and the rest would fall into place. He'd always try to figure out which things were crucial. If those were done successfully, the rest could be done also. In setting up the Peace Corps, I first thought it through. There were seven major problems which had to be solved. If they could be solved, the Peace Corps had a chance of success. If they could not be solved, there was no point in trying.

"Another thing he taught me was to play it straight. He hated 'cute' guys. He taught me to get any cuteness out of me. Be tough, be practical, but never cute. As a result I adopted a policy with Congress of being nothing but truthful. I made everything above board. I take congressmen to be men of integrity and patriotism. I feel that as an appointed official I have a special responsibility to the elected official. I have not been elected to anything. He has. He is, therefore, my superior."

There is no doubt Shriver means it. He is an unparalleled hit in Congress. He has no peer in his ability to work with legislators. They love him and give him what he wants.

I asked Shriver why he worked so hard for Jack Kennedy during his campaign. Newspaperman Bartlett had said, on that subject, "I'm not so sure I'd drop everything and go to work for my brother-in-law just because he wanted to be elected something or other."

Shriver answered, "It was apparent the President (he never spoke of him as Jack or John) was a unique individual, an exceptionally gifted candidate for President. I asked myself: are my personal objectives so great I should rank mine above his *at the moment*? I felt it was essential to change administrations. I felt the Eisenhower administration had been bad. I felt time was running out for this country. I felt Nixon would not make an outstanding President. To have Nixon follow Eisenhower would be disastrous. So my decision was obvious. And it was nothing new. I had worked hard in 1948, '49, '50 and '51 for Stevenson in Illinois."

The reasoning was perfect. I wondered if it were not too perfect. The fact remained that this highly competitive guy with a pronounced lifelong drive for the top had submerged his own ambitions to help his brother-in-law reach his.

Then Lee Harvey Oswald rested a $19.95 mail-order rifle on a dirty window sill in Dallas and pinched off three shots.

Sargent Shriver is a reluctant beneficiary of those shots. While Jack Kennedy was President, Shriver was in a box, confined by his in-law role, unable to seek an independent political career because he would be labeled "another Kennedy."

Yet many who knew him felt it was a waste of his talents to keep him in the Peace Corps. Long before the assassination, Newton Minow, former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission and a long-time Shriver friend from Chicago, told me, "If he were not a relative of the President, Shriver might have emerged as a candidate for governor of Illinois. There has been a definite hardship here. At some future time I should hope he would pursue an independent political course. He would be an excellent candidate."

With the death of Jack Kennedy and the assumption of the Presidency by Lyndon Johnson, Shriver's importance was greatly magnified. A boomlet drive, Shriver-for-Vice-President in 1964, was started almost immediately. President Johnson, a long-time Shriver admirer, gave support to it by inviting Shriver to his box when he addressed Congress on the Wednesday after the assassination.

Further fuel was added when Johnson sent Shriver around the world bearing letters to heads of state. Recently the President named Shriver to head his anti-poverty drive, the top domestic program of the new administration. The program is still largely unformulated, but characteristically, Shriver took hold of it within hours, holding staff meetings and lining up ideas.

The insiders' view is that Shriver, a Catholic from a populous midwestern state and a member of the Kennedy family, could offer much to a Johnson ticket. His reputation among the young people —he is mobbed when he appears on a campus—gives him the image of youth which politicians feel Johnson needs.

All across the country Shriver is being mentioned as a Vice-Presidential candidate. Many persons feel this is shooting too high in his first try for public office. But no one doubts he will soon launch a political career.

Take that a step further. Watch Shriver. Wherever or whenever, you'll be hearing about him for years to come.

—Robert Liston

If You Want To
STOP SMOKING
Airline Pilot Tells How!

Capt. Roger Don Rae flies jets. He says: "We know that smoking impairs your ability to see at night. When flying, or driving an automobile, this is something to think about. Bantron helped me stop smoking almost without noticing it. I recommend it to my friends."

Bantron is a safe, new product, developed at a great American university, that has helped thousands stop smoking. In a series of clinical tests, published in a leading Medical Journal*, scientists reported that 4 out of 5 men and women who wanted to quit smoking stopped within 5 days when they took Bantron.

And the Bantron way is so easy and pleasant! Bantron does not affect your taste, is not habit forming. It acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system and curbs your desire for tobacco.

Taken as directed, Bantron is perfectly safe. Just take 3 Bantron tablets a day, after meals, for four days. Then only 2 a day until all desire leaves you. 80% are "Free" in 5 to 10 days. Now at drug stores without prescription. Price $1.25. Also available in Canada.

Bantron
BRAND
Smoking Deterrent Tablets ®

*Copies available to doctors on request. Write Campana Corporation, Batavia, Ill.

What To Do When Feet Perspire And Odor Offends

Like other parts of your body, feet perspire. Too often it causes offensive odor. Doctors call this condition *Bromidrosis*. You may not notice it—but others do. To stop the odor, stop the perspiration that causes it. Dr. Scholl's Bromidrosis Powder contains an effective anti-perspirant to stop this excessive sweating. Another scientific ingredient deodorizes. Feet and shoes stay dry, odor-free all day! Start using Dr. Scholl's Bromidrosis Powder today. Be sure *your* feet never offend! At all stores.

Graphoanalysis
LEARN TO ANALYZE HANDWRITING—THE PROVED, SCIENTIFIC WAY!
YOU can learn to analyze character from handwriting. Clinically proved principles of Graphoanalysis help you understand people—including yourself. Fascinating home-study training. Many career opportunities for both men and women, full or spare time. Send for FREE catalog and sample lesson. No salesman will call. (State age.)
Free! TRIAL LESSON
INTERNATIONAL GRAPHOANALYSIS SOCIETY, INC.
325 West Jackson Blvd., Dept. DX-9, Chicago 6, Illinois

Pep Up Your Car!
CASITE Tune-Up
$1.25 AT YOUR SERVICE STATION

THE OLD KICKER

[*Continued from page* 51]

building outboards has boomed to such an extent that manufacturers now try to trace their ideas back to crude, original contraptions. It's just as well they can't. The first outboards were noisy, heavy, highly unsatisfactory mechanisms. In 1876 a French-American named de Sanderal realized a small boat with a big engine might be hard to get up and move out of its own way. He put horizontal propeller wheels, helicopter style, out under each of the four corners of a square raft, plus a fifth wheel attached vertically to push the platform forward. All were geared to a steam engine, but their combined weight offset any lift they might have been able to deliver. Even afloat, a fifth wheel wasn't the answer.

A patent was granted to Emerson Harthan of Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1887 for his self-contained steam motor that could be completely detached from the stern. The condenser was designed to act as a rudder, and a four-bladed propeller was cranked by the engine's connecting rod. Though it looked ingenious on paper, there is no indication one was ever built.

To other inventors, electricity seemed like a good solution. Paris, in 1881, had an apparatus called the Trouvé that dropped on like a rudder and cranked its outboard propeller with an electric-powered chain drive in a manner similar to some of the steam models of the time. However, it frequently ran out of juice.

Gottlieb Daimler, by 1887, was using his remarkable internal combustion engine to power his motor-propelled carriage in Cannstadt, Germany. Two years later he exhibited a boat in Paris. Possibly the first "motorboat," it had a strange collection of pipes and gears fastened to the stern topped with one of Daimler's pioneer high-speed four-cycle gasoline engines. In America, William Steinway who had just become president of his father's piano company was looking for new products. He saw Daimler's boat in Paris, went on to Germany, and paid Daimler $10,000 for rights to try it out in America. Reports of Chicago's 1893 World's Fair tell how the strange Steinway-Daimler motor launch laid down a smelly smoke screen along the lake front, but later outraced two rowboats to rescue some fishermen clinging to a capsized skiff out in Lake Michigan. Steinway turned out about 100 of the gasoline-powered craft in three years, outboard historian Edwin Hodge estimates, before returning to his automotive and piano interests.

Outboard motor manufacturing finally commenced in earnest in Long Island City, New York, 1896. The American Motor Car Company decided there was a market for such a gadget and offered a four-cycle one-cylinder, one-horsepower, air-cooled motor weighing 50 pounds, and a two-cylinder 75-pounder that could turn up to 600 revolutions per minute and possibly push a rowboat eight miles an hour. The mounting bracket and tiller were permanently fixed on the hull's transom, and the detachable powerhead and drive slotted down into place. Steering worked by moving a tiller side to side. Lifting and lowering the handle could change the prop pitch enough to provide forward, neutral, or reverse. Only 25 "Portable Boat Motors" were built, and all these have probably been mistaken for junk iron over the years. Pioneer outboard executive Jim Webb tracked down the original location of the American plant and found it had become a movie studio with no trace remaining of any of the ancient motors.

By 1902 French outboard companies began to crop up. Motogodille turned out an eight-foot long, direct-shaft single-cylinder outboard in 1902 that was developed from a four-cycle Buchet motorcycle engine. Several years ago, marine engineer Robert Cox of Fort Lauderdale recognized a 1905 Motogodille in the shadowy attic of an old boat repair shop in Gananoque, Ontario. It turned out to be a 1906 model, perhaps one of the oldest outboards in existence in the country. Its American reputation for being hard to start could be based among other reasons, he found, on the fact that it had to be cranked counterclockwise. Mounted on the transom and slanted out astern with the propeller fastened directly on the drive shaft, the motor had a design which was to show up years later in Caille's Liberty outboard and German military models of World War II.

Another French product, Lautonautile's four-cycle Amovible, came in five sizes from 1¾ to 8½ horsepower, and 132 pounds up to a hardly portable 308. The lower unit could swivel in any direction and looked something like a modern inboard/outboard drive.

The first successful rowboat motor—one that the public was ready to buy—was assembled in Detroit in 1905 by Cameron B. Waterman using a Curtiss motorcycle air-cooled engine and a chain drive to the propeller. Waterman hired Oliver Barthel to engineer a production model of his "portable outboard motor." Twenty-five were built in 1906. After a patent was safely issued in 1907, Waterman promptly switched to water-cooling and 3,000 were produced that year. The new two-horsepower Porto had its one-lung cylinder and flywheel below placed vertically on the drive shaft.

In 1908 the Walnut Machine & Brass Foundry Company, of Toledo, Ohio, produced a 40-pounder with two horsepower which swung a prop a foot in diameter. It also had a lower unit that swiveled to steer, could be adjusted for best transom angle but, like many others, it quietly disappeared with scarcely a ripple.

While Watermans were going into production, a shy young Norwegian from a farm in upstate Wisconsin was building a stationary engine in the basement of Mrs. Doyle's boarding house on Reed Street in southside Milwaukee. Andrew Evinrude had wanted his son Ole to be a farmer, but at 16 Ole left home, walked the 20 miles from Cambridge to Madison, and apprenticed to a farm machinery shop. From there he went to the Pittsburgh rolling mills, a Chicago tool works, and finally back to the big city of his state: Milwaukee. Evinrude opened a small pattern shop and worked nights at the boarding house on his stationary engine. When it finally started up with a rattling roar, every light in the house flickered out. A success as an engine, it gulped in so much illuminating gas for fuel that it had sucked all the gas lines dry.

A new company, Clemick & Evinrude, tried building some automotive engines. Next Ole formed the Motor Car Power Equipment Company, attempted to run it without capital or help, and failed again. Ole went back to pattern making, but he started thinking about the outboard, legend says, while on a picnic on a hot August afternoon. His first outboard, a single-cylinder, two-cycle engine, had cylinder and flywheel at the top of the vertical drive shaft and at right angles

TRUE

"Where's the couple who needs the emergency ceremony?"

to it—as nearly every outboard has had since. His second engine was a minor commercial success so Evinrude took to advertising. Waterman had earlier advertised his Porto—"Don't Be Afraid of It!" Ole took a positive approach to advertise in a Milwaukee paper: Don't Row! Throw the Oars Away! Use an Evinrude Motor!"

By 1914 Evinrude was established as a major name in a new field and three years later Ole sold name and company to Chris Meyer for a tidy $150,000.

Evinrude and Waterman never had the small boat market to themselves, and by the time Ole left the business, at least 45 other companies had been attracted to what looked like a vast market of lakes overstocked with outboard-buying boatmen. Names like Admiral, Arrow, Caille, Federal Ferro, Gray Gearless, Jewel Electric, Joymotor, Koban, Lockwood-Ash, Spinaway, Van Blerck, Wisconsin Motors, and Wright were beginning to appear. Manufacturers worked out new developments for the little rowboat engine as they felt their way through the years from 1910 to 1920. Many, in fact, of the "new" improvements marketed since World War II were first tried out before World War I. Waterman Porto in 1912 came up with a detachable power head in case the boatman wanted a power supply to apply to some chore ashore, something the French Motogodille provided in 1902. (In 1960 a manufacturer offered the same option with a motor that could turn a propeller shaft or, if the skipper was stuck at home, a power lawn mower.)

Evinrude and Waterman were switching to magneto ignition mounted in the flywheels. Caille Perfection, an inboard engine company that wanted to get into the outboard act, squirted the exhaust out underwater to help silence the racket of the noisy little mill. Most outboards were then, and still are, two-cycle with the spark firing on every revolution rather than every other as with automotive four-cycle engines. For outboard power, the lighter weight and fewer parts of the little motors seemed to make sense. Mixing oil into the gas for lubrication was no chore with an engine for which Waterman claimed in an ad in 1908:

"You can attach it to the stern post of your boat in five minutes without any tools. Drives an 18-foot rowboat seven miles per hour (runs eight hours on one gallon of gasoline). Can be detached from boat just as quickly and stored in box in which it is carried. Simplest motor made, does not get out of order. Money back guarantee."

Otto Koch and E. P. Bannon joined names to produce the Koban in 1914, credited as the first *production* two-cylinder outboard. Starting the same year, Federal Motor Manufacturing in Washington, D.C., took credit for the first motor hinged to tilt up and bounce over underwater obstructions. Some Evinrude owners for several years, however, had already been unbolting their transom angle adjustment and letting the underwater unit ride on the bolt so their motors could tilt the same way.

Motion forward or in reverse was provided for by variable pitch propellers—Caille claimed a choice of five speeds in 1915. Some engines were stopped and started up in reverse by spinning the flywheel knob in the opposite direction for powering astern. Steering was managed by a movable rudder behind the prop, a tiller which turned only the drive shaft and propeller below a fixed power head, or by swiveling the powerhead and drive all as one unit.

And not all systems used a propeller in the water. Aerothrust and Aerodrive were two dangerous 1916 outboards which threshed a large aircraft-type propeller around in the air above the transom. Though they proved to have no market at the time, they were direct forerunners of the airboat skimmers now used for shallow waters like the Everglades. Conventional motors were the popular ones, and by this time Waterman reported their 30,000th outboard had been sold.

But too many companies, plus pressures of World War I, began to narrow the field in 1917. Waterman was sold to Arrow Motor and Marine. Others quietly submerged.

Private brand distributing had already come into the picture. Gray bought some of their motors from Caille to sell under their own name, and Sears, Roebuck's Motorgo outboard was manufactured by Lockwood-Ash. By 1919 a total of 17,000 outboards of all brands were sold during the year.

Ole Evinrude, meanwhile, attracted by the possibilities of war-proved aluminum, designed a twin-cylinder, 47-pound outboard which was 27 pounds lighter than any engine being produced by the now Meyers-owned Evinrude Company. When his original company turned his new engine down, Evinrude formed Elto—for Evinrude Light Twin Outboard—in 1921 and lost $10,000 the first year but made nearly 30 times that in 1928. Competition for outboard sales in the 20's was shaking down into Elto, Evinrude, Lockwood-Ash, Caille, and Johnson.

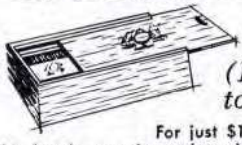
Lou, Harry, and Clarence Johnson were the sons of a Danish tool dresser who let his red-headed kids have the run of his home workshop while they were growing up in Terre Haute, Indiana. By 1912 Lou had designed and built a steel-framed 750-pound monoplane rated America's first, powered it with a V-form engine he and his brothers had created, and flown it as well.

The Johnson School of Aviation followed, until a tornado wiped it out. Already the boys had built 20 boats. One, Black Demon III, established a successful racing record powered by two inboard engines of Johnson design that turned on 180 horsepower each. In 1917 they formed Johnson Motor Wheel Company to produce a small twin-cylinder 1½ horsepower air-cooled engine that could be used to power a bicycle. A year later the company moved to South Bend and was booming until the 1921 postwar recession knocked them out of business.

Reorganizing, they adapted their light little 2,200 rpm aluminum power plant to drive a two-horsepower outboard. Total weight was only 35 pounds. By December 1921, the Johnson Motor Company was in production. More than 3,000

35c FOR PACK OF 20
At fine tobacco counters everywhere

SPECIAL OFFER!



HANDY HUMIDOR
(Limit — one to a smoker)

For just $1 we'll send you this handy, genuine redwood, slide-top humidor packed with 60 St. Regis mild little cigars (3 packs of 20). A real value in smoking pleasure and you'll find the humidor handy for traveling or desk. Holds up to 10 large cigars. (Limit — one to a smoker.) Send $1 to:
ST. REGIS
Dept. R-I, Box 2030 Tampa, Florida

LUXURY STYLED!

Fiberglas Runabouts by
ALPEX ALUMA Craft
America's most stylish runabouts . . . proved dependability, easy handling, super-strength—for cruising, skiing, fishing ... for years! 14-16 ft. Stable-matic® hulls for perfect water control!
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG
Aluma Craft Boat Division
Alpex Corporation
1577 Central Ave. N.E.
Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55413

NOW IN PAPERBACK
Silent Spring
Rachel Carson
ANOTHER HISTORY-MAKING BESTSELLER FROM CREST BOOKS
On Sale Wherever Paperbacks Are Sold—only 75c

Johnson Waterbug motors were turned out that first year, each selling for $140. Seven thousand were made in 1923. Exceptional light weight, plus full pivot steering so the complete engine could swing around for powering astern, were strong sales features. Lighter still, a single-cylinder, 1½ horsepower, 27-pound motor was added to the line in 1925 and, as racing became more popular and the demand for power and high performance increased, a six-horse model was created for 1926. By 1929 the Johnson Motor Company had graduated from Waterbugs to Sea Horses in 2, 3, 10, 14, 16, and 32 horsepower models and was establishing a new million dollar plant in Waukegan, Illinois. It had spent $600,000 for the year on advertising and promotion when the stock market crashed.

Total sales of outboards of all brands were 59,000 in 1929. The depression hurt. Sales were only 12,000 in 1932.

The post-World-War-I years had changed the outboard market as well as the motors. A putt-putt that usually ran was not enough. The lightweights—Ole's Elto and Johnson's Waterbug started the aluminum trend. The Evinrude Company piped the exhaust out through the propeller hub to reduce noise and back pressure, and in 1923 Johnson mounted an anti-cavitation plate above the prop to give it a better bite of water. Lockwood-Ash supplied a slip clutch on the drive shaft in 1925, so that when a prop struck something there was less chance of shearing off parts. Rubber mounts and better suspension for engines were additional attempts to quiet them and to stop the boat from becoming a sounding board for power head vibration.

The year also marked a surge of interest in racing. Gray & Prior Machine of Hartford brought out a two-cylinder motor which was later to become Indian Motorcycle's Silver Arrow of the early 30's. Johnson's six-horse Big Twin turned up 16.6 miles an hour its first time out in competition, and had set a mark of 23.3 by the end of the season. Elto's four-cylinder Quad and separate auxiliary gas tank were among the improvements of 1928. One of the first set a speed record of 41.7 mph; the 4-60 racing engine and heavy duty 55-horse military motor of World War II were later developed from it. Cross Gear & Machinery, Detroit, launched a radical five-cylinder four-cycle radial outboard with a tractor prop ahead of its lower unit gears, but the heavy motor failed to outperform existing models.

Company mergers were also taking place. In 1928 Stephen Foster Briggs, of Briggs and Stratton, bought the failing Evinrude Company to see if he could compete with Ole at Elto, and the Johnson brothers. The following year Ole joined forces with Briggs to form Outboard Marine Corporation, and finally regained Evinrude, the company using his name. By 1935, Outboard took over the faltering Johnson Motors but kept them a separate competitive division.

Twelve-volt electric starters and generators were introduced in the 30's by Elto, Evinrude and Lockwood, with its high-speed line of little Aces and Chiefs. Even all-electric outboard motors were tried out by Evinrude—primarily for use in the lagoon at the 1933 Chicago Fair. Muncie Gear, Scott-Atwater, and Bendix entered the field, and Johnson introduced an inboard/outboard drive (the new propulsion idea of the 1960's) as well as a recoil rope starter. Hooded cowls were beginning to enclose all the plumbing to style up and quiet down the power heads. Champion Motors was started while Caille and their Red Heads finally dropped out of the outboard picture. By 1939 Clint Ferguson pushed a special Eldridge outboard to 78.44 miles an hour.

With the improvements of the 20's and 30's, an outboard owner no longer needed to be a full-time mechanic to keep one running, though it sometimes helped when getting the gadget started. The knucklebuster knob on the top of the flywheel was being replaced by the wrap-around rope, ratchet rewind, and experimental electric start systems, but the lonely fisherman far out on the lake, swearing and roping over his balky outboard was still a standard joke. Outboard makers longed to build more prestige for their business and the noisy sport. Company ads bragged about developments they had thought of first—still a familiar pastime that may not sell motors but delights the manufacturer.

"Sure as your car," said the Evinrude copy. "Ford type Dual Ignition. Start, run on either battery or magneto. Plug in battery connection as easily as your

TRUE

"There's only one other house in the United States like it!"

radio loud speaker. Easy (rope) starter—no awkward hand crank. Brilliant six volt night light illuminates steering handle."

During the two decades before World War II, particularly with the growth of racing, outboard motor ads made such extravagant power and speed claims that a National Outboard Association was organized by the trade to bring some sense and standardization into advertised specifications. After the war, the Outboard Boating Club of America performed this function.

At the ragged end of the depression in January, 1939, a young engineer with experience in electro-magnetics took over a broken-down and bankrupt factory in Cedarburg, Wisconsin. Carl Kiekhaefer had left the Wisconsin farm of his German parents and gone looking for mechanical kingdoms to conquer. The Milwaukee School of Engineering, the University of Wisconsin, and design engineering of magnetic separators, however, could have provided little experience to make Cedarburg's run-down plant look more appealing. Local citizens had chipped in a little money to help get it re-opened and back into business. What it might produce they didn't much care. For assets, Kiekhaefer found rusty machinery and, in one cold corner, 500 outboard motors that wouldn't work. They seemed so hopeless that Montgomery Ward, for whom they were made, had refused to take delivery.

On the chance that he might be able to raise badly needed capital by selling the rejected motors, and because he deeply hated any machine that would not run, Kiekhaefer took the outboards apart, was disgusted by what he felt was inferior design, and fixed them. Montgomery Ward re-examined the motors, accepted them, and ordered 2,300 more. An auto equipment chain ordered 3,000, and Carl Kiekhaefer was no longer trying to find some product to produce; the product had found him. He promptly discarded the original design and came up with a new one of his own. Two years later, he was selling 35,000 Mercury outboards and was moving in on the leaders of the field.

War again had a major impact on outboard motors. A few American outboards had been used by British troops during World War I for river patrol on the Tigris in Asia Minor. South America nearly saw outboards performing under fire during the years between. A hot-shot salesman sold the Colombian army on an amphibious campaign up the shallow jungle rivers during a border dispute with Peru, and landed an order for several hundred motors. Then another salesman tried to outfit the Peruvian army to meet this threat, but his deal fell through when the war was called off.

In World War II, however, assault boats crossing the Rhine, supply barges in the Solomons, rubber life rafts, treadway bridge floats, patrol skiffs, 10 and 25 ton pontoons were all urged along with outboards. Motors from the smallest half-horsepower units up to big 75-horse Riley radials saw action. Fire-fighting pumps on large naval craft, chain saws, and remote-controlled target planes were also powered by two-cycle high-performance engines made by outboard motor manufacturers. Since the war outboard power heads have also been used experimentally to speed along ground effect hover vehicles and small racing cars.

Wartime use of outboard motors demanded simple, quiet, reliable operation. Before the war, amateur outboarders often took secret pride in being able to coax the balky mechanisms into life. But GIs took no mechanical aptitude tests before being drafted, and offshore before an invasion was no time to tinker with a temperamental outboard. Manufacturers were forced to engineer dependable starting and standardized running before they could sell to the military.

Army training manuals left little to chance. In a storm boat powered with the 55-horse 8008 outboard instructions read: "Kneel on left knee, right foot forward, right hand on gunwale, left hand holding throttle control on steering handle." In this position the helmsman could look out over the prone riflemen lying ahead of him in the assault craft, keep himself low and braced against the waves, and stay out of the way of the forgotten power head behind him as the craft slammed ashore and the motor tilted up into his back.

Then 10 years after World War II, outboard builders finally began bringing out higher horsepower motors like those produced for the Army and Navy. Before that they claimed there was no civilian market for the heavy, expensive, and hardly portable models, and that most boats were unsuitable for handling them. Highly competitive Mercury went after the racing as well as the family market, however, and found a demand there for the more potent power plants. Water skiing, outboard cruisers, and the trend to larger craft started a market for big motors that seems to grow every year. Leader in the sweepstakes for most muscular engine has been Mercury, and this year's 100-horse Merc 1000 tops its nearest rivals by 10 horsepower.

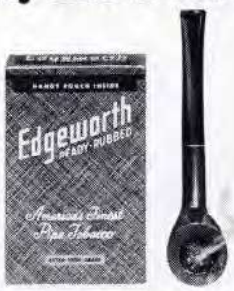
More than plain power has become important. Remote control starters and steering, generators, push-button and single-lever throttle and shift combinations and other refinements have brought automotive conveniences afloat. While builders with lines like Evinrude, Johnson, Mercury, McCulloch, West Bend and Homelight remain the leaders, outboard motor names like Martin, Chris-Craft, Oliver, Scott-Atwater, Gale and Bundy have dropped out along the way.

Weight, noise, cubic-inch displacement, and even fuel consumption and price-per-horsepower of the big smooth-running descendents of the putt-putt have all gone down as motors have improved. One of this year's big models could replace a full crew of galley slaves. Commercial fishing, shallow water transportation, and even prospecting by boat in remote regions are among growing business applications.

But the outboard motor is primarily for pleasure. This year an estimated 40 million Americans will find carefree fun on the water thanks to all that has happened to the wonderful outboard.

—Wm. T. McKeown

Does Edgeworth really smoke cooler?



Try it free and see!

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed gives cool-smoking Burleys an exclusive texture that makes them smoke cooler still. Never a tongue bite. For free pack, (offer limited to U.S.A.) send name address to Edgeworth, Dept. U-11, P.O. Box 3-AC.

THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH
Larus & Brother Co., Inc. Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

Now! Life Insurance
Birth to Age 80

$1000 First 30 days Only **25¢** Per Policy

CASH FOR YOUR FINAL EXPENSES
AVOID BEING A BURDEN TO YOUR FAMILY

Introductory Offer. Answer these 9 questions on a plain piece of paper and mail with only 25¢ for 30 days protection. Regular rate shown on policy.
Amounts usually issued without doctor examination.

Ages	Amount	Ages	Amount
0 to 80	$1,000	15 to 60	$2,5000

1. Print full name and address.
2. Date of birth?
3. Height? 3a. Weight?
4. Occupation. 4a. Employer and address?
5. Race? (For identification).
6. Beneficiary and relationship to you?
7. To your knowledge have you had heart, lung, diabetes, cancer, or chronic disease? Are you deformed, lost a hand, foot, eye, or ever rejected for insurance?
8. State condition of your health.
9. Amount of insurance desired? Sign your name.

NO AGENT WILL CALL

Actual policy will be mailed you direct from Home Office. NEW LOW RATES. **You be the judge.**

Mail to: **S. B. Hunt, Chairman**
AMERICAN LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.
200 American Life Building, St. Louis 8, Mo.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch – Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) — discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

NOW every Savings Bond you own —old or new—earns ½% more than ever before.

Ingrown NAIL

Just a few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL in nail groove relieve soreness and pain, soften embedded part of nail for easy removal. Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

King of the Trick Shooters

[*Continued from page* 53]

were all muscles that the average school sports had not developed," he explained. "By the time I reached high school, I believe I knew as much about the muscular system as an anatomist. I knew where all the muscles in my body were because they all hurt." This knowledge was later to save him from becoming a hopeless cripple.

Colonel was determined to go to college but as his family couldn't afford to send him, he would have to obtain a scholarship. No great student, his only hope was an athletic scholarship. Football was the great sport in those days, so Colonel set himself to becoming a crack end with the same dogged determination he'd shown in learning how to spin a rope or throw a boomerang. He succeeded so well that in 1939 he was one of the all-star, All-America team that played against the New York Giants at Soldier's Field. He got his scholarship to Wisconsin State where he majored in biology, intending to get his master's degree.

Although Colonel was admittedly a grind in his studies and athletic accomplishments, he had a strong streak of what he frankly calls "ham." He never lost his love for animals and usually had one or two in his pockets. "One vacation, while coming home on a bus from Wisconsin State, I had a pet squirrel in my pocket," he recalls. "Just to get attention, I took it out in the bus. I got attention all right—I was thrown off the bus and had to hitch-hike the 150 miles home. But I figured it was worth it just because of the sensation I caused."

Colonel's love for animals and showmanship got him a wife. While at Wisconsin State, he used to carry white rats around in his pockets and play with them during biology class. One day he sat next to a pretty young girl of French descent named LaVerle DeMarce. "I thought he was a crazy exhibitionist but after talking to him, I realized he was more than that," Mrs. Larson, told me. They were married a few months later.

Colonel graduated in 1939 and got a teaching and coaching position at Lake City, Minnesota. The Larsons looked forward to a happy, prosperous and uneventful life. Colonel was within a few weeks of getting his master's degree, the couple had a pleasant home, a young son and daughter, and were debt free.

In the autumn of 1940, Colonel noticed that he had developed a stiff neck while coaching the football squad. He ignored it but the stiffness did not go away and finally he consulted a doctor who, after tests, rushed him to the hospital. As Colonel entered the examining room he collapsed. He had polio, complicated by meningeal irritation and possible encephalitis. His condition was so critical that he was transferred to a special room for extreme cases. As few patients ever left this particular room alive, his death was announced over the radio and in the newspapers.

Due to his amazing physique, Colonel remained alive. After 16 weeks, the hospital allowed him to be taken home on a stretcher with his legs in heavy casts and his arms in aluminum splints. Mrs. Larson was warned that he would always remain a hopeless cripple and would have to be cared for like a baby.

In spite of the medical verdict, Larson was determined to recover. He spent days clenching and unclenching rubber balls to regain the use of his fingers. Then he tried tying fishing flies and noticed that although the muscles in his hands ached afterward, they were not the same muscles that usually hurt after he'd used his fingers for some special work. The primary muscles were hopelessly crippled as the doctors had foreseen, but secondary muscles were taking over. Colonel remembered how as a youngster, using different devices had made him hurt in different places. That gave him an idea. He asked Mrs. Larson to get him a light .22 rifle and a lariat.

By lifting the rifle as though it were a miniature barbell, Colonel was able to educate new muscles in his upper arms to take the strain. When he graduated to a wheel chair he amused himself spinning a flat loop around the chair and also tried throwing boomerangs.

But the new muscles didn't coordinate as had the old ones. To improve them, Colonel began firing the .22 at targets. This required him to flip the rifle to his shoulder, bring his head down to look through the sights and pull the trigger quickly and accurately. Being able to pull the trigger without jerking it was hardest of all as he had largely lost control of his finger muscles. He finally solved the problem by squeezing a short dowel pin for hours at a time between his thumb and trigger finger. Even today he still uses the pin if he goes for some time without target practice.

Two years after he'd been pronounced dead, Colonel was able to walk almost normally and use his hands. He regained his teaching position but was over $18,000 in debt which he'd never be able to pay on a teacher's salary. So he decided to give exhibitions of trick shooting, rope spinning, whip cracking and boomerang throwing during vacation for sportsmen's groups, gun clubs, conventions and anyone else who would pay a few dollars for an act, as an additional source of revenue. His marksmanship was so remarkable that it overshadowed the rest of his routines and soon Colonel specialized in fancy shooting.

His first and favorite rifle was the Marlin 39-A Mountie, a lever-action .22 and basically the same gun Annie Oakley used for her famous exhibitions. "At first, I had to borrow the rifle as I didn't have enough money to buy one," Colonel told me. "Later, I was able to purchase it. It's had more than half a million rounds shot through it."

Colonel started his career as a showman with no assistant but a bantam rooster he'd trained to hold a thread in its beak. When Colonel shot the thread in two the trained rooster fell down as though dead. The head of his department at the college was a rather cocky little man nicknamed "Little Joe" and Colonel named the rooster after him. The professor heard about it, marched up to Larson and demanded what he meant by naming a rooster after him. Larson thought fast and said, "Why, you've got it wrong. I call him 'Fearless Joe.'" The professor proudly inflated his chest and said that was perfectly all right.

Colonel soon discovered that being an exhibition shot involves more than expert marksmanship. His first disillusionment came when he found that he would have to compete for public interest against shooters who faked their acts. Some men use "mercury shot." Mercury, although a metal, remains liquid at average temperatures and when sealed in a cartridge sprays like water upon firing and trans-

TRUE

"Mark my words, Ed. This is going to be mighty valuable property someday."

forms a rifle into a miniature shotgun without leaving telltale shot on the platform. Colonel was surprised to learn that even the immortal Annie Oakley used mercury shot when shooting at glass balls thrown for her.

"Her main reason was probably to avoid blowing holes in the tent," he told me. "But I've often wondered how audiences thought she could fire and fire at those balls with .22 bullets and never damage the tent roof."

After long practice, Larson was able to shoot out a candle flame at 50 feet with a .22, only to find this remarkable feat can easily be duplicated by a bellows concealed behind the target's backstop and attached to a small tube running up behind the candle. A shooter has merely to hit the backstop anywhere and the force of the bullet will make the bellows blow out the candle. As a result, a shooter can stand 100 yards away and put out the candle every time, an impossible feat if done legitimately as no rifle with open sights could be shot that accurately.

Colonel overcame this difficulty by inventing a stunt impossible to duplicate by trickery. He uses a candle mounted on a clamp with a match beside it. He fires in such a way as to light the match and the match lights the candle. The bullet has to pass precisely 1/16 of an inch from the head of the match to light it without breaking it, a piece of information that cost him several hundred rounds of ammunition to acquire.

Another favorite stunt of fake shooters is to stick a highly fragile wafer to the backstop and then fire at the backstop. No matter where it is hit, the vibrations of the iron plate will shatter the wafer. Colonel was always careful to stress that he invariably put any target he used well away from the backstop.

The general public, used to seeing incredible feats of marksmanship performed on TV and the movies, seemed willing to believe anything. Larson once watched a shooter who was firing at balloons hung at intervals over a huge backstop that covered the whole stage. The shooter would fire over his shoulder, fire blindfolded, fire without aiming and each time a balloon would burst. Colonel told me, "I finally got curious and went behind the scenes. There was the fellow's wife pulling strings that controlled pins behind the balloons. Every time she heard the gun go off, she'd pull a string and break a balloon. That was a hard act to equal with honest shooting."

However, Larson was able to invent some fancy shots done legitimately that were even more miraculous than the fakes. Here his knowledge of physics (which he has taught) helped him. For years, trick shooters had been trying to find some way of shooting a paper cup from under a glass of water and dropping the glass without spilling the water. But no matter how the cup is hit, the glass will fall sideways. After many experiments, he got a little paper cup such as is used by restaurants for serving small portions of jelly and made a tiny hole in the side not much bigger than a pinhole. He fired a .22 bullet at the hole. The impact created a vacuum in the cup and the surrounding air pressure sucked it to one side. The glass then fell straight down. The hole was so small it was impossible to see it from 50 feet but Larson knew where it was on the cup and aimed accordingly.

Audiences had seen so many fake exhibitions of marksmanship that they wouldn't believe Colonel was using real bullets so to convince them, he wanted to open his act by shooting solid blocks of wood from someone's hand. LaVerle had to stay home with the young boy, but their daughter Judy, was old enough to go on the road during the summer months and she held the blocks of wood, balloons and pieces of chalk.

I asked Colonel if he wasn't afraid of hitting her.

"I had trained myself to such a point that I didn't miss an easy target like an inch cube of wood or a three-inch balloon at 50 feet," he said matter-of-factly. "Of course, accidents can happen and one did, but luckily with the whip, not the gun, and to me not to Judy. There was a fine wire across the stage about 15 feet high that I didn't see. When I swung the whip to cut a folded paper in Judy's hand, the wire deflected the lash and it snapped back and hit me in the eye. Blood squirted over the stage and I thought my eye was falling out. Judy gave an awful scream and ran off the stage crying, 'father's killed himself!' I'm okay now but it was weeks before I could see out of that eye."

Couldn't another mistake have caused him to hit Judy? "It's conceivable," Colonel acknowledged. "Just as it's possible she could have been killed in an automobile accident. I don't have accidents because I'm a careful driver and make sure my car is always in perfect condition. Still, one could happen. But we've always been a closely united family and this was the only way I could get out of debt. Judy understood that and trusted me as I trust myself."

The act was such a success that in 1945 Colonel decided to make show business a full-time job. As Judy had to go to school in the winter, Mrs. Larson worked with her husband, the children staying with the grandparents. Larson got an agent and traveled around the country playing rodeos, circuses and fairs.

Colonel used a few tricks of his own in shooting although he considered them justifiable. One of the great problems of a fancy shooter is to see very small targets at over 15 yards. He accomplishes this by special lighting. For example, a tiny saccharin tablet simply can't be seen at 20 yards so Larson mounts two powerful lamps on either side of the skidplate in such a way that the tablet throws a half-inch shadow. This he can see and knowing where the tablet is in relation to the shadow, he fires just to one side of the shadow. When shooting at a thread, one of his specialties, he uses a white thread that will show up clearly against the black backstop and sets the lights so as to throw the thread into sharp relief.

Being a full-time professional caused unforseen complications for now the Larsons were subject to union regulations concerning the use of stagehands. Colonel could not carry his own specially

[*Continued on page* 120]

BE A CLAIM INVESTIGATOR

INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS!
Many earning $750 to $1000 a month. Thousands of insurance companies, airlines, steamship lines and Government Offices need Claim Investigators. Also big opportunities for your own spare time business. We train you at home. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. Bill King writes: "Your course has paid off for me with large earnings. You can quote me — your Adjuster Training Course is worth many times the cost." Write TODAY for FREE book.

UNIVERSAL SCHOOLS
University Park, Dept. A-4, Box 8202, Dallas 5, Texas

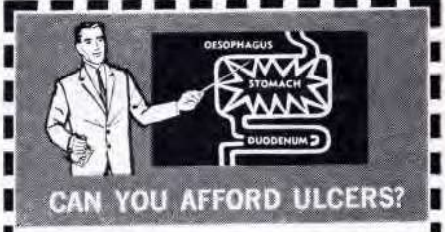
WORKS IN SECONDS

Loosens Rusted Bolts
nuts, screws, "frozen" parts!
LIQUID WRENCH
SUPER-PENETRANT
Cleans guns, rods, reels and sports equipment. Harmless to all metals.
3 oz. **35¢**
AT HARDWARE AND AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE STORES

TRY NEW
KAYWOODIE PIPE TOBACCO
YOU'LL LIKE IT
Send for free sample and pipe booklet, Kaywoodie Pipes, N. Y. 22

LAW FREE BOOK THE LAW TRAINED MAN
Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, **"THE LAW-TRAINED MAN,"** which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course: Books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write now.
Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890 **Dept. 184 Chicago 1, Illinois**

Automatic Savings is Sure Savings
U. S. Savings Bonds . . . .



CAN YOU AFFORD ULCERS?

If YOU are one of the 18 million Americans suffering from stomach distress, here's welcome news for you. **RECLUE really works.** Thousands have already tried it and have found long lasting relief from stomach distress, acid indigestion and hyperacidity. **RECLUE** helps neutralize excess acids, covers sensitive areas with a soothing, medicated coating. Now available without prescription . . . get fast, prolonged relief with **RECLUE** Because of demand, your druggist may be out of stock. If so, write for information on closest source of supply, or simply order on this coupon.

RECLU DRUG COMPANY
1931 Aurora Ave., Seattle 9, Wash.

Please send me a bottle of RECLUE
Trial size $3.25 ( ) Large $6.00 ( )
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
My Drug Store is
Name _____
Address _____

All Canadian enquiries to
Reclu Drug Ltd., Vancouver, B.C.
Canada

NOW! An Easy Non-Tiring Way To Feel Better and Look Better.

ISOMETRIC ROPE EXERCISE

Developed by Assoc. Prof. of Physical Education, Don W. Mullison, Colorado State University, the **Isometric Rope Exercise System** is a professionally - designed, medically sound way to build strength and develop complete body tone.

The ONLY COMPLETE system on the market today! 42 exercises designed to reach ALL parts of the body. Tested and proven by thousands of schools and physical educators. Really produces RESULTS!

- Easy—takes only minutes a day.
- No strenuous physical activity.
- For men, women, boys and girls.
- Almost immediate pleasing results.

COMPLETE KIT INCLUDES PROGRAMS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY, MANUAL OF 42 EXERCISES, WALL CHART & SPECIAL ROPE EXERCISOR.

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

$4.00 POSTPAID

IDEAS, INC.

Isometric Division-T 520 Fifth Avenue

New York, New York 10036

MAIL ORDERS ONLY

ORDER BY MAIL

Style Leaders Choose

FAMOUS FLAGG BROS SHOES

"LUCKY SEVEN"

Seven-eyelet tie, genuine hand-sewn moccasin with scalloped top, horseshoe heel, 3-D sole. Black Cashmere Grain Leather.

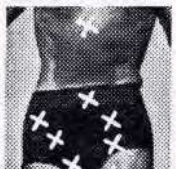
$9.99

Style 6024

FLAGG BROS. SHOES-Dept. T
Box 1090, Nashville 3, Tenn.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

***RUPTURE AGONY Removed**



***WHEN** you slip into a low-cost, comfort-designed Brooks Patented Air Cushion Appliance! Your *reducible rupture will be held in securely yet gently—or the trial costs you nothing! This invention has made millions of sufferers happy. You can enjoy heavenly comfort night and day at work and play—or the Appliance costs you **NOTHING.** Isn't this worth a no-risk trial by you? If interested, write for free facts now.

BROOKS CO., 363-A STATE ST., MARSHALL, MICH.

FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO MAKE PEOPLE SMILE

An ideal memento or gift, sure-fire conversation piece. Guaranteed to provoke a laugh every time. Beautifully brass plated on genuine oil finished walnut base. Etched brass caption plate. 4½" wide. Keep it on desk, mantel, etc. The perfect "ice breaker" for salesmen, businessmen, etc. *Send check or money order no cod's please ppd.* $3.00

FEDERAL Dept. 106, 6652 N. Western Ave., Chicago 45

TRUE goes shopping

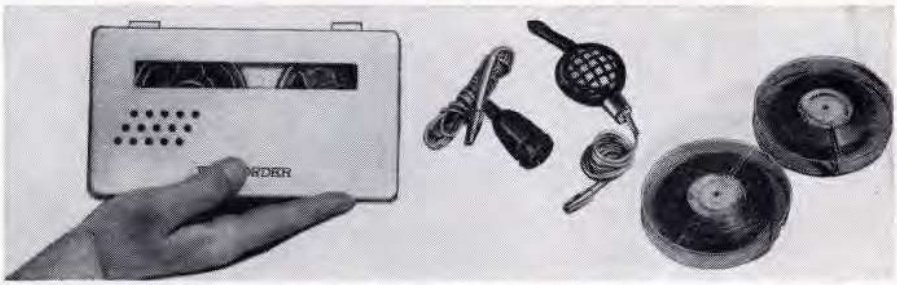
This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.

ROMMEL AFRIKA CORPS HELMETS. Made in 1942 for the African campaign and, incredibly enough, just found in a European warehouse, these are brand new surplus. Expensive green wool-covered cork helmets have original color insignia, felt shockproof liner, vented peak, etc. Sizes S, M, L. $5.95. Day Co., Dept. TR-4, Box 311, Gracie Station, New York 28, N. Y.

MARIACHIS are wandering folk bands whose concert hall is the open air. They perform in Mexico and play at the drop of a sombrero. The music is exciting and colorful, the quality of the recording will meet the standards of the most discerning hi-fi fan. Monaural or Stereo $4.98. Audio Fidelity, Dept. T-4, 770 Eleventh Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

CAPTAIN AND MATE SWEATER SET. In striking black, these all cotton slipovers are marked with handsome embossed lettering. For casual comfort, around the house, aboard the boat. One for ship's master, the other for his ever-lovin' mate. Washable. Specify: S, M, L, for each. $6.98 for the set. Greenland Studios, Dept. T4, Miami 47, Fla.

MADRAS PLAID LIGHTWEIGHT PARKA especially proportioned for big or tall men with extra sleeve, body length. Zipper closure, elastic cuffs. Sports its own Kangaroo pouch for extra utility use. Draw string at bottom and neck. Machine washable. In Blue Madras Plaid, sizes M, L, XL, XXL. $9.95. Free 32 page catalog. King Size, 2264 Forest St., Brockton, Mass.



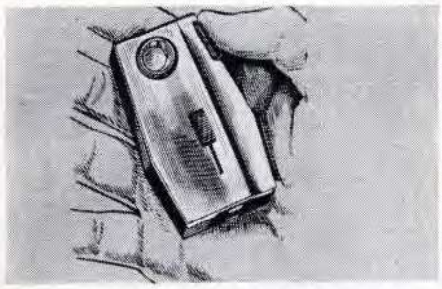
CONFIDENTIAL POCKET RECORDER. Record conversation, music, anything you want, anytime, anywhere with this new imported machine. An outgrowth of continued transistor development, it records, rewinds, plays back immediately through built-in speaker. Weighs just 2¾ lbs., uses standard batteries, records on standard reels through lapel mike or optional suction-cup telephone mike which records 2-way conversations. Versatile, small, easy-to-use. Unit complete with lapel mike, reels and tape, and batteries, $19.88; telephone mike, $3.88; extra reels of tape, $1.88 each. Tape Recording Institute, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MEDICAL INFORMATION CONTAINER may save your life. It attaches to your key ring or to your gal's bracelet as an ID. Gold-plated, the 1" charm-sized container holds a printed sheet on which you list identification, whom to notify, your doctor's name and address, special instructions, allergies, etc. $1; 6 for $5. House of Specials, Office E, Island Park, N. Y.

AUTHENTIC COATS OF ARMS are registered in Britain under surnames. Individually reproduced in relief and full color on hanging Oak Wall Shields. 7"x6", $9; 12"x10", $20; 14"x12", $25; 22"x18", $40. Checks are returned if Arms cannot be traced, with free explanation and official Heraldry Society handbook. York Insignia Ltd., Dept. T, York, England.

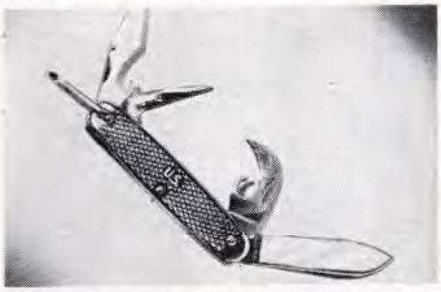
TRUE goes shopping

PET SQUIRREL MONKEY makes a playful pet. Your neighbors may wonder, but who cares. About 6 months old, monkeys are simple to take care of and train. Eats same food as you, grows to 12 inches tall. Cage and instructions included. Live delivery guaranteed. Send check for $18.95, express collect. Animal Farm, Dept. T-30, Box 1042, Miami Beach 39, Fla.



ELECTRIC CIGARETTE LIGHTER doesn't use flint, fuel or flame, yet instantly heats to an incredible 1,500 degrees. Windproof, it lights every time, even in the rain. Plugs into house current to recharge tiny permanent lifetime "space" battery. In chrome and black, gift-boxed $14.95. ADF Company, Department TR-4, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

ANALYZE HANDWRITING for pleasure and profit. Unusual book by M. N. Bunker explains and illustrates techniques, step by step. Shows you how to "see through" people, uncover hidden meanings in letters, etc. Coupon with book entitles you to analysis of your handwriting. $2.98. Nelson-Hall, 325 West Jackson Blvd., Dept. LY-9, Chicago 6, Ill.



U.S.M.C. SURVIVAL KNIFE is brand new surplus, one of a lot of 400 just released by the Marine Corps. Completely stainless steel (nothing can rust), does just about everything. Has long cutting blade, screwdriver, can and bottle opener, awl and punch. For camping, fishing, etc. With belt loop, $3.95. K. D. McLean, Dept. TR-3, Box 991 Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

WHY SPEND A LOT FOR AN EXTRA PHONE?

Standard Dial Phones-only $9.95

COMES WITH 4-PRONG PLUG READY TO PLUG IN AND USE!

SAVES EXTRA STEPS AND COSTLY RENTAL CHARGES

These reliable phones are hard to beat—sturdy reconditioned Western Electric and Stromberg-Carlson dial phones at about one quarter normal retail cost. Rewired, refinished and equipped with standard plug ready to use in home or office, they are a solid value, make it possible to have a phone in every room (cost less to own forever than what you'd pay to rent for 3 months). Two make a fine intercom. A buy!

TELCO, Dept. TR-4, 887 Second Ave., N.Y. 17
Enclosed is check or m.o. for $_____.
____Standard Dial Phones @ $9.95
____Sets of 2 for intercom @ $18.95

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____
(Please add 95¢ postage per phone)

WHAT CAN YOU LOSE? Items shown in True Goes Shopping are sold on a money-back guarantee. If you are not satisfied with what you get, send it back, pal.

OUTDOOR "VACATION CAREER"—Free book reveals plan to prepare men, ages 17 and up, for Wildlife and Forestry dream job. Healthful, adventurous life as Government Hunter, Game Warden, Forester or with private game farms and hunt clubs. Write for free book. North American Conservation, 941 North Highland, Dept. 204, Los Angeles 38, Calif.

"EL DORADO is for me," says sportsman, PHIL HARRIS,

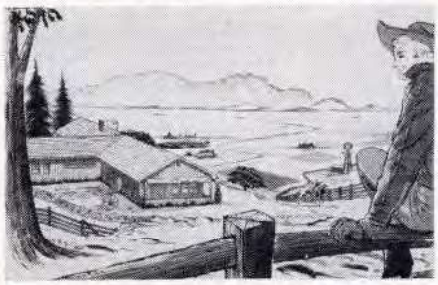
world-famous Motion Picture and Television Star

"Yes sir," said Phil Harris, "I go hunting and fishing at every opportunity . . . and where I go, my EL DORADO COACH goes."

Choose from compact models to the most luxurious, completely self-contained coaches, all priced for your budget.

For a Free Brochure and name of nearby dealer, write nearest factory:

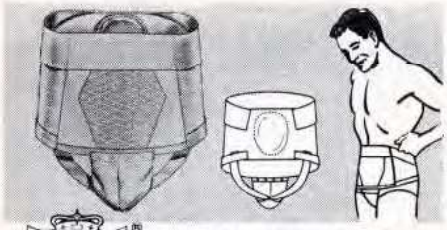
HONORBUILT TRAILER MFG. CO., INC.
19940 Hansen Ave., Lakeview, Calif.
1200 W. 10th St., Minneapolis, Kansas



SUNNY NEW MEXICO is a wonderful place to live. A half-acre Ranchette is waiting for you in the perfect climate of Deming, New Mexico. The price for a half-acre is $249 complete, $5 down, $5 per month. You'll learn all of the details in a handsome, free color portfolio which you get by writing to Deming Ranchettes, Dept. T-9F, 112 West Pine St., Deming, New Mexico.

TV REMOTE CONTROL can be operated from an easy chair or bed without getting up. Hand control at end of unobtrusive wire, permits you to turn set on, change channels, control volume and turn set off with a flick of the finger. "Kwik-Flip" is $24.95. Without sound control, $19.95. Todd-Williams Corp., Dept. T, 1324 Locust St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

TRUE goes shopping



PiPER® SLIM-master for that slim youthful look

Takes years off your figure in seconds! Pulls stomach up and in. Wide, no-roll abdominal panel. Flat, foam rubber back pad supports back, eases minor aches & pains of back-strain. Unique design prevents riding or slipping. Cool mesh detachable pouch. An amazing value at $5.98. Send waist size. Guaranteed to slim your appearance or money back if returned postpaid within 30 days. Add 25c postage. **PIPER BRACE, Department. T-44A, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo.**

MEN! 60 STYLES FOR

W-I-D-E FEET!

E to EEEE Only
Sizes 5 to 13

Men only. Casual, dress, work shoes that really fit. Top quality, popular prices. Money Back Guarantee.

Not sold in stores

Write Today for FREE CATALOG

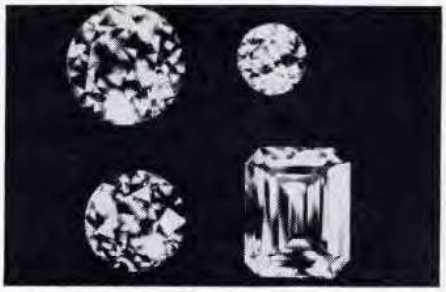
HITCHCOCK SHOES INC., Hingham 7-C, Mass.

LIVE SEAHORSES $1 EACH

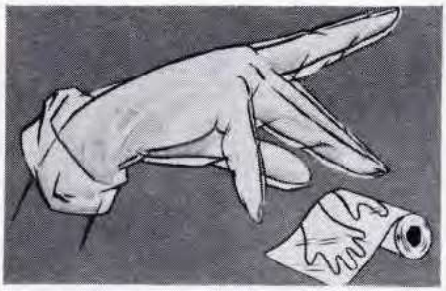
Order a live Seahorse shipped to you from Florida for only $1 each, or send $2 for a Mated Pair. (Include 25c postage, all orders.) Get started with this interesting hobby . . . fascinating project for young and old. Raise them in an ordinary goldfish bowl or jar. Most unusual and intriguing to watch. Hours of fun . . . see the FATHER Seahorse give birth to live baby Seahorses! Free food and instructions included. Live delivery guaranteed. SPECIAL OFFER: Order 2 Mated Pairs for $2.98.

Florida Seahorse Co. Dept. 26. Box 300, Miami Beach 39, Fla.

ARMY POLAROID GOGGLES have 4 separate lenses for proper protection against reflected glare (amber), sunlight (green), dust and wind (clear), and for night use (red). Plastic Polaroid lenses are flexible, shatter-resistant, snap into rubber frame. New surplus; in roll-up pocket case. $1.95. Two sets, $3.00. Day Co., Dept. TR-3, Box 311, 229 East 85th St., New York 28, N. Y.



TITANIA JEWELS. Man-made jewels are said to rival the brilliance of diamonds but sell for only $12 per carat. 1 carat Titania, set in a 14Kt. gold Solitaire setting, costs $27. Man's ring with 1 carat Titania in 14Kt. gold for $35. Add 10% tax. Write for free ring size chart and 48-page jewelry catalog. Regent Lapidary Co., Dept. T-4, 511 East 12th St., New York 9, N. Y.



THREE-CENT PLASTIC GLOVES come in rolls. They're disposable, waterproof and fit either hand. Ideal for use in home, hospital, office, handling liquids, garage work, packing and loading, and thousands of other uses. These have been needed for a long time. Roll of 100, $2.98; two rolls, $5.50. Klines, Dept. TR-3, 333 East 50th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

STAMP LUAU. An exciting philatelic feast of 40 stamps from the exotic South Seas. Features scarce set of genuine unique postage stamps from Tonga printed on gold. Plus fascinating pictorials from Cook, Fiji, Nauru, Niue, Pitcairn, Solomon Is., many more. The price is 25¢. You can order from H. E. Harris, Department D-31, Boston 17. Mass.

HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS are paid every day for pennies, nickels and dimes that you might have in your possession. This new illustrated coin directory lists hundreds of different coins and prices the Coin Exchange will pay to you. Could be that you have a fortune in your piggy bank, attic, or pocket. $1. Coin Exchange, Dept. TE, P. O. Box 51450, New Orleans, La.

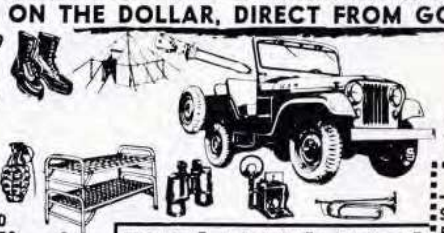
THE SNOOPER is an unusual listening device. They tell us that it amplifies sound 1 million times. Transistorized, it's portable, weighs only 4 pounds, has a sensitive 18" disk reflector that will pick up normal conversation at a distance (500 ft.). Use it at meetings, sports events, etc. A regular tape recorder can be plugged into the back to record speeches, animals, anything. With earphones and tripod, $18.95. Reynolds Electronics, Dept. TR-4, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

U.S. GOV'T SURPLUS

SELLING FOR ONLY A FRACTION OF ORIGINAL COST!

THOUSANDS OF ITEMS AVAILABLE FOR ONLY 2c AND 3c ON THE DOLLAR, DIRECT FROM GOVERNMENT

EXAMPLES:
Jeeps $117.00
Typewriters $8.79
Radios $2.65
Boats $178.00
Airplanes $159.00
Bicycle $5.50
Leather Boots 65c
Telescope $4.00
Pass. Bus $208.00
Refrigerator $5.00
Power Mower $7.50
Mimeograph $23.00
Generators $2.68
and thousands more!
PLUS a list of 1000 locations where you can purchase surplus on the spot!
Full Details—How, Where to Buy Only $1.00



FREE! FREE! FREE!

Separate 52-page section with *pictures* and prices of more than **600** items you can order ***DIRECT BY MAIL*** is yours free when you send $1.00 for the surplus catalog. Examples:

Parachutes	Ammunition	Boats
Walkie-Talkies	Holsters	Silverware
Clothing	Tents	Hand Grenades
Goggles	Tools	Gun Racks
Bottle Hats	Boats	and
	Combat Knives	*Hundreds*
Cots	Mine Detectors	*More*

30 DAY FREE HOME TRIAL COUPON

Surplus Bargains, Dept. TE4
P. O. Box 50939, New Orleans 50, La.

I enclose $1.00. Send both catalogs immediately. I understand that my money will be refunded if I am not completely satisfied. Also I will receive a full refund with my first order of $10.00 or more.

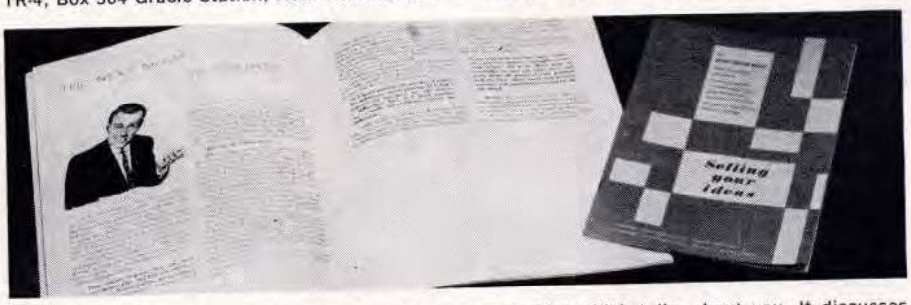
Name _____
(Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____

FULL PURCHASE PRICE OF $1.00 REFUNDED WITH FIRST ORDER OF $10.00 OR MORE

TRUE goes shopping

POCKET-SIZE OXYGEN inhalor is the greatest thing for a hangover. Other uses are many. Completely safe; get relief from asthma, croup, headache, exhaustion, motion sickness, etc. 4" long. Each cartridge has over 3 qts. of U.S.P. oxygen. The price for inhalor and 1 cartridge, $4.95. 3 refills, $2.95. Page Products, Dept. TR-4, Box 304 Gracie Station, New York 28, N.Y.

GIANT 12 FT. BALLOON. Playing with one of these is great fun! New government surplus meteorological balloon is long-lasting neoprene rubber, easily inflates with gas or air to 12 to 18 ft. It'll open eyes when used as an advertisement at openings, sports events, etc. Price is $2.50. Davis Company, Department TR-3, 887 Second Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

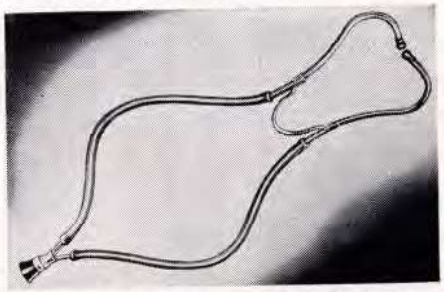


SUCCESS BY MAIL. **How to Succeed** is a handy new booklet which talks about you. It discusses your motives, your "master plan," your success, how to get ahead faster, etc. Also includes a self-evaluation chart. The other booklet, **Selling your Ideas,** is actually a sample lesson. Offers advice on what employers seek in an employee. Tells how to put over your ideas, how to speak more effectively . . . how to be a good listener . . . how to question intelligently, etc. Send 25¢ to cover the handling charges. Be sure to mention the field that interests you. International Correspondence Schools, Dept. PR-1, Scranton, Pa.

IMPORTED SCALE MODEL VOLKSWAGEN is only 4" long, yet goes 20 mph (almost as fast as the real thing) on a straightaway. Beautifully detailed, car has micro-sensitive adjustment and differential for precision steering, brake, free-wheeling, crash absorber, rubber tires, etc. $3.95. Davis Model, Department TR-4, 887 Second Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

CHARM holds a dime for an emergency call. Front side shows telephone with the words, "If ever in trouble, here's the price of a call." In Sterling Silver, $3.50; with Sterling keychain, bracelet or neck chain, add $2. In 14 Kt. Gold, $10; with 14 Kt. Gold keychain, bracelet or neck chain, add $12. Jamaica Silversmith, 50-T Delancey St., New York 2, N. Y.

BAWDY ELIZABETHAN BALLADS are rousing, courtly, shocking, flourishing with the double entendre of the day. 4 vols., each 12" 33⅓ rpm., with banjo, guitar and Ed McCurdy singing, **There Was a Knight, The Jolly Tinker,** etc. Wow, frame the jackets. 2 vols., $4.95; all 4, $8.95. Gotham Records, Dept. TR-4, 122 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.



U.S.M.C. STETHOSCOPE—Ever try to buy one of these? Hard to find, and usually expensive, this brand new surplus U.S. Medical Corps stethoscope is used by doctors, nurses, students, perfect for teaching children and adults rudiments of the respiratory system. Use it to detect motor trouble in your car. $2.95. Gerard, Dept. TR-3, 333 East 50th St., New York 22, N. Y.

NEW-BRIAR PIPE DISCOVERY

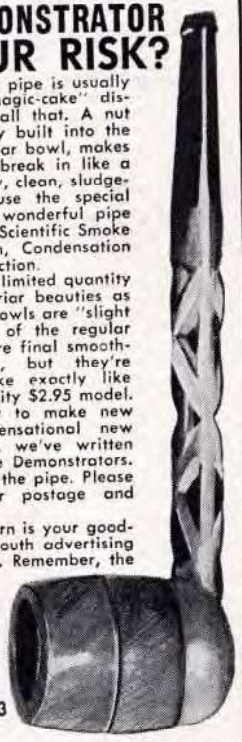
WILL YOU TEST SMOKE THIS DEMONSTRATOR AT OUR RISK?

Breaking in a new pipe is usually torture, but this "magic-cake" discovery will change all that. A nut sweet cake, specially built into the genuine imported briar bowl, makes this mellow beauty break in like a dream. You'll get dry, clean, sludge-free smoking, because the special construction of this wonderful pipe utilizes the 3 C's of Scientific Smoke Control — Combustion, Condensation and Capillary Attraction.

We've set aside a limited quantity of these imported briar beauties as Demonstrators. The bowls are "slight seconds" taken out of the regular production line before final smoothing and polishing, but they're guaranteed to smoke exactly like our regular top quality $2.95 model.

Because we want to make new friends for this sensational new kind of briar pipe, we've written off the cost of these Demonstrators. Send us nothing for the pipe. Please send 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

All we ask in return is your goodwill and word of mouth advertising if you like the pipe. Remember, the risk is ours, you can't lose. Sorry, only 1 Demonstrator to a family on this non-profit transaction. (Good in the U. S. A. only).



PIPE SHOWN 2/3 ACTUAL SIZE

WALLY FRANK Ltd. *Dept. J145*
132 Church Street, New York 7, N. Y.
I enclose 25¢ Send me the Demonstrator Pipe described above. Please Print Name and Address Below.

Fantastic Savings on NEW ACCORDIONS ½ OFF

SAVE UP TO ½ OFF PRICES OF COMPARABLE ACCORDIONS

40 New Models—Easy Terms

Just arrived! More than 40 exciting new models! Many new electronic accordions—amplifiers! Packed with *new* ideas, *new* styling, *new* features! Buy *direct* from world's largest exclusive accordion dealer! Importer-To-You Prices! Easy Terms; LOW DOWN PAYMENT. Money Back Guarantee. FREE BONUS GIFTS! Trade-ins welcomed—FREE Color Catalogs!

5 DAY FREE TRIAL

LIFETIME GUARANTEE

FREE New Color Catalogs—Discount Prices

Accordion Corporation of America, Dept. T-44
2003 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.
Send *Free Catalogs—Special Discount Price List.*
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____
☐ Check here if you have a Trade-in.

A MUST FOR WEAPON COLLECTORS
Over 1000 different weapons, related items with actual photographs and descriptions priced to sell in our exciting, thick 216 page catalog reference book

EDGED WEAPONS
ANTIQUE FIREARMS

Send $1. (refunded with first purchase) for this valuable Catalog. You will be so glad you did!

the *Museum of Historical Arms*
Dept. B. 1038 ALTON ROAD, MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

[*Continued from page* 115]
built target frame on the stage; two stagehands had to do it for him. "But the frame was so delicately constructed they were always getting it off balance," Colonel complained. At one show, a nervous drummer in the orchestra was afraid Colonel would miss so he invariably left the pit whenever the act was on. As Colonel liked to have drum rolls for certain of his effects, he protested but the drummer refused to take a chance. Finally, Colonel lost his temper.

"As usual, I was using 'rocket' bullets. These travel at extra high speed and are made of compressed powdered iron so that on hitting either the iron backstop or the skidplate they'll disintegrate. There's nothing fake about them—they'll go through a piece of seven-inch wood—but they fragment instantly on hitting iron. This protects the audience from possible ricochets. I moved my target stand over close to the orchestra pit and played the drummer's drum for him with fragments of my rockets.

"The audience loved it but the drummer was so mad he called up his union. They told him as long as he was refusing to play, there was nothing they could do about it. I wouldn't try anything like that today. I get along with the unions now and I even had a special target stand made so heavy and substantial that it can't be injured."

Colonel Larson is constantly trying to dream up new stunts. He can't go into a restaurant without examining the glasses and speculating if any of them are of an unusual type that would lend itself to some dramatic trick such as filling one with water and balancing it on top of three Alka-Seltzer tablets exactly the width of a bullet. "Then I could shoot the tablets out and drop the glass without spilling the water," he soliloquizes. "But this glass isn't balanced correctly."

Sometimes his passion for innovations bothers his wife, especially when he tries them on her unexpectedly during the act.

"Once Colonel was doing the mirror stunt—standing with his back to me with the rifle over his shoulder and looking through the sights with a mirror. I was standing in profile to him with the chalk between my lips. I waited and waited for the shot. I couldn't speak and I couldn't turn around to see what was happening because he might shoot just as I turned. After an eternity, he shot the chalk and I could turn around. He'd decided to try the trick sitting on a chair and from that angle the flood lights hit the mirror so he couldn't see."

In auditoriums Colonel never misses—well, hardly ever—but outside, especially when there's a high wind, things can go wrong. I was with him while he was making a movie on trick shooting and the script required him to do all his shooting outside. There was such a high wind that when he hit a saccharin tablet, I got a sweet taste 30 feet away.

Mrs. Larson remarked, "Once in Montana during a high wind, I was bending over holding a strip of paper between my legs for Colonel to cut with a whip but the wind blew the lash right across my fanny. I let out a terrible yell and the audience thought it was a big joke but the whip left an inch-high welt that lasted for weeks."

Although Colonel now specializes in fancy shooting, he still uses a bullwhip to fire a rifle held in a clamp and hit a swinging balloon. "This isn't as easy as it sounds," he assured me. "You have to barely flick the trigger with the whip's popper without shaking the rifle. Cutting papers out of my wife's mouth or wrapping the whip around her neck was much easier."

As an attention getter, Colonel worked out one of his most famous routines—fast draw and juggling with revolvers. Colonel could roll a loaded revolver over his shoulder, catch it as it came down and simultaneously fire and hit a target. He also performed such old favorites as the Curly Bill twirl (whirling a revolver around with one finger through the trigger guard, suddenly catching the grip and firing), the leg spin, the holster drop (throwing two revolvers into the air and having them fall into the holsters) and the fast draw.

But his best-known innovation was flat-hand firing, now used by nearly all fast-draw enthusiasts. Holding his left hand flat and horizontal just above the holster, he would draw the revolver and strike the hammer against the side of the left hand, somewhat on the principle of "fanning" the hammer. Using this system at an exhibition during the state meet at the Northern Fair Grounds in Chippawa Falls, he established his famous record of five shots at .12 of a second each, hitting a 10-inch balloon with each shot at 15 feet.

Before giving a demonstration of his fast-draw shooting, Colonel would tell the audience to blink when they saw him go for his gun. "Scientists say a wink is the quickest motion we can make," he'd explain. But no matter how quickly the audience shut and opened their eyes, they'd always fail to see the gun go off. All they saw was the balloon exploding.

When Colonel Larson left the hospital in 1940 his left side was 85 percent paralyzed and his right 65 percent. By 1960, he had so far recovered that he could go through a strenuous routine of exhibition shooting but he still only had 25 percent use of his left leg and 45 percent use of his fingers. He had no back muscles whatever. In that year it was announced there would be an international competition among professional sharpshooters at Rockverville, South Dakota. Fifty crack shots from England, Australia, Argentina and the United States would be there. Could the man who 20 years ago had been considered a hopeless paralytic and even now was partly crippled score against such competition? Larson decided to try.

The affair lasted a week, each contestant exhibiting his own specialty. Colonel split 125 playing cards at 50 feet with consecutive shots, broke 1,100 saccharin tablets at 52 feet in four hours and 36 minutes without missing, cut a thread at 75 feet, hit 700 aspirin tablets shooting over his shoulder with a mirror and hit 17 Alka-Seltzer tablets spaced two inches apart at 35 feet in 18 seconds. The three judges unanimously voted him winner.

"I believe my old hobbies helped me with my shooting," he told me. "In using any of the primitive weapons, you must keep both eyes open and aim by feel, so to speak, rather than relying on sights. I never close one eye when using firearms and, to an extent, trust my judgment as well as the sights. I think it makes a difference."

In 1961, Colonel accepted an offer from the Marlin Firearms Company to give exhibition shootings using only Marlin guns. As he had never used any other make from the beginning this was easy to arrange.

Most of Colonel's exhibitions are given for school children with Marlin's enthusiastic support, the company reasoning that when the youngsters grow up, they'll naturally get Marlin guns. Colonel enjoys working with youngsters and sincerely feels he's doing them good.

"I don't think it hurts the boys—in some districts many come from broken homes and have no fathers—to see a man do the sort of things every boy wants to do himself. The male performers who go to these schools usually give puppet shows or a violin recital or something of that nature which doesn't appeal to a lot of high-school kids. Often they'll heckle him right off the stage. They've tried that with me, yelling 'Oh, look at the big cowboy hero!' and such stuff. I simply walk up to them with a 15-foot bullwhip in one hand and a 30-30 carbine in the other and look them over. After that, they don't give me any trouble."

Because of kids, Colonel has dropped his famous fast-draw and revolver-juggling routines. "I found too many were trying to imitate my juggling act and shooting themselves. Even the fast-draw technique is bad for inexperienced shooters. If you try to draw and fire almost simultaneously you're liable to shoot yourself in the leg. I want my exhibitions to be educational, not suicidal."

He still carries his whips, lariats and boomerangs with him and after his exhibition often takes the youngsters outside and shows them how to use these devices.

"They're things boys can make themselves and it gives them a sense of accomplishment," he told me. "I'm all for athletics and organized group activities, but it's good for a boy to feel he has a special skill he's worked out all by himself."

This could be Colonel Larson's motto—all by himself. I've never met a man quite like him, and no one who has achieved so much after virtually crawling from the grave. —Daniel P. Mannix

COMING . . .

A 5-page exclusive picture story, with text by Ken Purdy, on race driver Stirling Moss's spectacular new London town house, THE MOSSY PAD

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

APRIL—TRUE

[*Continued from page* 54]

In America or Great Britain, Gerard Croiset would be called a clairvoyant, medium, psychic, mind reader, psychometrist or, in more advanced parapsychological circles, a telepathist, sensitive, or psychoscopist. In Holland his mentor, Prof. W. H. C. Tenhaeff, Director of the Parapsychology Institute at the University of Utrecht, probably the world's leading authority on extrasensory perception, calls him, more scientifically, a "paragnost," a word which he coined in 1932 from the Greek words *para* meaning "beyond" and *gnosis* meaning knowledge.

Gerard Croiset is the best known and most gifted of 47 paragnosts—26 men and 21 women—who have been intensively studied since 1926 by scholarly, bearded 70-year-old Dr. Tenhaeff at the 328-year-old University of Utrecht, one of Europe's great institutions. In many European nations, paragnosts are consulted by troubled men and women more frequently than psychiatrists are in the United States. Countless persons, including the police, have sought Croiset's assistance in securing information beyond the five known senses ever since Professor Tenhaeff began investigating Croiset's paragnostic abilities.

Today Gerard Croiset is probably the world's most tested clairvoyant. Since early 1946 he has been subjected to comprehensive German, Swiss, and American psychological tests at Holland's Parapsychology Institute. And he has successfully undergone other practical tests in solving numerous cases in the Netherlands and many other nations.

To be near the professor's Parapsychology Institute, Croiset moved in 1956 from Enschede, a modern Dutch textile town of 124,000 near the German border, to the quiet though larger (250,000 population) university city of Utrecht in the geographic center of the Netherlands. Once a Roman fortress, today Utrecht is a city of picturesque narrow, red-brick and cobblestone streets where a visitor immediately notices the many bicycle riders, high-gabled houses, winding canals, church bells, and the famous 370-foot tower of Dom Gothic Cathedral built between 1254-1517. Here, in an old, comfortably dishevelled house at 21 Willem de Zwygerstraat (William the Silent Street), Croiset the Clairvoyant lives with his plump, pleasant wife Gerda and three of his five children near the Parapsychology Institute.

What makes Gerard Croiset unique is that he *puts to work for the common good* his gifts of telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition. By *applying* these extrasensory abilities constructively, he has given modern parapsychology a *practical,* new tool.

Holland's leading paragnost has assisted the police, not only in the Netherlands but in a half-dozen other countries, including the United States, in solving many baffling crimes. He has impressed hundreds of grateful parents by locating their missing children, the work which brings him the greatest satisfaction. He has aided a wide variety of other persons with their varied problems, including helping public officials to find their lost documents.

Croiset's police cases, obviously, are the most spectacular to the layman. The Dutch clairvoyant's accomplishments are recorded in many police records in Europe. I even saw letters in the Parapsychology Institute files from some police departments and prosecutor's offices in the United States, requesting help in solving old murder cases which have lingered on police blotters because local and state police and the FBI have been unable to break them. Police officials about to retire were especially anxious to crack these old murder cases before they left office. Among others, Capt. John J. Cronin, Commanding Officer of the New York City Police Department's Missing Persons Bureau from 1943-61, told me that he is enormously impressed with Croiset's abilities.

A typical example of the way in which Croiset throws himself into criminal cases happened one time when I was at the Parapsychology Institute. I was with Professor Tenhaeff and the scientist's chief assistant since 1954, Miss Nicolauda (Nicky) G. Louwerens, a brilliant woman in her early 40's. I cannot reveal the facts about this rape-murder of a teen-age girl because the case is still pending. Croiset opened the large package which had been sent by the victim's father with the cooperation of the local police department. The psychoscopist felt the girl's clothing which showed dried blood, received an immediate "impression," sighed, pointed to a spot on the map which was included in the package and dictated into the tape recorder: "This girl was beaten and murdered right here where I marked an X." He then described her murder in detail and gave some clues about her slayer, which helped the police apprehend him.

The great gift which the Utrecht paragnost possesses is being able to break through the time and space barriers. Telepathy and clairvoyance occur in the *present.* But Croiset's precognition powers sweep across time, enabling him to glimpse the *future.*

Although most of us periodically reveal these abilities, Gerard Croiset regularly "sees" things not visible to the normal human eye or mind. His "images" aren't confined to the limits of conventional time and space. Croiset not only describes events occurring in the *present* hundreds of miles away, unseen by anyone else, but constantly dips into the *past* and *future* as if into an endless sea. "The past, present, and future are difficult to separate for me," he says.

Another way in which Gerard Croiset differs from less gifted mortals is that he tends to *think in pictures* instead of words. Like other paragnosts, he sees images before his eyes, usually concerning the memories of persons who consult him. Sometimes these pictures are "run off" at great speed. "It is as if these images from the panorama of other people's lives, often with big gaps, force themselves upon him," points out Dr. Tenhaeff.

Still another characteristic of Gerard Croiset is having an "associative relationship," trying to discover himself in the other

person. In his "telepathic rapport," or "unification" as Professor Tenhaeff puts it, Croiset emotionally identifies with his consultants. The Utrecht sensitive frequently sees events in the lives of others that resemble happenings in his own, especially his childhood.

For example, Professor Tenhaeff once took Croiset to visit a medical friend and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. L. The physician teased the paragnost, asking, "Can you see anything in my wife's past, Croiset?"

After focusing his penetrating eyes upon Mrs. L., Croiset flatly said, "I see you as a little girl of about 12 years with some girl friends. You are sitting on a fence with them. One of the girls pushes you in fun on the back and you fall awkwardly—a bad fall. One of the spikes from the fence punctures the lower part of your abdomen."

The startled woman and her doctor husband admitted the truth of this accident which had occurred 27 years earlier.

Croiset saw this picture because it resembled an incident in his own boyhood. When the paragnost was 8 years old, he was walking with a playmate along the narrow outer railing of an Amsterdam bridge. His companion gave him an unexpected shove and Gerard fell into the canal after vainly attempting to hold on to the railing. "There was an associative relationship between a childhood experience of Mrs. L. and Croiset," explains Professor Tenhaeff. "In both of their lives, a push and a spike played a part."

When Dr. J. B. Rhine, of Duke University's Parapsychology Laboratory, visited Holland in May 1951, Professor Tenhaeff introduced him to Croiset. Rhine offered to test the star paragnost with his celebrated 25 Zener (ESP) cards of the five symbols—the cross, circle, square, star, and wavy lines.

Croiset, however, demurred, saying, "I respect your work very much, Dr. Rhine. But I do not like just to guess cards. I have to be emotionally involved in a case like that of a missing child or somebody in trouble."

When he is working, Gerard Croiset can generally furnish four types of facts after he touches, for example, the outside of a sealed envelope, according to Professor Tenhaeff:

"First, Croiset can usually describe the person who wrote the letter—his voice, figure, physical defects, manner of dress, fears, thoughts, feelings, and can even mimic the person.

"Second, Croiset can tell us the environmental facts about the person or his profession. A paragnost sees books, hears machines in connection with the individual and even incidents which have occurred or will occur.

"Third, Croiset can tell us incidents about other people whom the subject comes in contact with—relatives, friends, and co-workers.

"Fourth, Croiset can tell us impersonal facts about the subject's neighborhood, home, workshop, or landscape."

But Professor Tenhaeff adds, "Croiset doesn't see these four types of facts in every case. Sometimes he sees two or three of them but rarely all four." The University of Utrecht parapsychologist is the first to caution on the *limits* of Croiset's abilities and refuses to make any extravagant claims, saying, "I always try to understand why he can see some things and not others. Nevertheless, Croiset is an honest paragnost and very objective about his work."

Gerard Croiset has ambivalent feelings about his extrasensory abilities. Occasionally, he is aware of this duality which causes conflicts within himself.

On the one hand, he sings this modest low-pressure tune with Dr. Tenhaeff and other scientists: "I am just a simple, ordinary man. *Everybody* has the same gift as I have—only in me it is more developed, just like singing ability was in Caruso. I don't have any special supernatural powers. *All* human beings, no matter who or where they are, have the same gift in different degrees. All people are in touch with each other, even though they may not realize it. I just have the ability to tune in to other people at the right time and establish contact with them. But I'm no different than anybody else, really."

On the other hand, when he is with laymen, he often assumes the "superman" role, insisting he has superior knowledge. "I am the great Croiset," he then proclaims. This side of Croiset has what the late Frank Lloyd Wright once called, in describing himself to me, "honest arrogance instead of hypocritical humility." Several years ago when Croiset was told a roomful of people were waiting for him, he retorted majestically, "Let them wait! There is only one Croiset." On another occasion, when he had to wait himself for German film-company representatives at the Parapsychology Institute whom he had invited without first having checked with Professor Tenhaeff, he exclaimed, "I must leave! I am too busy to wait for anybody!"

This "superman complex" can even occasionally lead him to have wishful dreams. In one of these visionary states, at the age of 30, there appeared to Gerard Croiset a host of angels in a blaze of golden light. He also "saw" two guardians holding trumpets. The next day these guardians again appeared to him, standing by a curtain which was slightly pulled aside. Through the opening, made thereby, a stage was visible and a man clad in Oriental dress, wearing a turban with a splendid diadem then stepped forward. Suddenly, Gerard Croiset saw that this Oriental's face began *to show his own features!*

"To Croiset, the Oriental symbolized a paranormally gifted superman," explains Dr. Tenhaeff. "Croiset's vision meant to him the promise that, in the future, he would accomplish great things as a Magus—the more so because the Oriental's face started to show his own features. Croiset felt that he was receiving the call from a Higher Power."

The sign outside the clairvoyant's Utrecht home simply says: GERARD CROISET. Every time I gave the street number to a cab driver, I heard this rejoinder, "Croiset's house?" A three-story house on a quiet square near a winding old canal, it has a TV set and modern recording and photographic equipment. The house is strewn with dozens of oil paintings of his cosmopolitan, namesake, 25-year-old painter son, Gerard, who lives in Paris where he recently had an exhibition.

Unlike the learned, soft-spoken, pipe-smoking Professor Tenhaeff, Gerard Croiset is an unlettered man who gestures dramatically and talks animatedly. He has never read anything more intellectual than a mystery or Western novel and it is impossible to speak with him about literature, music, politics, or any cultural subject except perhaps painting for which he has a native talent. When speaking, he is frequently at a loss for words to describe his precise feelings. Because of lack of formal education, he uses many words improperly and even utters some malapropisms. Yet from Dr. Tenhaeff, he has learned the jargon of parapsychology and frequently parrots his mentor.

Croiset speaks Dutch and a little German and is now picking up some English expressions. Many women find him attractive. He doesn't smoke, drinks nothing stronger than wine, but actually prefers milk, perhaps because of his ulcer. He likes to wear comfortable, casual, loose-fitting clothes in light colors and is partial to sports shirts and loud ties. He wears no belt or suspenders and during parapsychological sessions frequently has his trousers partly opened because of his stomach pains. Even when in company, he often removes his shoes to relax.

With Professor Tenhaeff, Croiset makes periodic motor trips throughout Europe, usually in answer to calls for their professional services. In December 1952, on their way to Paris, all that the parapsychologist told Croiset was that he was taking him there to be tested by a scientist whose name Croiset did not know and whose photograph he had never seen.

"Can you tell me anything about the man we are going to meet in Paris?" casually inquired Dr. Tenhaeff.

"I see a man who looks like Uncle Sam," instantly replied Croiset, who telepathically had "read" the professor's mind. Indeed, the paragnost had seen an image of the late, white-bearded René Warcollier, head of the Institut Métapsychique International, whom they were to visit in Paris.

Home-loving Holland—which itself is a study in contrasts with its ancient windmills and modern concrete highways standing side by side—remains baffled by Croiset's powers. Are they akin to those of the astronauts as he claims? Will they one day help us to unlock the secrets of the universe and solve the age-old mystery of our minds?

Whatever history's verdict, the feats of Gerard Croiset, who has probably helped more people in the world than any other paragnost, have rekindled the parapsychological flame throughout Europe. Not since the psychical movement swept England during the 1880's has there been such curiosity in the potentialities of making the Unknown grow nearer.

Gerard Croiset has solved hundreds of perplexing problems for grateful men and women in many parts of the world. The

following cases illustrate his remarkable powers in operation.

On October 18, 1959, Carol, the tall, attractive 24-year-old daughter of Professor and Mrs. Walter E. Sandelius, 1120 Mississippi Street, Lawrence, Kansas, disappeared from a hospital in Topeka, Kansas, where she had been a patient after a nervous breakdown. Local and state police were unable to find her.

Her father, a professor of political science at the University of Kansas where he has taught for 40 years, including 12 as head of his department, is not the type of man to do anything rash. A former Rhodes scholar with degrees from Oxford University in England, and Brookings Institute in Washington, he has also been chairman of the Governor's Commission on Revision of the Kansas Constitution.

"Naturally, my wife and I were terribly worried when the police couldn't find Carol," Dr. Sandelius told me when I double-checked this case back in the United States. "Carol's photograph was sent all over Kansas and in surrounding states. We got the usual reports from people who thought they saw Carol in this or that town. I drove several hundred miles checking all the leads but could find no clues. Carol seemed to have disappeared without the slightest trace.

"After a month and a half, my wife and I were ready to try *anything*. In the course of my readings, I had learned about Professor Tenhaeff and Mr. Croiset and how they had helped law-enforcement agencies in Holland locate missing persons. I thought it was worth a try. What had we to lose?"

So on the afternoon of December 11, the Kansas professor telephoned the Utrecht professor 4,875 miles away. "Does Mr. Croiset ever solve cases like that of our missing daughter over the telephone?" inquired Professor Sandelius.

"Sometimes," replied Professor Tenhaeff in his fluent English. "Can you call back tomorrow afternoon at 3 p.m. your time, which is 10 p.m. our time. I will arrange to have Croiset here at the Parapsychology Institute then."

The following day a three-way conversation with the Utrecht professor acting as an interpreter between the Kansas professor and Croiset lasted 22 minutes.

"Is there a river near the hospital where your daughter had been?" was the clairvoyant's first question.

"Yes," answered the missing girl's father. "The Kansas River runs close by."

"I see your daughter running over a large lawn and then crossing a viaduct," said Croiset. "Now I see her at a place where there are stores, and near them, a large body of water with landing stages and many small boats. I see her riding there in a truck and in a big red car."

"Is she still alive?" asked her father anxiously.

"Yes, don't worry," Croiset assured him. "You will hear something definite at the end of six days. But please send me by airmail a photograph of your daughter and some road maps of Kansas and other close-by states."

Six days later on December 17, Professor Sandelius came downstairs at 8 a.m. to place another call, as pre-arranged, to Professor Tenhaeff and Croiset. As he started to pick up the telephone, he looked toward the living room and was astounded to see Carol sitting on the sofa!

"It was the best Christmas present my wife and I could have had," recalls the Kansas educator. "I immediately phoned Utrecht to report the good news. I wanted Professor Tenhaeff and Mr. Croiset to be the first to know outside the family."

Carol's later report to her parents of her wanderings corroborated Croiset's amazing vision: believing that if she could leave the hospital it would hasten her recovery, Carol had run across the hospital's front lawn and crossed the river at a viaduct. After reaching the Kansas Turnpike which skirts Topeka, she hitched a ride in a big red car with two soldiers from the Topeka Air Base. When she told them that she was running away from home, they dropped her in southern Kansas. Shortly afterward, she was picked up by an elderly couple heading south. They worked with a carnival visiting small towns with their "iron lung" act. Carol gave them a fictitious name and merely said that she was leaving home. She traveled with this friendly couple, helping them demonstrate their iron lung in different towns.

On the afternoon that her father was speaking to Croiset, she was at a carnival in Corpus Christi, Texas, bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. Many speed boats are docked there two blocks from the business district. When the carnival couple was about to leave Corpus Christi, they suggested to Carol, "Would you like to spend Christmas with your family?" Carol said yes, that she would. They gave her $40 for bus fare. "She arrived in Lawrence early in the morning of December 17, took a taxi to her house, and got home with 17 cents in her pocket," reported Dickson Terry in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*.

Holland is a land brimming with water. An old saying goes, "God made the world but the Dutch made the Netherlands." Indeed they did, with their miraculous snatching of nearly half of the marshy, lowlands nation from the sea through a network of 5,000 miles of canals and dikes into which their enemy, water, was pumped.

Ironically, the result, though a boon to Holland, has been a perennial hazard to its young children.

On Saturday evening May 21, 1960, I was sitting in the cozy, old-fashioned living room of Gerard Croiset in Utrecht. Professor Tenhaeff, the professor's devoted assistant, Miss Louwerens, and I were discussing his puzzling powers with the paragnost. But I never expected to see the beginning of an amazing demonstration of them in a few minutes.

At 10:30 the telephone rang. The call was from Eindhoven, an industrial city 50 miles away, home of the giant Philips electrical-appliance factories. The caller, Mr. Schoenmaker, was asking Croiset's help in locating a 4-year-old boy, Toontje Thooner, who had been missing for 24 hours. Thus far, the Dutch police had turned up no clues. Until that moment, our host had known nothing about the case.

Croiset beckoned Professor Tenhaeff, Miss Louwerens, and myself into the next room. There, he switched on his tape recorder attached to his telephone and began asking brief, animated questions in Dutch.

"Is the playground where the child was last seen in a new suburb? [*Yes.*] When you leave it at the left, is there some open ground? [*Yes.*] When you follow the border of this open ground, do you reach a canal? [*Yes.*] Is this canal 200 to 500 meters from the playground?" [*Yes.*]

Croiset paused, and then inquired, "Are you a member of the child's family?"

"No. I'm a neighbor," was the reply.

"Well," sighed the sensitive, "I can then tell you that the outlook isn't good. Search the area I described right away. But I'm afraid I have a clear picture. I'm sorry, but in about three days, the child's body will be found in the canal I mentioned, close to a bridge and near a bucket of zinc."

This strange (to me but not to the others) conversation was over. The clairvoyant slumped in his chair, depressed and exhausted. Realizing that he was emotionally spent, we bade him good night. Frankly, I left Croiset's home in a mood of considerable skepticism.

But three days later I checked up. Unhappily enough, the police of Eindhoven had just found the child's body next to one of the piers of the bridge over the canal near a bucket of zinc—*exactly as Croiset had predicted.*

The seminude body of a 17-year-old girl was found on May 23, 1950, outside Arnhem, Holland, a lovely garden city on the Rhine, which was a bloody Allied-Nazi battleground during World War II.

The girl's body indicated that she had had sexual intercourse before she died. Police questioned many suspects without any results. Finally, they phoned Professor Tenhaeff, asking whether Croiset the Clairvoyant could throw any light upon the man who was last with her.

On Sunday, August 5, a tape-recorded session was held at Arnhem police headquarters. Some of the dead girl's clothes and knick-knacks were on the table to be used as inductors for the clairvoyant, who was told only that a body was involved—nothing more. Everyone present maintained a neutral, noncommittal attitude.

After touching the girl's clothes, Gerard Croiset said, "I have an image of a young girl . . . fair-haired . . . her hair is hanging down to her shoulders. She is a schoolgirl . . . in a secondary school. I see her in a seat near the window. She can see the street from her desk." [This description of the girl's appearance and school seat was correct.]

Suddenly, Croiset startled everyone by lying down on the floor. "She was found lying down like this in a wooded area," he exclaimed. "Near her hand, was a small post." [Correct. She

was found lying in precisely that position, but the police hadn't noticed any such boundary mark.]

"My breathing is becoming more difficult. Was she strangled?" inquired Croiset. [Incorrect. Police originally believed that the girl had been strangled because of two spots on her neck. But an autopsy proved that she wasn't.]

"In the immediate vicinity where the girl was found, there was a bike belonging to her." [Correct.]

After describing a young man who was not the guilty person, but had only dated the girl, Croiset continued, "Now I see a straw hat before me, which reminds me of Lou Bandy [a prominent Dutch variety artist who wore the familiar straw hat like Maurice Chevalier's]. This means that the man I see is connected with show business. [Correct. When X, the "culprit," was later found, he proved to be a member of an amateur-theatrical company.]

"Now I have a picture of Heck's tearoom in Arnhem. It has some connection with this man. [Correct. X's sister worked in this tearoom.]

"Now I see the girl again . . . she is on a date. Until now, she has not gone out with him for a long time. I see him wearing a badge. And also a khaki-colored shirt. He hates tight collars because they hurt him. They must be very loose around his neck." Croiset then gestured with his fingers, indicating how a man makes a tight-fitting collar feel looser. [Correct. X was a former acquaintance of the girl. After losing touch with him, she re-encountered him. He wore a badge. He detested wearing collars, which discomforted him because of his very sensitive neck.]

"This girl enjoyed going out with boys. She often did. [Correct.] She excited them sexually, but at the last moment, would withdraw. This time, however, she went further than with the others. [Correct.]

"She indulged in all kinds of sexual fantasies. She was sexually overexcited and this overexcitement was shown in her dreams. [Correct.]

Croiset then supplied some precise data about the girl's bleeding. Then he asked, "Was this girl treated by a doctor? [Correct.] Something was wrong with her heart. [Correct.] Now I see the man again. How strange. Has this man an abnormally big genital organ?" Croiset described in vivid detail X's sex organs.

Then the clairvoyant switched to another physical characteristic of X: "I also get the impression that he walks with a slight limp. [Correct.] One leg is a little shorter than the other."

Now turning his inner vision back to the girl, Croiset asked, "Is her father connected with education? [Correct.] Is he a headmaster? I see a school building. But something is the matter with this man. [Correct.] It wouldn't surprise me if his conduct gave rise to all kinds of gossip. I have a stick in my hand, and now beat time with it. Is the father connected with music? [The girl's father occasionally conducted choirs.]

"About one hour before her death the girl saw her father. [Correct.] I have a clear picture of that. This father did not understand his daughter very well. [Correct.]"

Several hours after this session, the police, Croiset, and Dr. Tenhaeff drove to the spot where the girl's body was found. On the way, Croiset suddenly stopped his car and said: "This was where she saw her father for the last time. This is the girl's position and here the boy's position. And here's where the father was. I hear people singing." [These place indications proved remarkably correct.]

Professor Tenhaeff elucidates: "Accompanied by X, the girl had passed the spot where her father had conducted a choir. They had listened to his performance for a while, and then bicycled on. A witness who had notified the police saw her standing on this spot on the afternoon of May 23. But not knowing or seeing X, he did not mention X's presence. Based upon this witness's statement, originally the detectives only knew that the girl had been on this spot. Croiset's statement about X was believed by the police to be incorrect. However, Croiset insisted that X had also been present. Four months later in December, X's admission confirmed the correctness of Croiset's image."

Getting back in the car, the investigators drove to the bicycling path. After the car was parked, they walked along the path, Croiset advancing about 20 meters ahead of the others. Suddenly he stopped, indicated a cleared grass area and asked: "What was that blue car doing here? Near this car, a man and a woman were lying in the grass." A detective then said that shortly after the girl's body was found, a man and woman were encountered making love in the grass. And they had driven there in a blue car.

Croiset then disappeared in the woods. But he quickly returned and informed the group that he had located the spot where the girl's body was found. Near this spot—which he correctly indicated—there was a national ground stake, a provincial boundary mark. Originally this post had not been noticed by the detectives because it seemed to have no significance in the case. In fact, after the session at police headquarters, Croiset was told that this stake did not exist. But Croiset kept insisting it was there. Now, he triumphantly pointed out the post which had escaped the detectives' notice. "When we realize that the word 'post' reminds Croiset of an event which occurred when he was 20 years old, it becomes clear why this post—even though of no police value—was seen by him," reminds Dr. Tenhaeff.

The clairvoyant also accurately indicated the spots, without being asked, where the girl's white shoe and broken belt were found. Similarly, he correctly showed the tree against which her bicycle had been parked and even the position of the bicycle.

After leaving the scene of the girl's death, the group drove back in Croiset's car toward Zevenaar about 10 miles away. While driving, Croiset was led by a "directional sense" like that observed among animals and primitive peoples. He was convinced it would enable him to discover the man's residence. Later, the police confirmed that Croiset's "directional sense" was correct. Unfortunately, a suggestion made to him during the ride by a detective threw him off his course, blurring his images and confusing him. "Had this not occurred," says Professor Tenhaeff, "Croiset would probably have discovered the house of X, in whose immediate neighborhood we were and it would have saved the police many hours of searching."

When the police finally found X, they learned that he was a 20-year-old cook who occasionally used a big red basting syringe in the kitchen which prompted Croiset's image of an abnormally large genital organ. As a boy, he had been run over by a streetcar and, as a result, had a slight limp, as the paragnost had said.

Other information furnished by Croiset about X, even though insufficient to enable the police to apprehend him for murder, also proved to be correct.

The word "culprit" used by Croiset was wrong. X did *not* murder the girl. She died from heart failure during intercourse with him, the police investigation revealed, which explains the clairvoyant's image of her heart difficulty.

How are feats like this possible? What enables the Dutch sensitive to see the past, present and future in cases like those described? Perhaps the facts of Croiset's life may illuminate his unusual gift.

The future telepathist was born on March 10, 1909, on the anniversary of the day, curiously, that the first telephone message was sent by Alexander Graham Bell, 33 years earlier. The place was the small, picturesque artists' town of Laren in the province of North Holland.

Gerard's Jewish parents were both in the theater. His father, Hyman, a prominent actor, continually toured Holland and Belgium playing leading roles in many Shakespeare and Ibsen productions. His mother was a wardrobe mistress.

As a child, Gerard had little or no home life. When he was 8 years old, he was placed in a foster home where he was extremely unhappy. He lived with six different sets of foster parents. Because none of them understood him, he was constantly in conflict with them and forever being punished. One cruel foster father disciplined the rebellious Gerard by chaining his leg to a stake in the floor. Today the Utrecht sensitive is very sympathetic to persons who have foot difficulties.

Gerard was a sickly, undernourished child who suffered from rickets. Because of his frequent illnesses, he was alone a great deal and fell to daydreaming. Living in his own private world, the sensitive youngster escaped the harshness of reality through his fantasies. The Walter Mitty-like boy often described people he had never met and spoke of cities he had never visited. People who heard his bizarre tales looked at little Gerard with pity thinking, "What a misfortune that this child is not quite right in the head." In a recurrent childhood fantasy, he spent

many afternoons playing with imaginary small friends and he predicted with amazing accuracy events which later occurred in a real environment. These daydreams which Gerard didn't understand, together with his telepathic relations with people, were the first signs of his paranormal abilities.

Because he moved from one foster home to another, he received only a skimpy elementary-school education. One male teacher considered him a "crazy little fool" because Gerard insisted, "I can see what is happening many kilometers away." Yet this teacher was startled after being absent one day when Gerard welcomed him back saying, "I know, sir, why you didn't come to school yesterday to give us our lessons. You went to see a young blonde woman who was wearing a dress with a red rose. You are going to marry her." Oddly enough, the teacher had been granted a day's leave of absence by the principal to visit a nearby city to ask for the hand of his future bride, and she had, indeed, received him with a red rose pinned to her dress.

When Gerard was 11, he was able to live with his mother again. Because her actor husband had deserted her for good, she now legally married another man. The Board of Guardians allowed her to take her son into her new home. But the sullen, rebellious Gerard could not get along with his stepfather and ran away from home repeatedly.

At the age of 13, he quit school and lived with a farmer, agreeing to work in the fields for his board, lodging, and clothes. But farmhand chores bored him and he tried to escape from them. Yet the farm atmosphere had a lasting influence upon him. Today many of his images involve haystacks, dung, fields and trees.

After leaving the farm, the future paragnost was hired as a junior clerk in the office of a harbor master where he had to add long lists of figures. But he grew bored with this also; his addition was so inaccurate that he was soon fired. The youth then worked as a shop assistant but displayed no talent for this job either. Wherever he worked, business invariably declined as his responsibilities increased. The restless, imaginative boy was unable to keep any job for long. When he was 17 he became a sales representative for a tea, coffee and zwieback company, but he flopped at this, too. He landed a job in the Albert Heyn chain of grocery stores as a helper and managed to remain there for several years.

In 1934 when he was 25, Croiset married Gerda ter Morsche, the simple, uneducated daughter of an Enschede carpenter who had been his fiancée for four years. A year later, their eldest son, Hyman, was born. Unable to support his wife and child, he was encouraged by his in-laws to open his own grocery store in Enschede and they loaned him the money to get started. But he was a poor businessman, giving his stock away to impecunious customers. When he failed to pay his bills, he was besieged by creditors and soon went bankrupt—an event the clairvoyant was unable to foresee in his own life.

This period of his life accounts for his "associative relationship" with grocery stores that figures so frequently in his clairvoyant work even today. Several years ago when concentrating on Mrs. K. who consulted him, the image of a case of Smyrna raisins appeared to him.

"Do you like to eat raisins?" Croiset asked her.

"No," she replied, puzzled.

"Well, I see that Smyrna raisins played a part in your life."

"Oh, I was born in Smyrna, if that's what you mean," conceded the woman.

For ex-grocer Croiset, Smyrna was associated with the symbol of raisins.

When Croiset wistfully told me about his grocery-store failure, I reminded him that Harry S. Truman had once failed as a haberdashery clerk and went on to become President of the United States. Croiset perked up, beaming appreciatively from ear to ear at this information.

Yet his failure as a grocer in 1935 depressed him enormously and caused a nervous breakdown.

When things were darkest, however, Gerard Croiset began to grow more aware of his paranormal powers. One day after his grocery-store fiasco, he was dejectedly sitting by the side of the road on a small post. A former customer, riding by on a bicycle, stopped and asked, "What's the matter, Croiset?" The bankrupt grocer told him his troubles. Sympathetic, the man invited Croiset to visit him and his wife that evening. Croiset eagerly accepted. In their home, Croiset discussed his clairvoyant experiences, which he admitted not being able to understand.

His host, a spiritualist, speedily recognized Gerard Croiset's obvious gifts. Shortly afterward, he welcomed the ex-grocer into his inner circle as a "spiritualistic medium" which Croiset, at first, thought he was. Invited to attend the sessions where seances were conducted, he soon concluded that many phenomena which the spiritualists believed were caused by spirits, could be explained in other ways. A highly ethical man, he therefore quit the spiritualist group. On a summer evening in 1935, Croiset and his wife visited a man named Henke de Maar, a watchmaker, who lived in Borne near Enschede. Croiset nonchalantly picked up a meter stick lying on the table. Immediately, images of De Maar's youth flashed into his mind. Croiset began by animatedly saying, "I see an automobile accident . . . a body lying on the road of a grassy place." De Maar listened, aghast, exclaiming, "Everything you said is true. Do you have such feelings often?"

"Very often," answered Croiset.

"Then you must be a clairvoyant!"

"That's how it all began," recalls Croiset. "Other people heard about me and brought their troubles to me. I forgot about my grocery-store failure and started to think of a new career."

Between 1937 and 1940, when he was gaining a reputation around Enschede as a "psychometrist," he had many paranormal impressions of the future invasion of Holland by the Nazis. But he was not aware that his visions concerned war; very often, he did not understand their meaning.

However, in the Parapsychology Institute files is the following letter written by Mr. C.V.:

"In 1933 I first met Croiset. I liked him even though his visions puzzled me. In 1938 our relations became strained when I became a member of the N.S.B. [a group of Dutch citizens who sympathized with and aided the Nazis during World War II]. After that Croiset and I rarely saw each other. But in 1939 he again warned me that my pro-German sentiments would get me into trouble. He 'saw' me in a black uniform—during the war years of 1941-43 I actually did wear such a uniform. He also predicted that I would spend several years in prison. At the time, I considered Croiset's predictions absurd. But I was thrown into a Dutch prison camp in Holland and wasn't freed until November 1948."

Though the clairvoyant's first name "Gerard" means "mighty with the spear" in Teutonic, actually he is a peaceful man with a horror of war. After the Nazis occupied Holland in May 1940, Croiset was compelled to wear a Jewish-star armband. "Instead of being ashamed of it, I wore it proudly," he recalls. "I was not allowed to have a bicycle because I was a Jew, so I bought some roller skates which I used in the streets." Though the Utrecht sensitive had a chance to conceal his Jewish origin through fake papers, he refused to do so.

The most difficult time of his life, Croiset told me, was in early 1941 in Enschede when he was 32 years old. One day, when he was staying at the home of a chemist friend Ketelaar, he suddenly saw, among other things, the image of a German policeman dressed in a green uniform. He realized that he was going to be arrested by the Nazis. Croiset asked Ketelaar to help his wife and children. Ketelaar and other friends urged Croiset to escape. But Croiset refused, saying, "I hear an inner voice saying 'Don't run away. Stay in Holland and continue your work.'"

Two weeks later, on a Sunday morning at 5 a.m., the Gestapo arrived at Croiset's home and arrested him. Along with many other Dutchmen (mostly Jews), he was prepared for shipment to Germany. During the transport, he witnessed the brutality of S.S. troopers to fellow prisoners. These Nazi assaults so enraged Croiset that he started to fight back. But fellow prisoners forcibly prevented him from doing so, persuading him that attempted resistance would result in his certain death.

In 1943, after Croiset was mysteriously freed from the German camp, he returned to Enschede. He already had papers showing that he was married to a non-Jew. But now his friends falsified documents stating that his mother was not Jewish, hoping thereby to make the Nazis more lenient with him in the future.

Though Croiset never actually joined the Dutch "under-

ground," he nevertheless aided it through his clairvoyant powers. He frequently had psychic impressions and informed resistance-movement Dutchmen about them. For example, one day while passing a house, he received an image of Jews hidden there and of being in danger. "The Germans will soon raid this house," he warned. Through the intercession of underground friends, the Jews were swiftly moved elsewhere. Nazis later raided this house as predicted by Croiset.

On October 17, 1943, the Nazis again arrested Croiset in an Enschede dragnet, this time not as a half Jew, but along with thousands of other men being shipped to Germany to work in factories. Several months later, he was again released without explanation and was allowed to return to Enschede. Yet his camp experiences deeply affected Gerard Croiset. Recently, I casually asked him on a Sunday morning in his Utrecht home, "What was your biggest disappointment in life?" Instantly, he replied, "That human beings could be such beasts during the war."

The most profound influence upon Gerard Croiset occurred after the war on a December 1945 evening. Purely out of curiosity, he attended a lecture on parapsychology which Professor Tenhaeff gave for members of an adult education course in a folk high school in Enschede. This meeting changed Croiset's life. He immediately realized that this was what he had been waiting for. Until then, he felt aimless and purposeless. But after listening to the inspiring professor, he suddenly realized that his newly discovered extrasensory powers gave his life a new meaning and direction.

"I had heard about Croiset's abilities, but this was the first time I had met him," recalls Professor Tenhaeff. "After the lecture, he came up and told me about his paranormal abilities and volunteered his services to me. In early 1946 I made many psychoscopic tests with him. I realized fairly soon that he was very gifted. The more I tested him, the more I became persuaded that Croiset was a remarkable subject for parapsychological research."

Croiset, in turn, considered it a privilege to be studied by the eminent Professor Tenhaeff and submitted enthusiastically to his systematic experiments. Croiset was found to resemble most other paragnosts in being childlike, theatrical, insecure, tense, talking constantly, and suffering from a stomach disorder. But investigator Tenhaeff found that Gerard Croiset had less ebb and flow in his paragnostic capacities. Unlike more unstable paragnosts who had many days in which they could not work, Croiset was a consistently hard worker. Tenhaeff also found that Croiset had great vanity, aggressiveness, strong craving for power, and lack of social propriety, which occasionally brought them into conflict. These Croiset faults may have stemmed from his father's anarchistic philosophy, his childhood insecurity and his growing success in many well-publicized cases.

Occasionally, the paragnost made arrangements without Dr. Tenhaeff's knowledge and later confronted him with an accomplished fact. "I remember a conflict between us in 1949 when Croiset had a poster printed without informing me and which mentioned my name," recalls the professor. "It concerned a public meeting where he would speak as a paragnost and I would attend as an observer. I ordered him to destroy all the posters and this he did. Another conflict arose when he once told me that he didn't want me to speak too long at a meeting of medical students whom I had been scheduled to address. Croiset feared that he wouldn't have enough time to talk himself if my speech was too long!"

But on the whole, the two men have developed a productive complementary relationship despite their diametrically different personalities and talents. Professor Tenhaeff introduced his prize paragnost to the members of the Dutch Society for Psychical Research. They not only tremendously admired Croiset's abilities but found him a likable companion, a gifted artist with rare paranormal talents.

Soon law-enforcement officials all over the world were discovering these same talents.

Police officers in the United States almost invariably deny that they ever use psychics when trying to solve crimes. Even if a clairvoyant cracks a difficult murder case single-handedly, he rarely, if ever, receives official credit for his uncanny achievement.

Why? Because even when they are honestly interested in extrasensory perception, police are hesitant, reluctant, or ashamed to admit that they need to consult such "amateurs" to help them with their work. It embarrasses them, they feel, not only with the public but with the profession. Police dogs are considered proper aids and within regulations. But human bloodhounds with extrasensory "scents," well, that's a horse—or dog—of another color.

Today in the Netherlands the attitude of many law-enforcement officers toward psychic aid is franker and far more enlightened. Holland is perhaps the only important nation in the world where some police officials and even judges utilize clairvoyants like Croiset, often finding their "tips" extremely useful. As far as is known, never before in history have so many psychoscopic experiments for police purposes been *officially* undertaken. Not that *all* Dutch police officers use—or even approve of—clairvoyants. Like most of their colleagues in the United States and other nations, some are still skeptical.

Yet a major ESP breakthrough has been quietly made in the Netherlands during the past generation. Since 1946, when Professor Tenhaeff, in response to police requests, began encouraging Gerard Croiset and his other paragnosts to offer their extrasensory abilities for police purposes, a growing number of grateful Dutch law enforcers have effectively used psychics in their criminal investigations. How was this achieved? A few open-minded police officers asked Professor Tenhaeff: If Croiset and other paragnosts could demonstrate their paranormal abilities under laboratory conditions, could they visualize a criminal by perhaps holding the weapon which was left behind? "At first, I was more skeptical than the police officers who asked me whether it was possible for paragnosts to give them 'tips,'" recalls Dr. Tenhaeff. But Croiset's astonishing successes gave both the professor and police new respect for his extrasensory powers.

Willem Gorter, Chief of Criminal Police in Haarlem, a shrewd, soft-spoken, white-haired man who ranks with the ablest police officers in America, told me in his home one evening, "I first met Croiset in 1946 when Professor Tenhaeff brought him to a meeting of the Dutch Society for Psychical Research of which I am a member. Since then I have worked with him on some cases where he has been unusually helpful. Croiset is undoubtedly the best of the professor's paragnosts."

Holland leads the world in enlightened use of ESP, but Croiset's fame as a consultant in police cases has spread. Now he is often called on to help, not only with Dutch police problems, but also with crimes in many different parts of the world. The following cases show his powers operating on murders and sex crimes in Holland and across the seas.

On December 5, 1946, about 5:45 p.m., an attractive blonde girl of 21 was attacked on a quiet country road in the small town of Wierden, about 20 miles from Croiset's former home in Enschede. The girl was riding home on her bicycle, and carrying in one arm a cardboard box containing a sugar cake which she was taking to her family for the celebration of Dutch Christmas Eve that night. Christmas in Holland comes earlier than the traditional December 25 in America and England. The evening of December 5 is known as *"Sinterklaas,"* a night of family gifts and festivity.

Suddenly the girl's assailant leapt out and struck her twice on the head with a hammer. In the ensuing struggle, the dazed girl succeeded in wresting the hammer away from the man. When he noticed the light of another approaching bicycle, the culprit fled in the dark, leaving the hammer behind.

In the hope of securing some clue to his identity, the hammer was displayed in a grocery shop window in Wierden. But no one was able to identify it and police investigation turned up no leads.

Several weeks later it was decided to engage a paragnost.

The choice was Gerard Croiset. At first, the sensitive said that the hammer produced confusing pictures to him. He attributed this to the fact that the hammer had been touched by so many different hands. But after he was told that the hammer had been used in a case of attempted murder and was asked whether he could reveal any information about the offender, he achieved better "contact."

After again feeling the hammer Croiset said, "I see a man of about 30. He is tall and dark in appearance . . . but the hammer does not belong to him."

The paragnost went on to explain that the assailant often entered one of a group of three cottages. In this cottage (about which he mentioned several pertinent details), he "saw" a man about 55 years old who owned the hammer. Finally, Croiset described the grocery shop where the hammer had hung, and also the shopkeeper. (Although this description didn't concern the immediate investigation, it was nevertheless parapsychologically correct. For example, Croiset rightly mentioned that the storekeeper suffered from bronchitis.)

Six months later, on June 2, 1947, a 28-year-old man, who fitted Croiset's description of the culprit, was arrested on another morals charge in a neighboring town. During his trial, he confessed that he had also been guilty of the December 5 attack on the Wierden girl and that he had borrowed the hammer from the 55-year-old man who lived in the cottage described by Croiset.

The mayor of Wierden concluded his report to the Parapsychology Institute in these words: "Mr. Croiset was able to provide information which was of value to the police."

Rotterdam is a city which has been energetically rebuilt since Hitler devastated it during World War II.

In May 1949, when Professor Tenhaeff lectured in Rotterdam before the Association of Higher Police Officials, Mr. V. H., Rotterdam's Chief Inspector of Police, told him, "We found part of a skeleton in a local house now being reconstructed. But we are not sure where it came from. Do you think any of your paragnosts could give us any information about it?"

"That may be possible," replied the professor.

"Very well, I will get in touch with you later."

Two months later, on July 10, Gerard Croiset visited the Rotterdam home of Police Inspector V.H. with Professor and Mrs. Tenhaeff to make this experiment. Police did not know the origin of the skeleton, whether it was a wartime relic or from a later murder. Now the police official handed the clairvoyant a piece of the skeleton as an inductor. Croiset quickly received a series of astonishing images of the old house, and the method in which the man whose bone he held was murdered during the war.

"I get the impression of a German military officer," began Croiset. "He got hit on the neck. A disc in his neck is damaged. [Several days after the skeleton was found in December 1948, a Dutchman told the police that in 1940 he had witnessed a German officer on a deserted street being hit on the neck with an iron pipe.]

"It has something to do with his being paralyzed. [The Nazi officer's neck was paralyzed from the beating, the witness reported.]

"I see a chocolate shop where sweets are sold. An old lady is the proprietor. [Correct. Although Police Inspector V.H. at first denied the existence of this shop, Croiset persisted that he "saw" it. Several hours later, when they all visited the spot where part of the skeleton was found, they detected, about 15 meters from there, a small chocolate shop managed by an old woman. Because this seemed irrelevant to the investigation, it had escaped police notice.]

"Were there more people present when the skeleton was found? I feel there was building being done when it was found. [Correct. The skeleton, to which the disc belonged, was found by workmen during the building's restoration in December 1948.]

"Death was forced. The man was hit on the neck. [Correct.]

"There must have been a sack with the skeleton when it was found. [Correct.]

"Soccer is played in the neighborhood. [Correct: Near where the skeleton was found, was an area used by boys as a soccer field.]

"I now see an old part of Rotterdam. Every bit of the surroundings there is bombed. [This may refer to where the skeleton was found as well as to the murder scene.]

"I now see a warehouse. It has a green door that opens out. [The witness showed police a warehouse with an outward-opening green door, where he reported the struck German officer was brought.]

"The body was carried away in a truck. The place where the skeleton was found is not where the murder took place. [Police believe the body was probably transported from another spot.]

"I am now in a neighborhood where workers live. [The site where the body was found is in such a neighborhood.]

"The German officer is completely undressed and beaten up. [The witness reported how the officer was stripped and beaten when murdered. Condition of the skeleton also indicated this.]

"Did that German officer have sexual intercourse with a Dutch girl? I see a Dutch girl. She is raped by the German officer." [Correct: The witness testified that in 1940 the Nazi officer wasn't murdered by the Underground, but by the girl's father in revenge for his having raped her.]

Sunday, February 26, 1961, is a day I shall never forget. I was on the telephone for endless hours in New York City discussing the agonizing case of a missing 4-year-old girl. The New York Police Department received several hundred telephone calls at an especially set-up telephone number, WAtkins 9-7307, from individuals who suggested all kinds of ways of finding the lost child. KLM officials in New York offered to fly Croiset and Professor Tenhaeff to the United States immediately to solve the case.

Blonde Edith "Googie" Kiecorius, who lived at 810 East Thirteenth Street, Brooklyn, New York, had been missing four days, since Wednesday, February 22 at 4:45 p.m. She was last seen playing outside the residence of her uncle, Manuel Duclat, whom she was visiting with her widowed mother, at 170 Eighth Avenue near Twentieth Street in Manhattan.

More than 350 New York policemen had searched buildings, including rooftops—with helicopters—vacant lots, and had even dragged the Hudson River with grappling hooks. The search for the missing child was one of the widest in New York crime history, extending as far as Chicago where a plausible tip had been received that Edith had been see there with a woman at an airport. Police were uncertain whether she had been kidnaped by a lonely childless woman or molested by a sex criminal. Each succeeding day the headlines in the New York newspapers grew bigger and blacker.

Based on his 37 years of experience in the department, Capt. John J. Cronin, Commanding Officer of the Missing Persons Bureau, flatly stated that a degenerate sex maniac had murdered the child and Deputy Chief of Detectives James Walsh tended to agree with him. But other police department officials were less sure.

After a series of transatlantic telephone calls, Croiset, who had been traveling, was finally located on Saturday, February 25, at 6 p.m. (12 noon, New York time, six hours earlier), by Rein J. Vogels, KLM vice-president and director of public relations in The Hague.

"Would you be willing to help on this tragic case?" asked Vogels.

"Of course," instantly replied the child-loving Dutch sensitive. "But first you must give me a map of New York and a photograph of the child."

"KLM will fly you to New York immediately."

"That is not necessary," answered Croiset. "I have never been to New York. If I go there now, I would choke on all the impressions and wouldn't be able to see a thing. No, Mr. Vogels, it is better I stay here and work quietly on this case."

"Very well, all possible information will be flown to you from New York."

The paragnost paused. Though his spontaneous impressions were disorganized, he started "seeing" and talking: "I can already tell you that it is not in the center of the city. If you were standing with your back to the Statue of Liberty, it ought to be on the left-hand side of New York. There, the child must be! I see a tall building, but that does not mean a thing. There are many tall buildings in New York. But on top of this building, I see an orange rectangular advertisement sign (a billboard) and garage . . . rolling shutters . . . a square . . . and a park. . . . I see a railroad nearby and rails above the street level. Beyond it, some rubbish . . . and after that some water. There is a river quite near. The man who took the child is small, about 54 or 55 years of age. He has a rather sharp face. . . . He wears something in gray. . . . His origin is south European . . . I see a gray house. . . . That is where the child is or has been. . . ."

Startled by the clairvoyant's clear images, Vogels asked, "Is the child still alive?"

"No, I am afraid it is dead," emphatically answered Croiset.

Eager to rush this information to the New York Police Department, Vogels hung up, promising, "I'll phone you back." Croiset's impressions, which had been recorded over the phone, were speedily transcribed and telephoned to KLM officials in New York who relayed them to the New York Police Department.

The following morning, Sunday, February 26, at 9:30 a.m., (3:30 a.m. New York time), Vogels again phoned Croiset and enthusiastically reported, "I just heard that the New York police are amazed at your information. You described very well the area from where the child disappeared. What surprised them most is the railroad you mentioned above the street level, because that is one of the few places in New York where there is one like that. The police are very grateful for your efforts."

That morning at 11:30 a.m. Holland time (5:30 a.m. in New York), Croiset and Vogels met in a tape-recorded session. Vogels handed Croiset a Hagstrom's map of New York containing house numbers. "What a mass of houses," exclaimed the paragnost. "It's enough to drive you crazy! Now, I have a warm point. I see a dark woman sitting in front of a window. Two houses farther there is a laundry and also a shop where clothes are pressed . . . I see that building again. It has, I think, five floors. . . . The man I described yesterday is a little older, between 54 and 58 years of age . . . he has a small, sharp, tawny face. The child must be in a gray house. . . . On the second floor I get a strong emotion. . . . In this room, I see the child with the man. . . ."

The KLM public-relations director immediately phoned these particulars to New York, and said that he would have another session with Croiset later. But before the clairvoyant could furnish any more information to the New York police, the case was broken about five hours later.

On Sunday at 12:30 p.m. New York time (6:30 p.m. in Holland) the ravished body of 4-year-old Edith Kiecorius was found in the *second*-floor front room of a dingy four-story rooming house at 307 West Twentieth Street, just around the corner from her uncle's house, where she was last seen. Preliminary medical examination indicated that she had been raped and beaten to death on the Wednesday she had disappeared.

This rooming house had already been checked several times by the police, but no one had answered the knocks on the locked metal door. Deciding to break it open, Patrolman John Megrini and Detective James Peterson found the dead child lying on the bed, her right arm covering her bruised, bloody face as if to ward off blows. Edith's snow suit and underclothing were on the floor. A photograph of 4-year-old Caroline Kennedy, torn from a magazine, lay on the table. About 40 empty beer cans, an empty whisky bottle, hundreds of cigarette butts, and the remains of a pizza littered the room. Police Commissioner Michael Murphy, who entered the room at 3:25 p.m., vowed, "No effort will be spared to bring this vicious degenerate to justice." The building superintendent, Hortencia Chomorro, reported that Fred J. Thompson, the man who had rented the $8 furnished room, had paid a week's rent in advance on February 17, and had carried no luggage.

On Wednesday, March 1—one week after little Edith Kiecorius had disappeared—Thompson was picked up on a New Jersey farm and confessed to killing the child. Thompson told Detective Keene, "When I get drinking, I want a woman. The older women just laugh at me when I ask them. The young girls, they don't want to have anything to do with me." When he was brought into Felony Court that day, men and women shouted at him. "Burn him! No good rat! Murderer!" Convicted of first-degree murder, Thompson was later declared legally insane and committed to the Matteawan Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

Thompson wore, when picked up, a rumpled sports jacket with gray-checked sleeves and collar, a bleached shirt with gray-and-white checks. He was 59 and he was small (five foot six), sharp-nosed, and had a tawny complexion. He was not of south European descent, but a native of England.

At the murder scene I checked Croiset's other impressions. The building at 307 West Twentieth Street is made of gray brick, but it has four floors, not five (five, however, counting the basement floor), as Croiset said. Thompson's second-floor room—where Croiset had experienced his "strong emotion"—had dirty white venetian blinds pulled down over the windows, which may have been what the paragnost meant by "rolling shutters." The building had no orange billboard on top or garage at the bottom, though I saw such landmarks nearby in the neighborhood. Surprisingly, there was a small inner courtyard directly across the street which Croiset may have seen as the "square," but the park he mentioned was several blocks away. The railroad he saw was the overhead New York Central freight trestle—one of the few in New York City—standing two blocks away and running parallel to Tenth Avenue, between Sixteenth and Thirtieth streets. Beyond it were heaps of rubbish and the Hudson River, which Croiset may have considered the "water" or "river" he mentioned.

A block and a half away I also checked the uncle's residence at 170 Eighth Avenue, a tenement room over a bar. I was startled to see an automatic laundry on the right at 172 Eighth Avenue, as the Dutch sensitive had said, and a tailor shop next door on the left at 168 Eighth Avenue. Croiset's impression of the woman at the window resembled Edith's mother.

Naturally, not a line about Croiset's secret role in this case was published in any American newspaper, though it later was reported in the Dutch press which routinely accepts clairvoyants' work in police cases.

Exactly how helpful Croiset was to the New York police in this case is not clear. All that police-department officials would admit was that after they had heard from Holland that the child was dead and not in Chicago, they intensified their search in the New York area from where she had disappeared. So perhaps the Utrecht paragnost was helpful in diverting police attention from Chicago and hastening the breaking down of the door.

In carefully checking Croiset's tape-recorded statements in Holland and later assessing them with police-department officials back in New York, I was shocked to observe how many of Croiset's seemingly irrelevant but startlingly accurate images were never turned over to the proper investigating authorities. Some of these impressions were either edited out by KLM officials in New York or got lost along the line in the New York Police Department.

I am convinced that if the New York Police Department had *immediately* flown an enlightened officer to Holland, the Edith Kiecorius case might have been solved more quickly. Unfortunately, too many American police officials, though constantly amazed by ESP, don't want anybody to believe that they think there is anything to it!

At the Parapsychology Institute of the University of Utrecht in June 1958, Gerard Croiset touched a pair of red slippers.

To avoid any telepathic response, the American visitor who handed them to Croiset had been told nothing about the slippers. They had been lent to him in the United States for this unique transatlantic experiment by an American police official who said, "If Croiset is so smart, when you're in Holland, see if he can tell me anything about these slippers?"

"Whose are they?"

"I'm not telling you. You have Croiset tell *me*."

Immediately after touching these slippers, the Dutch psychoscopist exclaimed, "These shoes belonged to a pretty young woman. She was murdered in her home outside a big city in America near a body of water by a bushy-haired man." Croiset then drew amazingly accurate sketches of the woman and her home.

Several weeks later, back in the United States, the bearer of the slippers returned them, reported Croiset's impressions, and now asked, "Whose slippers are they, anyway?"

He was stunned when he heard the answer: "Marilyn Sheppard's."

Yet the man now serving a life sentence for her murder, is not bushy-haired. Millions of Americans, including two justices of the Ohio Supreme Court, have had considerable doubt about Dr. Sam's guilt in the murder of his wife in their wealthy Bay Village, Ohio, home on Lake Erie outside Cleveland on July 4, 1954.

During the 1954 trial, Dr. Sheppard insisted that a "bushy-haired intruder" had killed his wife and clobbered him unconscious. Two disinterested witnesses, a steelworker and a shipping clerk, independently testified that they saw a bushy-haired man loitering outside the Sheppard home at the time of the murder, but their testimony was brushed off by the prosecu-

tion in the trial's Roman-holiday atmosphere. The defense charged that the prosecution had suppressed evidence that it possessed about a bushy-haired loiterer.

After the trial, the convicted man's brothers, Drs. Stephen and Richard Sheppard, secretly hired a New York private detective, Harold Bretnall, to search for new evidence of Sam's innocence. Croiset's bushy-haired image was turned over to him and he spent the better part of four years investigating it. Bretnall came up with some startling facts not brought out at the trial and had planned to write a book entitled *The Big Frame* naming the bushy-haired murderer. But he suddenly died on August 23, 1963, and never finished it. Because of my connection with Croiset, Bretnall's material has been turned over to me.

Many experts believe that Dr. Sheppard is innocent of his wife's murder. Among them is Dr. Paul Leland Kirk, University of California criminology professor, who made an intensive first-hand study of the case in a 10,000-word report.

Today, Dr. Sam Sheppard, Convict Number 98860, in the dank Ohio State Penitentiary in Columbus, has never changed his story in 10 years that a bushy-haired intruder killed his wife.

Recently his brothers hired F. Lee Bailey, a noted young lawyer, who is now petitioning the federal courts for Dr. Sheppard's immediate release.

In Holland, when I casually mentioned "The Sheppard Case" to Gerard Croiset, he excitedly exclaimed, "The red slippers, yes. The bushy-haired man did it—not her husband! I am absolutely sure! Send me something of the woman's to get another impression."

As we go to press, I expect to hear the results of another experiment conducted by Professor Tenhaeff at the Parapsychology Institute with Marilyn Sheppard's hat and gloves which I airmailed to him last week. Will Croiset the Clairvoyant come up with a decisive new clue to solve one of the most publicized and controversial American murder cases of this generation?

Despite the diehard doubters, a growing number of police officials in many nations are becoming sincerely interested in the high potential of extrasensory perception. However, as law-enforcement agents, they must work within the law's restrictions and safeguards that often tie their hands.

Naturally, there has always been some chicanery practiced in the mystic arts that has resulted in considerable skepticism among police as well as laymen. But the new science of parapsychology, as practiced by Professor Tenhaeff with responsible paragnosts like Croiset, may conceivably become another routine police weapon within the next generation, just as once-scoffed-at fingerprint evidence is today.

Gerard Croiset is deeply aware of his responsibilities in criminal cases, and refrains from making any accusations unless he is absolutely certain. Scholarly Dr. Tenhaeff has reminded him of two sensational cases in Germany in 1927 and 1928 when several clairvoyants were sued for fasely accusing innocent persons. "These errors probably resulted from paragnosts reading the minds of detective consultants," surmises the professor, "and being unconsciously influenced by them." Aware of this danger, Croiset now guards against it.

Crime-busting through ESP is also made more difficult by the professional pooh-poohers of extrasensory perception. For example, a pedantic British psychologist once tried to discredit a remarkable Croiset achievement by quibbling years later over a minor detail, even though the official in charge at the time wrote to Professor Tenhaeff that the attempted murder case was solved directly through Croiset's aid.

But Gerard Croiset, a sincere and public-spirited man, continues to help law-enforcement officers whenever he can. Despite his successes in solving many thefts, however, they hold little interest for him unless the victim is in serious need. If, for example, some money is stolen from a rich man who wouldn't miss it, the Dutch sensitive may be emotionally unaffected and not receive any impressions.

Dr. Tenhaeff points out: "I have noticed a strong resistance on Croiset's part against concerning himself with theft cases. This resistance is undoubtedly associated with experiences in his boyhood."

Nevertheless, the Utrecht paragnost consents to tackle theft cases when he is assured beforehand that the thief will be treated "humanely," if captured through his information. Croiset's child-like vanity, as well as his natural desire to be helpful, also often overcomes his inhibitions to spare crooks, for he enjoys maintaining his prestige as a paragnost.

On August 4, 1954, at the Parapsychology Institute, Mr. M.v.D., a factory executive, handed Croiset the Clairvoyant a small empty cardboard box in which an electrical relay had formerly been kept. This device to change the current in electrical circuits had disappeared from the box several months earlier. After concentrating on this inductor, the psychoscopist voiced these 10 quick impressions:

"1. This little box once held a brownish-colored object. It is used to measure or indicate the difference in electrical voltage.

"2. It passed through a gate where the checking out wasn't very good.

"3. I see a man dressed in a blue work suit who wears some kind of uniform cap. He carried out the apparatus in his pocket.

"4. This man is about 45 years of age and is a robust type.

"5. I see that he lives in a two-family house. At one side of that house is a little gate which leads to a small workshop. There is water and woods in the area of this house. I see a wide road.

"6. This man has something to do with a fire department.

"7. This man did not intend to steal the apparatus. No. He took it more out of curiosity. He just forgot to return it.

"8. I see a man with a dagger stuck in his neck. It looks like a picture which is found in sensational novels. Does this man read many of these novels?

"9. I now hear the name of Johan.

"10. The object has to do with some kind of old-fashioned radio chest."

Several days after this experiment, Mr. v.D. discussed Croiset's impressions with several other members of his firm. After studying the sensitive's impressions, they suspected that the missing relay was in the possession of Mr. X.

Mr. v.D. found an excuse to enter the suspect's home and discovered the missing relay in an old-fashioned radio chest (10) near a fish tank. It was being used to regulate the temperature of the water. Mr. X. is 40 years of age, but looks older, and is of large stature (4). In the factory where he works, he wears blue work clothes. He enjoys sailing and then wears a uniform type of cap (3). He is a member of the factory's fire brigade, and periodically checks the fire extinguishers (6). His official name is Johan, but he is usually called Joop (9). The description of his house and its surroundings corresponds to Croiset's impression (5). The factory management often worried that there wasn't a close enough check of employees at the gate which resulted in some stealing (2). When Mr. v.D. asked Mr. X. how the apparatus, which was described exactly by Croiset, had come into his possession, he told a detailed story which tried to "prove" that he had not stolen the relay.

Mr. v.D. decided not to investigate the case further—so it was legally closed.

Despite Croiset's eight remarkable "hits," in reviewing the case Professor Tenhaeff objectively points out his two mistakes. "There are reasons to believe that Mr. X. *did* steal the relay. Croiset has an inner aversion to supplying information which may incriminate someone and cause an individual to be discharged from his job or brought into court. So we must consider the possibility that Croiset restrained himself when giving this information (7).

"As to (8), Mr. X. does *not* read sensational novels. So this information is either incorrect or refers to something we do not know."

Dedicated as he is to helping all human beings, Gerard Croiset responds willingly to calls about missing persons. When a man was missing in Groenlo several years ago, for example, the sensitive solved the case during a single telephone call. Croiset's image was quick, clear, and strong. He described over the telephone the exact spot where the missing man would be found.

Croiset's countless missing-persons cases have enabled him to develop, under Professor Tenhaeff's long testing and guidance, increasing insight into his extrasensory powers. The Utrecht paragnost is constantly delving into what goes on within his mind when using his paranormal gifts. Each case, he is convinced, gives him a deeper understanding of how his abilities work. "Croiset possesses a remarkable talent for constructive introspection," explains his parapsychological mentor.

The professor adds that Croiset's impressions of a missing adult

often stem from telepathic contact, not only with the lost person, but from the "*mémoire future*" (precognitive telepathy) of the individual who consults him.

Probably the most famous American missing-persons case of the century is the mysterious disappearance of Judge Crater. He is alleged to have been "seen" in virtually every big country in the world during the past generation, and many people claim he is still alive. Nearly as many explanations have been advanced about the circumstances of his death: murder by political enemies, a victim of amnesia, an obscure accident, and a "double life" involving blackmail and a showgirl. Some comedians still get laughs when they ask, "Has anyone seen Judge Crater?"

Joseph Force Crater, a 42-year-old justice of the New York State Supreme Court, stepped into a taxi in front of a restaurant in midtown Manhattan at 9 o'clock on the evening of August 6, 1930, waved good-by with his Panama hat to several friends and has never been heard from since. He allegedly had $5,000 cash in his pocket. The Seabury investigation of Mayor James J. Walker and Tammany Hall's political tieup with the judiciary was looming, and Crater presumably had a great deal on his mind, including the growing public belief that he had bought his judgeship.

Twenty-six years later at the University of Utrecht's Parapsychology Institute in the Netherlands, the Judge Crater case was dramatically revived by Gerard Croiset. Murray Teigh Bloom, an investigating American magazine writer, placed face downward before Croiset on a table a photograph of Judge Crater. Professor Tenhaeff and his assistant, Miss Nicky Louwerens, supervised the experiment.

Running his sensitive fingers casually over the back side of the photograph, the paragnost's face lit up as some immediate impressions came to him. Soon he put them into words: "This man is not alive . . . He has to do with criminals but not as a lawyer . . . ah, as a judge . . . he was murdered long ago . . . maybe 25 years ago . . . the judge was kidnaped . . . enticed . . . tricked away. . . ."

Croiset picked up a pencil and pad, and rapidly drew a rough map of New York—a city he has never visited. In mid-Manhattan he put an "X." On the lower Westchester County line, near Yonkers, he put another "X." Pointing to this Yonkers area he continued, "Here is where he was killed. It is a farmhouse, a Dutch type, not far from the city. . . . First, two men talked to him on the first floor. Then they took him to the cellar and shot him. . . ."

Drawing upon his retrocognition powers, Croiset then proceeded to describe, in specific detail, the house, garden, and small fish pond where he saw the judge had been buried.

This proved astonishingly correct. An eight-room Dutch Colonial house was located in Yonkers, precisely where Gerard Croiset, 3,000 miles away in Utrecht, said it would be. When journalist Bloom returned to the United States he showed the Dutch clairvoyant's sketch and impressions to capable Capt. John J. Cronin, Commanding Officer of the New York Police Department's Missing Persons Bureau. At first speechless with surprise, Cronin, who has worked on more than a quarter of a million missing-persons cases during his past 37 years in the New York Police Department, finally said quietly, "Until now, I thought I was the only man alive who knew about that house in Westchester." (When I recently discussed this aspect with Cronin, he added, "I had only developed that information two weeks earlier from an independent source.")

On a later visit to Utrecht with a photograph of this Yonkers house, Bloom was informed by Croiset that after Judge Crater was murdered he was buried in the back yard of that house, near some water not far from the house, in front of three closely planted trees. Amazingly, on a later visit to the house, Captain Cronin learned that a small fish pond had formerly been in the yard near the three closely planted trees, but that it had since been filled in. Though this pond wasn't built until about 1933—following Crater's presumed murder—the Dutch clairvoyant nevertheless had a clear image of it.

One attempt was made to dig up this back yard, but nothing was found. Croiset now maintains the diggers chose the wrong spot, and, furthermore, Judge Crater's body was removed from the yard some months after it was buried there.

Recently in Utrecht, Croiset gave me some additional impressions he had on the case that I turned over to Captain Cronin. As this book goes to press, they are being carefully checked out. "I haven't closed the Judge Crater case yet," Croiset said to me.

Neither has the New York Police Department which still lists the unsolved case as Number 13595. Thus far, more than 3 million posters have been printed, and the search has cost more than a quarter of a million dollars. If Judge Crater's body is ever found and homicide could be proved, Mrs. Crater, who lives quietly in a Brooklyn hotel, could collect $25,000 additional on the double-indemnity clause which the insurance companies never paid.

The original New York Police Department "investigation" in 1930 was extremely inefficient because of the widespread civic corruption during the Jimmy Walker regime. For example, Judge Crater was vacationing with his wife at their cabin at Belgrade Lakes, Maine, on August 3, 1930—three days before he disappeared.

That afternoon he received a telephone call from New York and immediately returned there. No attempt was ever made to trace this call, although it would have been comparatively simple. A long-distance person-to-person call from New York City through a rural operator to a community of less than a thousand population is easily traceable.

Moreover, no attempt was ever made to locate Judge Crater by enlisting his dentist's aid. The judge wore upper and lower dental plates, and even if his body were decomposed, the dental plates could still be telltale evidence.

Though other trails have failed so far, Croiset's impressions of this case have been seemingly correct. Cannot his help again be enlisted until this classic case is finally solved? The great paragnost's testimony in many courts of law in the Netherlands has been accepted for 18 years. Describing a man from the back of an old photograph and seeing what happened to him a quarter century ago is not an unusual performance for him. When and if the Judge Crater case is ever completely solved, it may be due in large measure to the strange powers of Croiset the Clairvoyant—3,000 miles away.

Gerard Croiset's most remarkable accomplishment is his famed "chair test," which is a major contribution to modern parapsychological research. It is perhaps the most original scientific experiment in precognition during this generation.

Inaugurated 17 years ago in the Netherlands especially for Croiset by Professor Tenhaeff, this experiment in predicting the future has been repeated several hundred times by scientists in five European nations. It has mystified people all over Europe and given pause to skeptics of extrasensory perception because the tests have been carried out under the most exacting scientific safeguards. Parapsychologists in the United States and Great Britain have finally begun to recognize their far-reaching significance.

A chair number is selected haphazardly from a seating plan for a future meeting, say the third seat on the fifth row. The seats are never reserved. Moreover, the meeting is often held in a different city, with Croiset often not even being told where. The seat number is chosen by the experiment leader, a disinterested third party, or Croiset—by lot, chance, or free decision. In Germany the seat is sometimes selected by a Geiger-Müller counter, ordinarily a means of detecting radiation.

Whatever the method, Croiset predicts anywhere from one hour to 26 days before the meeting, who will sit in the chosen chair. It is immaterial whether the time period is short or long, the results reveal.

The Utrecht sensitive's impressions are never vague or general but precise and detailed about the future seat-occupant's stature, facial appearance, hair, hands, body marks, manner of dress, as well as personal incidents from the designated individual's life.

Croiset's tape-recorded predictions are placed in a sealed envelope or locked in a safe and not opened until they are brought to the meeting. They are checked point by point, after the audience has been seated, through carefully controlled questioning of the person sitting in the selected seat. Croiset's predictions have proved so accurate that they cannot be explained away by chance or coincidence.

Croiset not only sees the individual's future but also his past, especially when the clairvoyant has had a similar experience in his own life. This associative relationship often occurs when

Croiset is allowed to pick the chair in advance. Subconsciously, he then chooses a person who has experienced a strongly emotional event corresponding to an incident that occurred in the paragnost's own life. Even when the chair is selected by the experimenter, a third party, or by lot, Croiset also searches for events resembling those which occurred to him.

For example, two days prior to a chair test chosen by lot before a group of intellectuals in Hilversum in October 1953, Croiset told Professor Tenhaeff: "The person who will sit in that chair was away for a few weeks in another country. I see him walking in a large city. His shoelaces are loose. He leans forward to tie them. As he does so, I see a gentleman walking behind him who bumps into him."

At the meeting checkup, this pictorial image proved to be correct. The incident had occurred on a busy London corner, the seat occupant admitted.

A similar type of experience, even though seemingly remote, once occurred in Croiset's own life. "When he was 12 years old, he was in a friend's home where someone had died," reports Dr. Tenhaeff. "Croiset's friend went into the room where the body was lying. Being Roman Catholic, he knelt before the casket. But Croiset had not expected his friend's sudden movement and fell across him, hitting his head against the coffin."

Gerard Croiset's first chair test took place in Amsterdam in October 1947 before the Dutch Society for Psychical Research. The results were so startling that the experiments were repeated. In 1951 Professor Tenhaeff invited German parapsychologist Dr. Hans Bender to join him in this research and to make a series of independent chair tests at the University of Freiburg in Germany. Other investigators in Italy, Switzerland, and Austria were also later given an opportunity to make chair experiments with Croiset. In 1951, when Croiset was invited to spend several days at a private home in southern England, he gave an informal chair test there. "Croiset then traveled alone, and even though he didn't know a word of English, found his way to that home," reports Professor Tenhaeff.

Over the years, the technique of these tests has been improved. "We finally found a method which from every point of view could meet the severest test of fair scientific criticism," says the Director of the Parapsychology Institute.

On the afternoon of March 6, 1950, when nosing around for a story, Amsterdam journalist E.K. telephoned Gerard Croiset in Enschede asking for some concrete evidence of his powers, the news of which was then spreading over the Netherlands.

"Well, in two days," replied Croiset, "I am giving a chair test before the Utrecht chapter of the Society for Psychical Research. Please pick a chair number for then. Name any number you want."

"Row 7, third chair from the right," volunteered the Dutch journalist.

"All right," replied Croiset. "Please make a note of these impressions that I am now giving you. I see on this chair will sit a lady with gray hair. She has a slim figure and is a lean type. She likes to help people, but calls everything she does 'Christian social work.'"

When these facts were checked under Dr. Tenhaeff's supervision on the evening of March 8, this particular chair was found to be occupied by a Protestant Sister of Mercy, Sister L.B., who, indeed, did Christian social work. Croiset's description of her was a direct hit. It couldn't possibly have fitted anyone else.

Sister L.B. acknowledged the paragnost's description of her as being accurate. She said that she had almost stayed home, and her choice of the seat was unpremeditated.

A put-up job? Croiset was in league with a Sister of Mercy? Even a professional cynic would be loath to charge this.

Investigator Tenhaeff's later checkup revealed: "Sister L.B. was *not* a member of the Dutch Society for Psychical Research. It was purely accidental that she received an admission ticket as late as 5:40 p.m. on March 8. Croiset gave his information to journalist E.K. when the participants of the test had not yet received their invitations. The person who gave Sister L.B. her ticket did not know the facts furnished by the paragnost."

A historic chair test took place in Verona, Italy, on March 3, 1956. It was the first time that participants and spectators were invited *after* Croiset had given his impressions.

The experiment was held in the boardroom of the Museum of Natural History. Fifty persons were present. Of these, 36 took seats on chairs placed in six rows of six.

The day before, Croiset was in Munich at the home of Professor Anton Neuhäusler, a German parapsychologist. The sensitive asked his host to pick a chair for the test.

"Who will sit tomorrow in Verona on the fourth chair to the left in the third row?" asked the Munich scientist choosing a chair at random.

Immediately, Croiset gave his impressions which were written down in German by Dr. Neuhäusler and placed in a sealed envelope. The next day they were translated into Italian.

The Verona chair test was supervised by Dr. de Boni and Professor Zorzi who opened the envelope at the beginning of the experiment. Until then, the contents were absolutely unknown to them.

Croiset's day-earlier impressions in Munich began: "A girl will come and sit on the chair. She has dark hair, wears a dark dress and a light-colored blouse. [Rita Venturi, who sat on the chosen chair, had dark hair and wore a dark-blue coat. Under her coat, she wore a white blouse with thin, light-blue stripes.]

"In the immediate surroundings of her house is a ladies' hairdresser's salon. [Correct.]

"She lives on the fourth floor. [Incorrect. She lived on the third floor. Croiset confused the building's first floor with the second.]

"She has a beautiful handwriting. [Correct. She indeed writes beautifully in roundish characters.]

"She loves animals and has a picture of a squirrel. I do not know if she made this drawing herself or recently looked at a drawing like it which made a deep impression on her. [Correct. Rita admitted that she loves animals. One of her friends recently gave her a picture of a squirrel and she was very happy with the present.]

"When she walks home, she sees at the end of her street a small square. On that square, stands a round building with arches. [Correct. At the end of Rita's street was a small square that had a building with many arches—the only building in the neighborhood like it.]

"Has she at home a Russian samovar or Turkish pipes with loops twisted into one another? [At first, Rita could not remember any such pipe. But when Croiset showed her by crooking his fingers, how the twisted loops of a Turkish pipe look, everyone present felt as if they had really seen it. Rita then remembered it, as did her mother in the audience, who recalled that she had seen such a pipe recently at a friend's home. Both Rita and her mother now recalled that they had admired the pipe.]

"She wears black pumps. The upper leather is slightly damaged. There is a crack in it. [Dr. de Boni showed everybody that Rita wore black pumps. Though Croiset insisted that there was a crack in the upper leather, Rita said that she knew nothing about it. But at the end of the evening Rita walked up to Dr. de Boni and admitted that there were cracks in the top leather of both her shoes and showed them to him. She felt embarrassed at wearing such old shoes at the meeting.]

"Did she yesterday experience some emotion because of a cigarette box? Did she let it fall to the floor? [The day before, Rita had bought a cigarette case as a present for a friend. When she unwrapped it at home, to re-examine it, the case fell on the floor and she feared that it had been damaged.]

"Who is the old gentleman with the mustache? Has she a portrait of him in her room? [In Rita's room is a picture of her grandfather, an old gentleman with a large mustache.]

"Did it recently happen to her that a dead animal, from a butcher's shop, fell in front of her feet?" [A few days earlier, when Rita walked past a poultry store, a dead chicken, hanging above the entrance, fell in front of her feet.]

Another chair test took place on September 18, 1951. Dr. Tenhaeff asked Croiset at 9 a.m. in the home of Professor Dr. R. Schutz in Singen-Hohentwiel, Bodensee, Germany, if he could predict anything about the selected chair occupant for that evening's test at the University of Freiburg.

Croiset said that the group would be seated in a circle. He then drew a sketch and marked an "X" where the target person, a woman, would be sitting.

"This woman is about 40 years old and not tall," he began.

"I see that when she laughs, her teeth stick out very much. Did she yesterday at about 11 a.m. drop something which made a lot of noise? From time to time she has a strange sensation in her brow, right above her nose. She reads all kinds of articles in magazines and has the habit of adding her own remarks to them in pencil. She likes graphic art. Did she have anything to do with a bag of fruit? It gave her a good reason to be irritated."

That evening at the University of Freiburg at 9 p.m. the test was held. At the request of Professor Bender's woman assistant (who did not know what Croiset had seen that morning), a circle was formed of the participants who had been hurriedly assembled. Croiset had given Professor Tenhaeff his impressions that morning before anybody had been invited to witness the experiment.

In the seat indicated by Croiset sat a woman, Mrs. Margarita M. from Montevideo, who was visiting in Freiburg. All of the facts about her except one proved to correspond. In appearance, she resembled the person Croiset described. When she laughed, she showed her teeth conspicuously. The day before she was greatly annoyed at finding a spoiled bag of fruit in her purse. But she denied having dropped anything which made a loud noise. This, it was learned, concerned her neighbor to the left, Mr. H.M. of Saarbrücken, who two days earlier had dropped a plate while washing it, and this had made a loud noise. However, he stated that he had witnessed the incident of Margarita M. finding a bag of spoiled fruit in her handbag, and that she had been understandably irritated by this.

Croiset now also experiments with a "box test" which I saw him do successfully on the evening of May 30, 1963, in The Hague. A 48 x 33-inch box divided into 24 cubicles, 8 x 8 x 8, is used. In each cubicle, 24 selected persons in the audience (who are unknown to Croiset), deposit their individual inductors in their chosen spaces. The inductors do not touch each other. A cloth is used to cover the box before it is turned around several times. Croiset is absent during these proceedings. He then comes back in the room to tape-record his impressions about one of the 24 selected objects in the box. After Croiset's impressions are recorded, he is permitted to remove from the chosen cubicle the object belonging to the person he is talking about. Just as in the chair tests, his statements are checked point by point by the individual whose inductor he holds. Some of these box tests have the element of precognition; some do not.

But the more spectacular chair test is really Gerard Croiset's *pièce de résistance*. No other paragnost in Holland has been able to do it. Next to finding missing children, he probably enjoys chair tests the most in his extrasensory-perception work. Though they may lack the emotional quality of locating missing children, murderers, and thieves, the atmosphere of suspenseful interest leading to public verification of his predictions excites him, and often heightens his performance. Sometimes what he sees disturbs him, such as his receiving an image of a woman being involved in a compromising situation which he, obviously, does not mention in public.

Certainly the 17 years of Croiset chair experiments indicate the reality of precognition. The Tenhaeff controls have been so cautious that it is difficult to doubt that Croiset's impressions were not secured through other than the five known senses. It is something entirely different from the prognostications of the professional predictors, newsletter Nostradamuses, and fast-buck seers of Washington, Madison Avenue, Hollywood, and the Atlantic City boardwalk.

Across the ocean, the qualitative chair tests of a simple Dutchman named Gerard Croiset are something new—and a milestone—in the history of extrasensory perception.

The man who discovered, directed, and developed Gerard Croiset is likewise an extraordinary human being. Professor Willem Tenhaeff is a pioneer in a young science which has already proved of practical value to mankind.

The Director of the Parapsychology Institute at the University of Utrecht in the Netherlands is a generation ahead of the more limited psychical researchers in the United States and Great Britain, in my judgment. He probably knows more about paranormal phenomena than any scholar alive, if only because he has painstakingly probed virtually every known aspect of it for nearly half a century. His independent, unflagging, unpedantic research, especially his systematic 18-year experimentation with Croiset the Clairvoyant, is a beacon to guide future explorers through the choppy waters of extrasensory perception.

The Dutch trail blazer is a gentle, scholarly, soft-spoken man of seemingly boundless knowledge. A dedicated idealist, he is indulgent to human weakness but maintains, even with close friends, a measure of personal reserve. Yet his rare warmth and uncompromising integrity are immediately felt by all who come to know him. This reporter has been so privileged for nearly four years in frequent visits with him in the Netherlands.

Now a hale 70, Professor Tenhaeff still retains the child's curiosity about the unknown. A lonely contemplative figure, his life has been largely devoted to documenting and interpreting facts. If one mentions even a trivial fact that is unfamiliar to him, he will stroke his neatly clipped, pointed white beard, run his hand through his still-brownish hair, blink his kindly brown eyes, and then say in his high, pleasant voice, "Please Jack, let me check that." He will then courteously excuse himself to consult one of his hundreds of reference books. Satisfied, he will graciously acknowledge, "You're right. I didn't know that fact."

The only parapsychologist in the world who compares with the patient Utrecht investigator is Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University. A man above petty professional jealousy, Professor Tenhaeff is the first to point out with true scientific impartiality, "Nowadays, extrasensory perception is generally accepted as proved because of Dr. Rhine's important work."

"What is the main difference between you and Rhine?" I asked.

"Dr. Rhine has been chiefly interested in quantitative, statistical Zener card research," was the reply. "But I am interested in *both* the quantitative and qualitative methods."

"Which type of ESP research do you consider more important today?"

"The qualitative, in my judgment, because parapsychology has advanced beyond the quantitative stage. However, both methods are necessary."

When he isn't in the field checking a Croiset case with the police somewhere in Holland or lecturing somewhere in Europe, the professor is at his beloved Parapsychology Institute, often from early morning until late at night, including Sundays and holidays. When visitors come, he warmly greets them, "You are most welcome here," and he truly means it.

This institute is perhaps the world's most unique clinic, teaching and research center. It probably has more documented modern cases of psychical phenomena than any other institution because extrasensory perception is *applied* here in a practical, qualitative way. At the institute, I saw ESP at work, and verified some startling occurrences including the solving of crimes and the finding of missing persons under academic supervision. Though the demands upon Professor Tenhaeff are wearing, police and troubled persons constantly consult him to seek Croiset's assistance.

The Parapsychology Institute is housed in a former cloister, an unpretentious, three-story, remodeled 16th-century brown-brick building. It is located several blocks from the university campus on a scrubbed, winding street called Springweg in one of the oldest parts of Utrecht.

Partly to make paragnosts feel comfortable, the institute's scientific atmosphere of tape recorders, hidden microphones, films, lantern slides, and other tools of modern research, is softened with many homey touches. These include a Japanese painting, a rare Tibetan religious scroll, a Buddhist insignia, and a half-dozen plants on the windowsill which Professor Tenhaeff often tends himself. His energetic women assistants, Nicky and Annet Louwerens, bring the daily flowers for the vases which are so much a part of every Dutch home.

The institute also has a small kitchen in a narrow corridor. There, I spent many memorable evenings breaking bread with the vegetarian professor. "If I lived at the North Pole, I would have to eat fish," he explains. "But I don't have to here. And I certainly don't begrudge anyone else enjoying fish or meat and I don't try to convert them to my way of thinking." His vegetarian conviction stems from his 18th year when he was profoundly influenced by the writings of such vegetarians as Ghandi, Tolstoy, Shaw, and others who insisted that man was

merely an older brother of animals and had no right to kill and devour them. Upton Sinclair's 1906 novel, *The Jungle,* exposing the hygienic horrors and cruelty of the Chicago stockyards, likewise made a profound impression upon the young Tenhaeff.

Willem Heinrich Carl Tenhaeff was born of well-to-do, middle-class parents in Rotterdam on January 18, 1894. He became intrigued by the strange world of psychical research after graduating from high school in Rotterdam at age 18. The boy's practical parents considered his new interest complete nonsense and utterly useless. In 1912, he met a group of men and women who held regular spiritualistic seances. What he observed absorbed him, but he quickly realized that in order to understand these phenomena, a deeper study lay ahead for him. Because there were virtually no scientific studies of parapsychological research in Holland then, the young Tenhaeff decided to teach the subject to himself. With an Abe Lincoln depth of dedication, he hungrily devoured every available book on psychology, psychiatry, and psychic research.

One day in 1925 he heard an inspiring lecture by the late Professor Gerardus Heymans (1857-1930), of Groningen University, the dean of Dutch psychologists. Speaking before the five-year-old Dutch Society for Psychical Research, Heymans, who had done statistical experiments in telepathy as early as 1920, strongly urged that persons then becoming known as "clairvoyants" and "telepathists"—whom he suspected of belonging to the temperament-group of "nervous" or "pre-hysterics"—needed to be studied with reference to the structure of their personalities. Wide-eyed Willem Tenhaeff listened to the challenge and alone accepted it.

The following year, in 1926, a generation before he met Gerard Croiset, researcher Tenhaeff began to track down, study, and test at the University of Utrecht all types of psychically gifted men and women who claimed to see things beyond the normal perceptions of the average individual. Many of his leads were furnished by police inspectors, doctors, lawyers, and businessmen. But the indefatigable investigator first satisfied himself that these persons had genuine extrasensory abilities before he gave them parapsychological tests. Generally, he handed them an object as an inductor and recorded the impressions it evoked in them.

Thus, Willem Tenhaeff became the first man in the Netherlands—and possibly in the world—to undertake systematic, long-term qualitative parapsychological research of clairvoyants.

In 1928 Willem Tenhaeff passed his final doctoral examination in psychology at the University of Utrecht. In 1933 he finally published his dissertation, *Paragnosie en "Einfühlen,"* which not only recounted his experiments with paragnosts, but indicated the path that his future research would follow. Shortly afterward, he was appointed a free-lance lecturer in parapsychology at the University of Utrecht.

After the Germans invaded Holland in May 1940, Dutchman Tenhaeff's life inevitably changed. From 1936 on, he had written anti-Nazi articles in Dutch newspapers, so there was undoubtedly a "file" on him. Because Dutch students were forced to take a loyalty oath to the Germans, teacher Tenhaeff suspended his lectures at the University of Utrecht.

After the war, Dr. Tenhaeff returned to the University of Utrecht. He began again his nonsalaried lecturing in parapsychology. He earned his living largely from meager royalties from his books, which averaged about 2,000 guilders ($560) per book, and his private lecturing. Moreover, he gave psychological advice about education and the choice of a profession.

One evening after a December, 1945, Tenhaeff lecture in Enschede, a bankrupt, unknown 36-year-old ex-grocer, named Gerard Croiset, told him about his strange powers and asked to be tested. Following a comprehensive series of tests over a several-month period in Utrecht, the parapsychologist concluded that this newcomer was one of the most remarkable subjects he had ever encountered. Eagerly, Croiset submitted to whatever rigorous testing Dr. Tenhaeff demanded in his parapsychological research.

The almost illiterate Enschede man had a yearning for knowledge just as the University of Utrecht scholar had had. In deciding to ally himself with Dr. Tenhaeff, he was striving for something unfulfilled in him which he could not understand himself.

"I decided that the best use I could make of my futile life was to do all these scientific tests that Professor Tenhaeff wanted," Croiset recently told me.

The Enschede man's abilities were so phenomenal that the parapsychologist wondered if they could be *applied* to help society. With this in mind, he made them available to some alert Dutch police officials who had begun to hear of them. Gerard Croiset's results in locating missing children, solving crimes, and other myriad problems, proved so spectacular that between 1946-50 they quickly became known all over the Netherlands.

In 1951, the great parapsychologist, now 57 years old, who had become famous himself in Holland and in European scientific circles, was finally appointed an official teacher in parapsychology on the University of Utrecht payroll. This was the first time that parapsychology was recognized as an accredited subject in any university in the world.

Finally, in 1953, after 39 years of struggle and sacrifice, Dr. Willem H. C. Tenhaeff was given a professorship, the world's first chair in parapsychology, and named director of the newly created Parapsychology Institute of the State University at Utrecht, which had opened on November 23, 1953. The Dutch Society for Psychical Research persuaded the Ministry of Education in The Hague to take these extraordinary steps which gave full, official recognition to parapsychology as a branch of psychology in the Netherlands—the only nation on earth doing so. Queen Juliana, herself interested in parapsychology, quietly did a great deal to bring this honor to Dr. Tenhaeff and the new science, some Hague insiders told me.

What was done with the modest government grant was remarkable. A tiny but hard-working staff of four operated efficiently then, as now, on a modest 50,000-guilder ($14,000) annual budget. Professor Tenhaeff's own annual salary of 15,000 guilders ($4,200) is less than the average factory worker earns in the United States.

Thanks to the Parapsychology Institute, Gerard Croiset and scores of other paragnosts could now be studied more comprehensively with many new tests. "The Institute gave me an opportunity to investigate the personality structure of paragnosts more systematically, more intensively, and on a larger scale than was possible in preceding years," reports the Director.

A widower since May, 1963, the professor relaxes at his modest Utrecht home by listening to classical music and reading good novels and books about nature protection in which he is very interested. The only time he goes to the movies is when he is occasionally asked to be the final arbiter on whether a controversial motion picture should be shown in Utrecht, such as *The Snake Pit, Dracula,* or some teen-age horror film. Some afternoons when he wants to meditate away from the Institute, he quietly sits in the nearby churchyard gathering his thoughts.

Croiset constantly telephones the professor about his latest cases. Yet Dr. Tenhaeff doesn't neglect his investigations of other paragnosts. In the *Scientific Proceedings Number 2* of the Parapsychology Institute published in December 1962, he reports his latest long-term study of 40 paragnosts, including Croiset.

Among the findings are that many sensitives remembered showing evidence of their paragnostic abilities before they were 10 years old. Very few were "first children"; far more were "last children." It is "highly probable that certain psychic capacities may safely be classed as hereditary."

The typical paragnost, reports Professor Tenhaeff, is "not a harmonious personality," but is periodically driven to work by great loneliness. It is difficult for an average person to really become friendly with him.

Some male and female sensitives "are exposed to all kinds of sexual temptations" and many have difficulties in their sexual adjustments. Their "desire for sensation often creates feelings of fear and impotence," and they frequently have homosexual or lesbian feelings.

Yet even these sorely tried paragnosts reveal remarkable insight. When one male clairvoyant was 25, and engaged to be married, he had a "flash of inspiration" that his intended bride, though perfectly healthy, would contract an "incurable disease." He decided not to marry her. Several years later, she, indeed, became an "incurable mental patient." Another sensitive telepathically described the suicide of the brother-in-law of

Magister J. Fahler, a visiting Finnish psychologist.

Some even had images of Professor Tenhaeff and his Parapsychology Institute. At home one evening, a paragnost suddenly received in his nose "the smell of a burning gas tube" and believed that the institute was in danger of catching fire. Shortly after this prediction, he visited the institute and was shown the only rubber gas tube there and it was pointed out to him that it was improbable that it could catch fire. "But I still smell it so distinctly," he insisted. Two days later, a short circuit occurred in a wire-recorder converter, causing the rubber covering of a loose wire to melt away and fill the institute with a stench of burning rubber.

Professor Tenhaeff reports a similar image of the extrasensory abilities of another paragnost: "One evening in March 1956, some films were taken at the institute. As a result of the prolonged burning of lamps in the filming, I felt uncomfortably hot. The next morning, I found that I had a slight rash on my left wrist under the strap of my wrist watch. Several hours later, a paragnost testee living in Amsterdam and who didn't know about our filming, telephoned me from his home to tell me that he had received the impression that I had a slight rash on my left wrist!"

On a recent Saturday evening at the Parapsychology Institute, I was quietly sitting over coffee with this sincere, unassuming man who is probably the world's most learned authority on extrasensory perception. Listening to him reminded me that his scholarship seemed as broad and his humanism as deep as that of a 16th-century fellow Dutchman named Erasmus. As the calm Utrecht twilight set in, the only sound we heard from the cobblestone streets outside was the melodious church bells from the nearby centuries-old Dom Cathedral.

The unhurried scholar-scientist, who measures time by centuries, who chose his life task in adolescence and is now serenely entering his seventh decade, casually remarked, "The paranormal abilities of paragnosts aren't anything new. They are of an atavistic nature. They are a phenomenon of regression. They come down to us from our prehistoric ancestors. Primitive man lived close to nature and had to use his extrasensory abilities to fight off the imminent dangers of the jungle. But as we become more civilized, mechanized, and intellectualized, these powers tend to recede."

The professor who taught Gerard Croiset and many other paragnosts how to use these primitive powers, paused and then said, "But I believe that some day these ancient paragnostic powers will be awakened and come back on a higher plane. These lost powers are natural and basic in man."

Gerard Croiset is a "primitive" man who happens to live in the 20th century. The Dutch peasant retains the extrasensory gifts of primitive races which anthropologists have verified the world over from the telepathic Australian aborigines to the nomadic, psychic Skolt-Lapps north of the Arctic Circle and even our remote American Indians.

By contrast, today's "civilized" man is generally aware of only what he can see, hear, touch, taste, or smell. This rational, mechanized individual has largely lost that "sixth sense" which enabled primitive man to see how the land lay, told him when danger was near, how to communicate without words, how to heal—in short—how to cope with his surroundings.

But these amazing "lost powers" have not been totally lost. In varying degrees, they are latent in almost everyone.

There is a great difference in degree between the average person and Gerard Croiset. By all rules of reason, what he does is unbelievable. Yet hundreds of eyewitnesses from all parts of the globe have confirmed the Dutch sensitive's powers. His thousands of achievements cannot be explained away as chance or coincidence.

Frankly, Croiset's gifts still puzzle me after four years of observing him and poring over the documented evidence in the files of the Parapsychology Institute in Utrecht and elsewhere. I do not know *why* Croiset's powers exist, only that they *do*. I have seen them work.

When I pressed him to explain his abilities, he shrugged as if I were asking him an absurd question and snapped, "I don't know *how* I do it. And I don't know *why*. Please, go ask the professor!"

The tragedy is that in a nation of 190 million people there must be countless gifted, undiscovered, undeveloped Gerard Croisets in the United States. But stilted, quantitative American parapsychology is not geared to seek out, test, and use these natural sensitives for the common good as is done in the Netherlands. It is a frightful waste that such extraordinary human beings are not being intensively studied by scientists of different disciplines. The time is long overripe for establishing the necessary climate for this important task.

Most American psychologists, however, have been cool, indifferent, or blind to the significance of extrasensory perception. Psychology-textbook authors generally discuss in a static way such traditionally "safe" topics as intelligence, memory, personality development, mental disease, and industrial psychology. They ignore or dismiss Rhine's important parapsychological research and have never even heard of Tenhaeff's with Croiset.

In a recent "farewell" lecture at Duke University, Dr. Rhine deplored this "negative attitude of the psychology profession." Despite the growing acceptance of parapsychology throughout the world, Rhine charged, "In America it must still wait for the academic psychologist to catch up. . . . Parapsychology would ideally belong to the psychology department; but American psychology is not ready for that, either at Duke or elsewhere among the universities in the U.S.A."—this from a man who made Duke University famous!

The American Psychological Association says its purpose is "to advance psychology as a science . . . and as a means of promoting human welfare." Yet its stereotyped conventions in recent years have never included any sessions on parapsychology in man. Typically, though, solemn papers were presented in 1962 on "Emotionality in Rats" and "Novelty in the Cockroach"!

In April 1962 I wrote to the American Psychological Association offering to send to interested members a free copy of a new booklet published in English by the University of Utrecht about Professor Tenhaeff's parapsychological research with Croiset and other paragnosts. But I never received a reply. What prompted me to make this offer was American ignorance of the recent parapsychological research in the Netherlands and the need for greater exchange of information.

Most American reference books and encyclopedias, even when mentioning parapsychology, neglect to report Professor Tenhaeff's historic research with Croiset and other paragnosts. A book on ESP published in 1962, in New York, scrambles the map of Europe even more by hurriedly hailing the parapsychological research being done at "The University of Utrecht in Belgium!"

In Holland today, extrasensory perception is being studied not only by Professor Tenhaeff but even by "pure" scientists.

Recently I discussed the possible link between mind and matter with a leading Dutch physicist, Prof. Dr. Jacob Kistemaker, director of a new atomic laboratory, the FOM Laboratorium voor Massascheiding, outside Amsterdam. A brilliant 46-year-old scientist, Dr. Kistemaker is also a professor of physics at the Leiden University and President of the Dutch Society for Psychical Research. He studied and worked with many world-famous physicists, and stayed a year in Denmark at the late Niels Bohr's institute.

A tall, lean busy man wearing a white laboratory coat when I interviewed him in his atomic quarters, Dr. Kistemaker began, "The traditional gap between the physical and psychical sciences is shrinking. The worlds of radiation and extrasensory perception are drawing closer together. Professor Tenhaeff is approaching the Unknown from one end and we physicists from the other."

"What do you think of Croiset?" I inquired.

This Dutch scientist, who is as careful with his words as with his experiments, replied, "When I observe Croiset, I suspect there is some relation between telepathy and the world of electro-magnetic radiation. Perhaps telepathy occurred via a form of radiation yet unknown to physics. Telepathy has been deprecated during the past 2,000 years because of our materialistic viewpoint. Yet science has never proved what the reality of the human mind is. We physicists search for a description of reality in our equations but often end up staring at symbols. Scientists have overlooked many seemingly trivial things. Why is there so much hydrogen in the world? And why so little uranium?"

Dr. Kistemaker lit a cigarette and thoughtfully continued, "The fact that Croiset's impressions are as clear at 100 miles

as at 100 feet indicates the answer may not be just in trying to measure brain waves. Perhaps we physicists haven't been using the right time-space framework in trying to evaluate extrasensory perception."

"I don't know a 'pure' scientist in America of your stature who is as concerned about ESP as you are," I reminded. "Why is that?"

"Today psychical research is important for *all* the sciences," replied Dr. Kistemaker. "Parapsychology begins where every other science ends. It is no accident that Einstein was interested in extrasensory perception. We are, as always, at the borders of new knowledge. But we may not be able to open the gates any wider until more scientists become more open-minded about parapsychology."

Next to democratic Holland, the most exciting parapsychological research in the world is now being done, surprisingly, in the Soviet Union. Ahead of the West perhaps in outer space, today Russia is energetically trying to pass us in conquering "inner space," the hidden regions of the human mind. Heretofore, extrasensory perception has been scorned by Marxist materialists. But today a growing number of Soviet scientists, especially physiologists, accept telepathy as an established fact, even though they are trying to tie it in with brain waves. A Soviet researcher recently predicted, ". . . in the not too distant future it will be possible to utilize brain currents directly to control mechanical devices." The U.S.S.R. stepped up its parapsychological research after a 1959 report in a French publication "revealed" that the U.S. Navy had telepathic contact with its nuclear submarine, the *Nautilus*, even though the U.S. Government denied the story.

The center of Soviet psychic research is the Parapsychology Laboratory at Leningrad State University. Created in 1959 with government financial and ideological support, the investigations are being conducted under the headings of "bioelectronics" and "cerebral radiocommunications."

This "mental radio laboratory" is directed by an eminent "pure" scientist, 73-year-old Prof. Leonid L. Vasiliev, chairman of Leningrad University's physiology department. In June 1960, when Vasiliev chaired a Leningrad University seminar on telepathy, his keynote paper was titled "Biological Radio Communication: An Atavistic Throwback."

Vasiliev has even tested telepathy under hypnosis. He conducted long-range experiments with hypnotized subjects between Leningrad and Yalta; experimented with peyote, asking his hypnotized subjects to identify small objects in a concealed plastic box.

Two important books by Vasiliev have recently revealed astounding facts about Soviet experimentation and have had a wide sale in the U.S.S.R. The first, *Long Distance Suggestion*, is a popular introduction to parapsychological studies in the Soviet Union, Utrecht, Duke and elsewhere. The second, *Experiments in Mental Suggestion*, recently translated into English by the Institute for the Study of Mental Images (in Hampshire, England), is a history of little-known Soviet parapsychological research from 1920 to 1938.

The amazing revelation of both books and recent disclosures at Leningrad University is that Vasiliev secretly conducted telepathic experiments even during the repressive Stalin regime. Vasiliev even narrowly escaped execution during the 30's.

Today, visitors to the Soviet Union are pumped about the ESP research now being done in free countries. An American was recently asked, "What do you think of the work of Professor Tenhaeff with Croiset?"

No Gerard Croiset has been discovered yet in the Soviet Union, but there have been some bizarre case studies. A 22-year-old Russian girl, Roza Kuleshova, was recently reported to be able to "see" with her fingers when blindfolded. A 65-year-old woman, Darya Lazurkina, who was a Lenin devotee and imprisoned by Stalin, asserted in spiritualistic images in a speech to the 22nd Communist Party Congress in November 1961, "Lenin told me from his tomb that he could no longer lie in the Kremlin with that traitor Stalin!"

Some anti-Soviet observers insist that today Russian leaders think they may be able to conquer the world by telepathy instead of by propaganda or bombs; that ESP is being encouraged behind the Iron Curtain to develop a secret, long-range weapon to read and influence our thoughts. Whatever the motive, the British psychical magazine *Light* in spring, 1962, deplored that only two governments in the world—Holland and Russia—now officially support parapsychological research.

Closer international cooperation in parapsychological research, including exchange of information, has long been championed by Professor Tenhaeff. Recently, he said to me with deep feeling, "One of the greatest disappointments of my life is that there hasn't been more coordinated international cooperation in parapsychology."

Although no more than perhaps two dozen parapsychologists are active in the Western world, many regard each other distrustfully—far exceeding the normal distrust of scientists in general. By contrast, the atom bomb, for good or ill, was achieved through the concentrated teamwork of many international anti-Nazi scientists including Germany's Einstein and Meitner, Italy's Fermi, and Denmark's Bohr. Today's divisiveness among parapsychologists has given ammunition to critics and skeptics who deny that parapsychology is an important new science. But segments of top American industry feel otherwise. Increasingly, they are engaging in ESP research to study if it has any practical use. In 1959 scientists at the Westinghouse Electrical Corporation, at its Astronautic Institute in Baltimore, began studying telepathy with special apparatus, to determine if it could be harnessed for long-distance communications. Other blue-chip American companies are now also experimenting with psychic phenomena in their laboratories but are keeping their work hush-hush.

Since the dawn of time, people have been baffled by the tantalizing riddle of extrasensory occurrences, such as the "voices" and "visions" of a Joan of Arc. The Bible with its many miracles appears to be full of psychic phenomena. England's late Reverend G. Maurice Elliott of The Churches Fellowship for Psychical Study in his scholarly books claimed that Moses, Joseph, Jacob and Isaac were gifted psychics or participants in paranormal experiences and that Christ was history's greatest psychic.

Gerard Croiset's deep religious feeling pervades his life and work. Whenever he is successful, Croiset insists that it is because he is "in harmony with God's wish."

The Utrecht primitive would like to spend the rest of his life trying to better understand his earthly powers and man's relation to God. Today at 55, the once obscure and uneducated Enschede grocer has come a long way during his 18-year schooling with Professor Tenhaeff. In an age which is preoccupied with the outer world of space and matter, he is not neglecting the ancient Greek counsel to "Know Thyself," through a study of his own inner mental life.

The Croiset story indicates that reason can go only so far. It suggests that there are hidden backwaters of the human mind which we can profitably probe much deeper than we already have.

This simple Dutchman, who possesses one of the world's most complex gifts, has furnished perhaps the strongest individual evidence in the 20th century that extrasensory perception clearly exists, and that he possesses it to a remarkable degree. His accomplishments in the Netherlands and elsewhere suggest that there may be another world hidden beyond the one perceptible to our five known senses, a world without time and space, where thoughts and memories have a reality of their own.

Back in the 16th century, Dutch navigators opened up many parts of the New World. Today a bold Dutch explorer named Gerard Croiset is discovering hitherto unknown horizons of the mind. His patient, careful helmsman, Willem Tenhaeff, quietly says, "We may be very close to a breakthrough now."

In such a breakthrough lies a new understanding of ourselves—and the expanding universe around us—as never before in history.

—Jack Harrison Pollack

NEXT MONTH'S BOOK CONDENSATION

A grueling struggle for survival in New Guinea's unexplored jungles:

LONG SEARCH FOR THE LAST STONE-AGE HEADHUNTER

By Tony Saulnier

---

this funny Life

In 1943 when I was in the Army, I happened to be stationed at a post near Dallas, Texas. A severe polio epidemic hit Dallas at that time and the Eighth Service Command's doctors scrupulously examined every eating place that might possibly harbor the polio bug. Many of the finest and most expensive restaurants became not only "off limits" to military personnel, but were actually padlocked while their proprietors scrubbed and disinfected their premises and equipment.

Strangely enough, one of the restaurants which passed the rigid inspection with flying colors was a Chinese joint which most of us had assumed would be a most likely breeding place of all kinds of disease.

The Chinese proprietor was so proud that he'd been given a clean bill of health that he hand-lettered some large cardboard signs and placed them conspicuously in his window and around the walls:

"SERVICEMEN! YOU ARE SAFE HERE!
ALL OUR WAITRESSES HAVE BEEN STERILIZED."

Sgt. Charles J. Frederick
Washington, D. C.

On a recent fishing trip near Jackson Hole, Wyoming, a local rancher dropped by our camp with some words of admonition for our group and our guide: "You know that bear that got a couple of my calves? I took an old horse up to that bear's roaming grounds and left him for bait, and set traps all around. Well, that bear was so smart he had three or four meals without touching a trap. Yesterday was the third time I was up there and he finally made a mistake. He sat down right in the middle of a trap!

"So, if any of you guys meet a bear around here with a high-pitched growl—he's mine!"

Robert F. Moeller
Daly City, Calif.

A young man decided to go swimming at his local YMCA and went into the locker room, stripped down to the buff and got all the way to the edge of the swimming pool before someone discovered him and let out a scream. It turned

out that the pool had been reserved for the girls that evening, with no men allowed.

Before he was hustled away from the shrieking women, the young man looked them over and said to a nearby attendant: "It was awfully nice of you to stock the pool just for me tonight!"

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

My neighbor, Jack, had a large, heavily bearing apple tree in his front yard. Every year its branches sagged to the ground with fruit, and every year, faithfully, the young boys of the neighborhood would steal in to filch the apples. Each time they came Jack would race out of the house like a wild bear, yelling and shouting, to chase them away.

Because Jack was normally an easy-going fellow, I could never understand his actions in regard to the tree. One day after he had chased the boys almost two blocks down the street, I couldn't help but ask why. "That tree has more apples than you could ever use," I pointed out. "Why don't you just let them have them?"

"Heck," said Jack, still panting. "I want them to have the apples. But I was a kid myself once, and I know if I didn't chase them they'd never come back."

Peter Parnall
N.Y., N.Y.

Wishing to take his pet along on a vacation, a man wrote to a motel to ask whether dogs were allowed there. He received the following reply from the manager:

"I've been in this business for more than thirty years. Never has a dog set fire to a bed with his cigarette. Never have I had to call the police to eject a disorderly dog. I have never found a motel towel or blanket in a dog's suitcase. I have never discovered a ring on the dresser made by a dog's bottle.

"Sure the dog is welcome—and if he'll vouch for you, you may come along, too!"

C. Thomas Gooding, Jr.
Pueblo, Col.

While stationed at Pearl Harbor during World War II, a sergeant and a buck private were court-martialed for striking an officer.

Asked for his reason for committing such an act, the sergeant explained that the colonel had stepped on his sore foot while passing down the line of review. "Instinctively," said the sergeant, "I threw up my guard—as anyone would—and let him have it before I had realized what had actually happened. It was an accident, I can assure you, sir," added the sergeant.

The buck private, when asked for his explanation, replied, "Well, you see, sir, when I saw the sergeant hit the colonel, I thought the war was over."

Don Nobles
Leesburg, Fla.

While traveling to visit my uncle Frank in California last summer, I stopped for several hours at a National Dairy Cattle Show held in the Midwest. A recognized authority on dairy cattle was judging the many classes.

Before the show was over, the committee in charge, hoping to have some fun at the expense of the genial judge, asked if he would judge a group of heifers not scheduled on the program. The judge consented and the pranksters led out a bevy of beautiful girls attired in bathing suits.

Registering no surprise, the judge scrutinized each contestant, then turned to the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said soberly, "this is the first time I've ever been asked to judge a group of heifers with their blankets on. If the attendants will remove the blankets, I'll proceed with the judging."

D. A. Pinque
Peekskill, N. Y.

Harry, a postman in a small midwestern town, had just delivered a registered letter to one of the ladies on his route. As he walked next door to hand some mail to the neighbor working in his yard, both men heard a blood-chilling scream from the woman.

"Good Lord, Harry, what do you suppose happened to Mrs. Olsen?" asked the neighbor.

"Oh, nothing special," said Harry, undisturbed. "I think she just realized that she doesn't have her pajama bottoms on."

W. S. H.
Escanaba, Mich.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

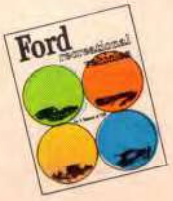
Follow the fun in a FORD

Go wherever your fancy takes you—but take your comfort with you in a roomy camper body fitted to a rugged Ford pickup! Even if the camper body you choose is a 10-footer, you'll find the new Ford pickup is built to take it! New longer 128″ wheelbase for better weight distribution. Flat-topped body sides for easier mounting. Big-truck type I-beam front axle and parallel rail frame. Optional heavy-duty springs, shock absorbers and clutch available. All solid reasons to ask your Ford Dealer to tell you more about camper bodies fitted to the smooth-riding, easy-handling FORD.

A PRODUCT OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

FREE BOOK!

New 44-page booklet illustrates many camper units available through your Ford Dealer. Fully detailed with interior layouts, equipment and suggestions for family living on or off the trail. Send today!



Ford Recreational Vehicles, Box 1000A, Plymouth, Michigan 48170

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Welcome Guest The World Over!

"White Label"

DEWAR'S

SCOTCH WHISKY

SET OF 4 COLOR PRINTS OF CLANS MacLaine, MacLeod, Wallace and Highlander, shown in authentic full dress regalia, 9½" x 12", suitable for framing. Available only in states where legal. Send $5 to Cashier's Dept. #3, Schenley Imports Co., 1290 Avenue Of The Americas, N.Y. 19, N.Y.© 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky.